













Engraving by J. H. Buffum  
from the original portrait by  
G. Kneller

Horace Greeley

U. S. Government Printing Office

1863  
A  
REPRESENTATIVE LIFE

OF

HORACE GREELEY,

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION BY CASSIUS M. CLAY.

By L. U. REAVIS.

—“Footprints on the sand.”—*Longfellow*.  
“Lives of great men all remind us  
We can in life be like them,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.”

[LONGFELLOW.]



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# DEDICATION.

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TO DR. JAMES H. M'LEAN,

A SELF-MADE MAN, AND A CHRISTIAN CITIZEN, ONE WHOSE  
PERSONAL QUALITIES ARE OF THE HIGHEST TYPE  
AND WORTHY OF ESTEEM, IS THIS VOLUME, THE  
RECORD OF A GREAT AND HEROIC SOUL,

FAITHFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.



“If, on a full and final review, my life and practice shall be found unworthy my principles, let due infamy be heaped on my memory; but let none be thereby led to distrust the principles to which I proved recreant, nor yet the ability of some to adorn them by a suitable life and conversation. To unerring time be all this committed.”

HORACE GREELEY.

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“I regard HORACE GREELEY as the ablest, as well as the most conscientious journalist in the North; he has outlived the ordinary period of life, but his mind is in the fullness of its power. It is something for the people of the rising generation to look upon the form and features of such a brave and daring chieftain. When he shall depart from among us, he will probably not leave a single peer behind.”

GEO. D. PRENTICE.

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The journalists are now the true kings and clergy: henceforth historians, unless they are fools, must write not of Bourbon dynasties, and tudors, and hapsburgs; but of stamped, broadsheet dynasties, and quite new successive names, according as this or the other able editor, or combination of able editors, gains the world's ear.

*Sartor Resartus.*



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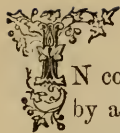
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## PREFACE.

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IN conformity to a usual custom of explaining to the reader, by a kind of advertisement or introduction, the reasons for presenting a volume to the public, with an indication of its character and object, it is proper for me to state that about two years, or a little more, ago, I had occasion to address a letter to HORACE GREELEY, at which time it occurred to me, that on account of my high personal appreciation of his character and abilities, I would write something about him, at an early day. I then stated in my letter, my intention to do so. At that time I thought of only writing a newspaper article. But after considering the subject, I became satisfied that what I wished to write, could not be condensed into the space of a lengthy newspaper article; I therefore, determined to write a life of Mr. GREELEY, differing in the main, from the usual style and character of biographical works. I looked upon the task as a great one for me to undertake, for I had not yet done any thing in the way of writing books. But no sooner had I matured the plan of the life, than it occurred that many of Mr. GREELEY'S most valuable public papers, political and reformatory, had either not been published at all, or had not appeared in public print in a permanent form. I therefore resolved to make as complete a collection of all his political papers and lectures, as I possibly could, and mould them into one or more volumes, as their number and length might require.

The result of my work has been to add three new volumes to the great number of American books. And, whether I have done well or not, in adding to the constantly increasing number of volumes that are issued annually from the press of our country, I leave for others to decide. And, whether those whose privilege it is to criticize, will condemn or approve, I am conscious of having given to the public, in a substantial way, much that is valuable to those

who are earnestly and honestly in favor of the Right, and who are willing to encourage the generous efforts of men and women, whose object it is to do good, and whose life-trials and achievements, over adversity in its broadest and most crushing aspect, makes the self-made man and the moral hero, and whose life-practice conforms to the most exalted character.

That they do, in a fair degree, portray to the reader, the life-line abilities, labor and merits, of a man, who must rank, sooner or later, with the great and good of the world's people, there can be no question. And though in their creation, the skill and the polish of the workman may not be greatly admired, still the materials out of which they are made, must be regarded of a choice and valuable kind. HORACE GREELEY can only be visited and studied in the earnestness of his nature. His whole career has been a positive reality, a constant effort, to make the plans and desires of his life a success; ignoring at all times the sham and base pretensions of men and society, as this record will show. Then let my volumes go forth to the public gaze. Let the vulgar sneer at them. Let the self-appointed critic tell the public of their faults. Even then, I shall have faith, that the wise and the good will excuse their defects, and commend their merits. L. U. R.



## INTRODUCTION.

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**W**HATEVER may be said of aristocratic governments, kingly, autocratic or mixed, it is beyond contest that a republic best develops the average man; here is the field for the largest growth of the masses—the highest happiness of the people. History is too often full of “glittering generalities,” the lives of eminent men are the best teachers of youth: whilst the middle-aged and the old, are no less led with Pope to avow that “the proper study of mankind, is man.”

Not in the battle-field live or die the only heroes—all through the high and bye-ways of life are they found—with fortitude struggling against adversity, with untiring energy and brave hearts defying fate.

Among living Americans, HORACE GREELEY holds no second place of civil heroes. Very aptly has he been termed the “modern Franklin;” similar in their early lives, and in their successful careers, they were both eminent samples of true Republicanism.

They were both poor, and dared to be, and so appeared until they achieved their pecuniary independence—both holding with Jefferson, that the debtor is a slave. The story of Franklin’s “saw-dust pudding,” was the counterpart of GREELEY’S “white coat.”

It is said that the poet, Kirk White, died of criticism; and all men know the force of ridicule—but it could not touch the holier flame of honesty and independence, which burned ever inextinguishable in the breasts of these two true men. They both sympathized with the people: and were plain and simple in their tastes and habits after the eyes of the world were in admiration, fixed upon them—preferring unostentatious charities, to the vulgar worship of vain-glorious display. They were both eminent for generalization in thought, and sententious in utterance, as is the case

with the highest thinkers—and like Esop—the greatest of philosophers and humanitarians, inclined to aphorisms. Poor Richard's almanac is said to have so influenced the whole mind of Pennsylvania, that her people rested in quiet and plenty in times of fear and pecuniary embarrassment which overshadowed the other colonies. So in a wider field the nation now reaps the fruit of GREELEY'S precepts and example.

Accepting the great inevitable and beneficent law of nature—works—he with a brave heart set himself to his task, and encouraged even others to follow his example. Journalism in this age is *the power* among men. GREELEY'S aspirations for the widest beneficence, naturally fell into, or rather sought this means of influence. Who can tell what vast power the New York *Tribune*, with a wider circulation than any existing journal among the poor of the cities and country, has had upon the destiny of this nation! Other journals have flattered the vanities, and encouraged the prejudices, and catered to the depraved tastes, and winked at the crimes of men, that they might “put money in their purse.” The *Tribune*, on the contrary, has been the opposite of all this—being ever on the side of simplicity, frugality, temperance and virtue in its widest sense, the press proving more powerful than the pulpit, for advancing a nobler civilization. As a statesman he is ever patriotic—studying the interests of the nation, elevating the masses by encouraging education, agriculture and manufactures, rather than commerce, which builds up luxury, and fosters aristocratic classes.

He instinctively embraced Henry Clay's “American System,” and since his death has been admittedly its ablest advocate.

The writer of this notice, first saw HORACE GREELEY in the Harrisburg Convention of 1840. As he walked down the aisle of the convention hall with his massive head and flaxen hair thinly spread over his symmetrical head, I was at once struck, and knew him then, or to be, a man of mark. I was told on inquiry that it was HORACE GREELEY. Thirty-one years have passed, and all that time he has advanced in knowledge, in usefulness, and in the world's esteem. I have known him in the editorial room, at the

home-hearth, at the farm, and in political assemblies; and found him all the time true to himself—to his friends—to country—and to humanity. As I said before, his mind whilst full of facts (he is an eminent statist), is inclined to generalization. He has no imagination, no poetic view; but is not deficient in dry humor. His charities are proverbial—I once said, “MR. GREELEY, do these men to whom you loan money so freely ever repay you?” “Well,” said he “not often”—“yes, I remember, a stranger to whom I had loaned \$5—after a time returned it to me. So unusual an occurrence excited enquiry, and I found him to be the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

As a writer, he is terse, logical and convincing—whatever he may do, he never says a foolish thing. As a speaker, he is utterly without culture in manner. He comes at once before his audience without a bow or any preface of recognition, and enters at once upon his subject. He makes no jestures, but swings himself with a slight appearance of nervousness upon his feet. His voice is unmusical, and his enunciation monotonous, but no sensible man ever hears the beginning of a speech from H. GREELEY, who does not listen to the end. No man ever gave so flat a contradiction to Demosthene’s precept for oratory “action, action, action”—as GREELEY. But another of the highest forces of eloquence: he has—in an eminent degree—a want of “self-consciousness;” forgetful of self, and of the audience, he feels only his subject, and he and they move on in unison to the end.

His personal appearance is too well known for description. His face is not very expressive; the intellect has mastered the passions, yet a beneficent smile makes at times his features as lovely as those of a woman. His head as I said, is symmetrical. His powers well balanced—it seems to me, have grown in size steadily to this time. If extent of brain gives intellect, then is GREELEY one of the greatest of men—certainly he has one of the largest of heads. It is fit that the life of such a man should be written, and read of. Such a man has more instruction in him than a hundred pulpits—more heroism than a thousand warriors.

C. M. C.



## A LETTER ABOUT THE TRIBUNE.

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NEW YORK, Feb. 3, 1872.

MY FRIEND:—You ask me for some account of the *New York Tribune*; and since the former half of my life was devoted to preparation for conducting such a journal, the latter half to doing that work, I readily respond.

I had had some editorial experience in connection with the *New-Yorker*, the very first two-cent daily started in this city, (Jan. 1, 1833;) next with the *Constitution*, a Whig penny daily, issued in the summer of 1834; then with the *New York Whig*, a two-cent daily, 1836-37. I had edited-in-chief the *New-Yorker*, the *Jeffersonian* (1838,) and the *Log Cabin* (1840). The three last named were weeklies; the first of them literary and statistical; the others political campaign papers of wide circulation, and considerable prosperity. The *Log Cabin* was to have stopped when the canvass of 1840 closed, but its popularity proved such, that I continued it for a year longer. Meantime, April 10, 1841, when I was a few weeks more than thirty years old, I started the first daily that had ever been wholly my own, the *New York Tribune*. It was a penny paper, and of course, small. It had no subscription list worth speaking of, no advertisements; and I was unable to buy a power-press, much less presses. I had been between eight and nine years at work for myself in this city, and was probably worth \$2,000, though that is a liberal estimate. I had no partner, little credit and no powerful backing. I had some promises of help which were not fulfilled; one friend alone lent me \$1,000, from time to time, as I needed it, and waited a year for its repayment. Of those who helped me issue the first number, two are still in the concern, and are stockholders in the *Tribune* Association. Mr. Henry J. Raymond, my editorial lieutenant, left me some three years afterwards and died editor of the *Times*, in 1869. Mr. Thomas McElrath, who became my partner four or five months after the *Tribune* was first issued, was the publisher. I printed five thousand of the first issue, and sold perhaps two thousand of them; the rest I gave away. When the first week closed, my receipts had been \$92; my current expenses, \$525. But my circulation grew steadily and rapidly; advertisements gradually came in. I started the weekly *Tribune* in the autumn; the semi-weekly next year, when I believed that the concern was paying its way.

In November, 1844, at the close of the canvass which should have made Henry Clay our President, I had a sale for fifteen thousand copies of the daily ('ere this time raised to two cents per copy); my weekly sold to the extent of fifty thousand copies, but part of this was a campaign circulation, which now fell off. Thence, the *Tribune* was made better and better, and grew in favor with the public, though its circulation often stood still for months, and at times even retrograded. The presidential struggle of 1860, carried weekly circulation up (of course, for the campaign only,) to two hundred and fourteen thousand, but it fell off heavily after that campaign was ended, and I expected that this would, for years, be registered and discussed as high-water mark; yet in 1868, we printed for some weeks, two hundred and forty thousand copies.

In ordinary times, however, the circulation of our various issues has fluctuated but little either way from these points; daily, forty thousand; semi-weekly, twenty thousand; weekly, one hundred and twenty thousand copies. Our annual receipts have for years averaged \$1,000,000 per annum. Our expenses have been rather less, affording usually, but not uniformly, a considerable margin for profit.

As to the *Tribune's* character, my aim was to make it a journal that should express its editors' convictions forcibly and fearlessly, yet not be the organ of any clique or faction, but should seek to give effect to those convictions through the action of whatever party should for the time seem nearest right, but not be the serf or vassal of any man or organization; should be liberal without indifference, and open to the reception and recognition of truth, even from an unfriendly source. Others must judge to what extent these high aims have been attained.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY,  
154 Nassau street.

L. U. REAVIS, Esq.,  
St. Louis.

## CHAPTER I.

### FROM BOYHOOD TO MANHOOD.

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THE general interest felt in the lives of distinguished men springs from a natural and rational curiosity which is not peculiar to any class, but is felt wherever the object of it is intelligently understood. All men who have become prominent in ancient or modern history can invariably be divided into two classes and the comprehensive and common term of bad and good might be used to roughly characterize these two divisions, but hardly with strict accuracy. In the one may be placed all those whose chief motive to action was an intense and overpowering personal ambition, which necessarily engenders recklessness as to the morality of the means employed in forwarding a career. To the other belongs the nobler and more useful type of mankind—those men, who, while not without the incentive of a strong desire for distinction, have a deep love of their country and their fellow-men in their hearts, and who associate with their lives and their ideas of fame and elevation, honor, rectitude and the public good. Perhaps in the first class indicated are included the greatest number of the prominent personages in history for concentrated personal ambition linked with intellectual gifts, has been the prime producer of all Alexanders, Cæsars, Richelieus and Napoléons. It is within the other, however, that we find not only the purest and best type of character, but the great majority of the true benefactors of the human race. Happily for the world notwithstanding the bloody dramas of the past, we can find nearly in every epoch, and in every country, and in every field of intellectual exertion, representatives

of this better class of men, not numerous to be sure, but serving as witnesses to the higher manhood, and forming a redeeming and beneficent feature often amidst the darkest and dreariest surroundings.

In this category now stands, and will ever stand, the name of HORACE GREELEY. He is in every respect a historic personage; not by virtue of occupying important political stations, but because of the celebrity he has obtained, the inestimable value of his public services, and the commanding influence he has exercised, and still wields over the course of public affairs. He is certainly a worthy object of admiration and interest, and the fact of his having raised himself by his own efforts from obscurity to eminence, naturally stimulates curiosity as to the incidents of his career. The sketch which we present must be interesting to every intelligent mind, but particularly to Americans. He is a strong simple illustration of our national characteristics—self-reliant, self-made, energetic, with a strong, vigorous and versatile mind, patriotic, and of unquestionable integrity. It may not be possible for every young man to accomplish what he has done, but there is encouragement and counsel in the spectacle of his life, and every American youth should be familiar with its incidents, and its toils, and its triumphs.

It is not the intention to make this sketch an exhaustive biography, but rather a careful *resume* of the incidents and circumstances of Mr. GREELEY's personal life and public career, so that each reader may be able to gain from it a full but condensed history of the man. Without such information it is impossible for any person to fully understand his extraordinary natural endowments and strength of character, or the splendid value of the work of his life for the human race. It may be added that in preparing the following sketch we have been careful in selecting our information from the most reliable sources, and if we have omitted some of the amusing and interesting anecdotes told of Mr. GREELEY, as a man and as a boy, it was because their authenticity was somewhat doubtful,



or they were considered unnecessary for the purpose in view.

HORACE GREELEY was born on the 3d of February, 1811, in the township of Amherst, Hillsborough county, New Hampshire, in an unpretending frame house of one story, on the "Stewart farm" of some forty or fifty acres, owned by his father Zaccheus Greeley. Before entering into the detail of his personal history, it will be appropriate to glance at the career of his ancestors in America.

The conflicts arising from religious differences in Great Britain, while they have stained the pages of her history with disaster and blood, have been fruitful in many important benefits to this country. They were, more than any other agency, instrumental in planting the embryo of the Republic. They sent to our shores the very best type of men, fitted to encounter successfully the perils of the wilderness, and to lay the foundations firmly for a new nation. These people were to a very large degree persons of education, thoughtfulness and sobriety, whose convictions of religion and social order were firmly held, and who, on the one hand, while they possessed the courage, energy and superior physique of the Saxon race, they, on the other, as to ideas of civil and religious liberty were in advance of the great mass of the people they left behind, while the conflicts in which they had participated, and the exactions from which they fled, had instilled an aversion to old forms of government. Their experience and political discipline had consequently excellently adapted them to be the fore-runners and originators of American institutions.

The colonists who came to America in 1718 from the north of Ireland, were undoubtedly people of the character indicated. The "plantation" of English, but more particularly Scotch colonies in Ulster, although based upon most arbitrary and unjust enactments, resulted eventually to the benefit of that portion of the island, as the new settlers were more thrifty, industrious and energetic than the natives they supplanted. Their advent, however, was followed by fierce celtic insurrections resulting in terrible bloodshed among the Protestant

settlers, whose security was not guaranteed until the iron legions of Cromwell had swept over Ireland, and thoroughly established the domination of England over that unhappy country. In the subsequent turmoil that accompanied the dethronement of James II, and the war between his Irish adherents and the soldiers of William of Orange, the Scotch-Irish settlers in Ulster, developed all the nobler traits of the mingled nationalities. As Presbyterian Protestants, they were naturally in antagonism to the Romish king, and although greatly outnumbered by French and Irish soldiery, they maintained a splendid resistance, the central and most famous incident in which was the "Siege of Derry," where a degree of heroism was displayed never surpassed in history. Years after the scenes of this war had passed away, the Irish Presbyterians still found their surroundings distasteful and irksome, for as followers of the ideas of Knox, the devoted Catholicism of the natives was hardly more repugnant than the doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal church now recognized as the "established" religious system. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that the question of change of residence suggested itself, and was seriously considered. They yearned for a country where they would be free from the authority of a government which sought to regulate the opinions as well as the acts of men, and they naturally turned toward the new world, whose boundless territory was waiting for and inviting European settlement. But they were cautious people, and before committing themselves to the final step they sent out a Mr. Holmes to New England as a sort of *avant courier* to collect information and report to them. The result was favorable, and early in the year 1718 the Rev. Wm. Boyd, acting as a delegate from the proposed colonists, arrived in this country with an address to Gov. Shute of Mass., signed by 217 persons, of whom 210 had signed their names in fair, legible handwriting, nine of the number being clergymen. The Governor's reply was encouraging, and upon receiving it the colony embarked for the new world in five small vessels, and

arrived at Boston, Aug. 4, 1718. Their grant of land from Gov. Shute was any twelve miles square of unoccupied territory which they might select within the boundaries of his jurisdiction, and after some tedious explorations, they selected a tract in the forest called *Nutfield*, so called from the abundance of chesnut, butternut and hickory trees. Here the colonies finally settled down to make themselves homes, and rechristened their settlement "Londonderry," and were in 1722 incorporated under that name. The grant of Gov. Shute ultimately proved nearly valueless, as it was discovered that Nutfield was within the boundaries of New Hampshire, and not of Massachusetts. The growth of the Londonderry settlement was prosperous and rapid, it receiving constant accessions of relatives and friends from the old country, and the people by industry and frugality gradually gathered round them the requirements of comfortable homes. They preserved their national tastes and traditions, but were among the most faithful citizens of their adopted country, and rendered noble and enthusiastic service in the war of the Revolution against the armies of England. We must, however, pass over the details in the history of this colony, as we have said enough to indicate its origin and character, both of which are associated with the ancestors of HORACE GREELEY.

The first settlement of the Greeley family in New England dates to as remote a period as 1640, when three brothers of that name, which is spelled four or five different ways, reached the shores of America. One settled in the State of Maine, where he has many living descendents at present; another took up his abode in Rhode Island, where he died not long afterward, and the third, in Salisbury, Mass., near the southern boundary of New Hampshire, and his descendents subsequently transferred their residence to that State, and it is with the last mentioned, whose name was Benjamin, that the subject of this sketch is directly connected. His son, Zaccheus Greeley, the great grandfather of HORACE, lived at Hudson, New Hampshire. (formerly called Nottingham-West)

and tradition reports him as a shrewd and industrious man, given most devotedly to money-making. His son of the same name inherited the best part of his father's property, and was also a farmer by occupation. He was of a kind disposition, rather given to taking the world easy, although he appears to have had no small share of domestic responsibility, as he married young and became the father of thirteen children—nine sons and four daughters. He owned and worked small farms successively in Hudson, Pelham, Nottingham and Londonderry, and it was in the house of his eldest son John, at the latter place, that he died at the ripe age of ninety-four. His second son also bore the name of Zaccheus, and was the father of HORACE GREELEY. He married when twenty-five years of age, Mary Woodburn, of Londonderry. He bought the "Stewart farm" in Amhurst township in 1808, and it was here that HORACE was born (Feb. 3, 1811) as above stated. It must be said of the Woodburn family, that they strictly belong to the Scotch-Irish race. John Woodburn emigrated from Londonderry, Ireland, to the settlement of that name in New Hampshire, six or seven years after the foundation of the settlement. He was accompanied by his brother David, who was drowned a few years afterwards. John was married twice—and of his second wife, from whom HORACE GREELEY is descended, the latter makes the following remarks in a letter written some years ago to a friend :

"I think I am indebted for my first impulse toward intellectual acquirement and exertion to my mother's grandmother, who came out from Ireland among the first settlers in Londonderry. She must have been well versed in Irish and Scotch traditions, pretty well informed and strong-minded, and my mother being left motherless when quite young, her grandmother exerted great influence over her mental development."

The grandfather of HORACE GREELEY on the mother's side was David Woodburn, the eldest son of John Woodburn, who married Margaret Clark, and their daughter Mary was

the mother of HORACE GREELEY. Previous to his birth, there had been two other children, but they had died in early infancy, and HORACE came very nearly meeting the same fate, as he was born unconscious. He received the name of HORACE after a relative of his father, and because that name had been bestowed upon one of the children that died at an early age. The house on the Stewart farm is thus described by himself: "A modest framed, unpainted structure of one story--was then quite new; it was only modified in our time by filling up and making narrower the old-fashioned kitchen fire-place, which, having already devoured all the wood on the farm, yawned ravenously for more. This dwelling faces the road from the north on a bench or narrow plateau about two-thirds down the hill; the orchard of natural fruit covers two or three acres of the hillside north-east of the house, with the patch of garden, and a small frog-pond between. It seemed to me that sweeter and more spicy apples grew in that neglected orchard than can now be bought in market; and it is not a mere notion that most fruits attain their highest and best flavor at or near the coldest latitude in which they can be grown at all. That orchard was not young forty years ago, and having been kept constantly in pasture, never tilled nor enriched, and rarely pruned, must be nearly run out by this time." The farm on which this unpretending mansion was situated, was four or five miles from the village of Amherst, and it was not of a very productive character. Farming in those days, and on such land was not the road to wealth, and if Zaccheus Greeley managed to make a comfortable subsistence for his family, it was only by a daily drudgery of labor. It was a quiet rural region in which the scattered inhabitants all pursued the same simple avocation, and where but few incidents occurred to vary the quiet routine of each day. The house occupied an elevated site, and from the windows there was a commanding view of the surrounding country in which rude farm buildings here and there, pine woods, fields and rough undulations were the prominent features. It is indeed curious to look back on such scenes. If a stray traveler happened

to pass along the old road to Amherst, which ran a short distance from the house, it would seem a strange prophecy were he told that in that rude little homestead standing in a region uninviting and almost dreary in character, and whose appearance and surroundings indicated the simplest class of farming folk, was to be born a man destined to become famous in the busiest scenes of literary and political life. It is the good fortune, however, of American history to be marked by just such strange and apparently paradoxical characteristics. From the humblest scenes may spring the greatest of our citizens, and from the healthy surroundings and discipline of pastoral pursuits may emerge the most vigorous and brilliant minds, whose subsequent career and services become nobler and more truly representative of the people by virtue of their unpretentious origin.

As the reader may readily gather from what we have stated, Zacchens Greeley was poor, and having unfortunately paid too high a price for his farm, had to struggle for many years under an incubus of debt. HORACE, consequently, was almost from his earliest years made practically acquainted with labor, and an economical and frugal mode of life. "I well remember," he says, "the cold summer (1816) when we rose on the 18th of June to find the earth covered with a good inch of newly fallen snow; when there was frost every month, and corn did not fill till October. \* \* \* \* My task for a time was to precede my father, as he hoed his corn, dig open the hills and kill the wire worms and grubs that were anticipating our dubious harvest. To 'ride horse to plow' soon became my more usual vocation; the horse preceding and guiding the oxen, save when furrowing for, or tilling the planted crops. Occasionally the plow would strike a fast stone and bring up the team all standing, pitching me over the horse's head and landing me three to five feet in front. In the frosty autumn mornings the working teams had to be 'baited' on the rowen or after-math of thick, sweet grass beside the luxuriant corn (maize,) and I was called out at

sun-rise to watch and keep them out of the corn while the men ate their breakfast before yoking up and going afield." He also had experience in burning charcoal, clearing woods and all the other work incidental to a farm in such a region. During the earlier years of his childhood his health continued feeble and broken, and he was thrown much into the companionship of his mother, who was the more tenderly attached to him because of the loss of the two elder children, just previous to his birth. She was an active, energetic woman, of strong *physique*, a kind heart and unfailing good humor, and possessed an almost inexhaustible store of Scotch-Irish songs and traditions. HORACE early developed an extraordinary appetite for knowledge, and his first steps towards its acquirement were made as the little boy sat by his mother and she told stories of the olden time, or sung to him while she carried on her domestic duties. In latter years Mr. GREELEY bore testimony to the influence of the tales and ballads he then heard, and said they served to awaken in him a thirst for knowledge and a lively interest in learning and history. Before he was able to walk he had almost learned to read, although he had never been regularly taught, and evinced a most extraordinary curiosity respecting books of any kind. He would, while yet only three years old, pour over an old Bible on the floor, and a story newspaper would afford him a subject for curious examination. By the time he was four years of age he could read correctly from any book of ordinary English, and began to develop remarkable powers of memory. Shortly before he attained the age of three years he was sent on a visit to the house of his grandfather, David Woodburn, in Londonderry, and while there attended the district school, situated only a short distance from his grandfather's house. He continued to attend this school most of each winter, and some months in summer, during the ensuing three years, remaining during the time at his grandfather's. In fact HORACE GREELEY never attended any other than a district school, and that which he first went to in Londonderry,

was of the simplest and most primitive character. It was a rudely fashioned little frame structure of one story containing one apartment, and occupied a bleak and exposed site, with no enclosure of any kind around it. It had an actual capacity for about thirty or forty scholars, but not unfrequently over fifty were crowded into the small apartment, and it required no small physical endurance on the part of the pupils and master to get through the school hours, for apart from the lack of the proper ventilating facilities, during the piercing weather of a New England winter, it was a difficult matter to secure anything like a pleasant temperature in such a place. The school-master, when HORACE first became a pupil, was David Woodburn Dickey, a nephew of David Woodburn, and a somewhat severe but well-qualified instructor. He was a cripple, and as his charge included all kinds of unruly elements, it was with difficulty he managed to support his control. The next teacher was Cyrus Winn, a young man from Massachusetts, competent in every way, and who became a great favorite among the boys and their parents. HORACE attended school for three terms at Londonderry, and, owing to the start given him by his mother, made rapid progress, so much so that he became a marked boy among his associates. He particularly distinguished himself by correctness in spelling, and rose to the head of the "first class," which position he managed to retain almost constantly; he-participated with great pleasure and enthusiasm in the spelling matches, in which he generally came off victorious. He was, during his early school days, unusually self-possessed for a boy, and would go through a recitation with perfect correctness and *sang froid*, no matter what visitors were present. His argumentative tendencies not unfrequently involved him in disputes with his comrades, but he was not a quarrelsome boy, and, although not cowardly, had a disinclination for fighting. His taste for reading increased as he grew older, and he would often become so absorbed over a book as to be entirely oblivious to what was going on around him. Among



the reminiscences preserved respecting these times, is one which seemed to indicate the choice of a pursuit by the boy at a strangely early period. While at a black-smith shop with a friend, and watching the process of horse shoeing most intently, the proprietor said to him jestingly, "You had better come with me and learn the trade." HORACE answered immediately, as if announcing a conclusion long before reached, "No, I am going to be a printer." During portions of his fifth and sixth years, he attended school in the western district of Bedford township, and the following two years the family lived in that township, his father having rented his own farm to his brother, and taken the "Beard farm," which was much larger, to work on shares, and it was here that HORACE passed through some of the hardest working years of his boyhood. It was while living here that some of the leading men of the neighborhood, having observed the unusual intellectual promise of the boy HORACE, offered to send him to Phillips Academy, at Exeter, and thence to college, without expense to his parents. This proposition was declined, as his father and mother said they would give their children the best education that they could, and would not be indebted to friends for anything further. In alluding to this matter, Mr. GREELEY, in later time said, "I do not remember that I had then any decided opinion or wish in the premises, but I now have, and I from the bottom of my heart, thank my parents for their wise and manly decision. Much as I have needed a fuller, better education, I rejoice that I am indebted for schooling to none but those of whom I had a right to ask and expect it."

The period during which the Greeley family resided on the "Beard farm" was an important one in the life of HORACE, as it was then that he laid the foundation of his education, and of his love of reading and general information, which, more than any other influence, moulded his future career. It was, however extremely unfortunate for his father. The farm was naturally rather a good one, but was in a dilapidated state, with ruined fences, old and insecure buildings and a large

portion of it over-grown with bushes and briers, and the working of it proved anything but remunerative. He had let his own farm on shares to a younger brother, who, however, did not prosper in its management, and this, with other misfortunes, began seriously to embarrass him. To make bad worse, his health failed and he was unable to work for nearly a year, and he lost some money by becoming security for another man. In fact, from all the information attainable, it appears that, although an energetic and skillful workman, he lacked many of the elements necessary for success in money-making. He was of a hearty, generous disposition, fond of those jollifications so common at the time among country people in connection with important events in social life and farm work; he thought more of the present than the future, and his affairs became complicated almost before he was aware of the fact. The tenancy of the "Beard farm," in Bedford, corresponded nearly to the seventh and eighth years in the life of HORACE, and he and the three other children had taken pleasure in their removal to it, as the buildings and grounds were larger than those to which they had been accustomed, yet the hard times which came upon their father there, made them not unwilling to leave it. In the Spring of 1820 this farm was abandoned, and the family returned to the old home in Amhurst, where another attempt was made to retrieve their fortunes and obtain a firm foothold. HORACE at this time was nine years old, and so busily was he kept engaged on the farm, that during the ensuing Summer he did not go to school at all. Notwithstanding all his efforts, Mr. Greeley's affairs became daily more threatening; the times were hard and everything was cheap, and he had never been quite out of debt since he bought the place, and after that his sickness and other misfortunes, had swelled his indebtedness to about \$1,000, which was more than the value of all he had in the world. Near the end of August, 1820, matters came to a crisis, and all his available chattles were seized for debt. In his "Recollections," published long afterwards, HORACE

GREELEY graphically narrates the circumstances of this memorable event in his childish days: "We had finished our summer tillage and our haying, when a very heavy rain set in, near the end of August. I think its second day was a Saturday, and still the rain poured till far into the night. Father was absent on business; but our mother gathered her little ones around her and delighted us with stories and prospects of good things she proposed to do for us in the better days she hoped to see. Father did not return till after we children were fast asleep; and when he did it was with tidings that our ill fortune was about to culminate. I guess that he was scarcely surprised, though we young ones ruefully were, when, about sunrise on Monday morning, the Sheriff and sundry other officials, with two or three of our principal creditors appeared and—first formally demanding payment of their claims—proceeded to levy on farm, stock, implements, household stuff, and nearly all our worldly possessions but the clothes we stood in. There had been no writ issued till then—of course no trial, no judgment—but it was a word and a blow in those days, and the blow first, in the matter of debt-collecting by legal process. Father left the premises directly, apprehending arrest and imprisonment, and was invisible all day; the rest of us repaired to a friendly neighbor's, and the work of levying went on in our absence. It is needless to add that all we had was swallowed up, and our debts not much lessened. Our farm, which had cost us \$1,350, and which had been considerably improved in our hands, was appraised and set off to creditors at \$500, out of which the legal costs were first deducted. A barn-full of rye, grown by us on another's land, whereof we owned an undivided half, was attached by a doctor, threshed out by his poorer customers by day's work on account, and sold; the net result being an enlargement of our debt, the grain failing to meet all the costs. Thus when night fell we were as bankrupt a family as well could be."

After this event the family could not remain long on the Amherst farm, and Mr. Greeley set off immediately on foot in

search of a new abiding place. He worked two or three months in the township of Hampton, Washington county, New York, with Col. Parker French, who had a large farm and kept a tavern. He subsequently rented a small house for sixteen dollars per annum, in the township of Westhaven, Vermont, and then returned to Amhurst and removed the family to their new home. They left on the 1st of January, 1821, in a hired two-horse sleigh, carrying with them whatever remained of their household gear. It was the depth of winter, and the journey was accomplished in about three days, arriving at their destination in West Haven under circumstances calculated to discourage anybody less courageous and resolute than these hardy descendants of the heroes of Londonderry. At this time Zaccheus Greeley was thirty-eight years of age, his wife thirty-three, HORACE not quite ten, and his two sisters and one brother, eight, six and four, respectively; all of them tolerably healthy, and, notwithstanding their poverty, commenced their career in their new home a lively and happy domestic group. In many respects they gained by their change of residence, for, although not quite free from the old New Hampshire debts, yet their affairs were less embarrassing, and Mr. Greeley had steady work at chopping, making enough to supply the necessaries of life, and the children went to school regularly, there being two schools in the vicinity, the district having been divided by some dispute between the trustees, and they were both better than those of New Hampshire. The land, too, was better diversified by mountains and lowlands, and five or six miles from the house was the broad and beautiful expanse of Lake Champlain. It was a broad, kindly country, with pure stimulating influences, and peopled by a thrifty, simple and pure minded race.

In the Spring of 1821, Mr. Greeley commenced clearing, under contract, a tract of fifty acres of wild land, about a mile north of their home; and he and his sons worked at this except during the winter time, for nearly two years. They were all poor choppers, and started the work just as the snow had

commenced to melt, and the slush was nearly knee-deep. It was apparently a task of hopeless magnitude; and HORACE, in after years, said that occasionally, travelers passing along the public road that skirted the tract, would get into talk with the boys and tell them that they would be men before they got through with the job. But the family was poor; work they must and work they did, with a will. The mother and girls kept house at home, and the father and boys chopped in the woods, burned great heaps of under-brush and logs, brought home abundance of fuel, and toiled at the job until it was finally completed. It is when we glance at such scenes as this, that we realize how thoroughly practical has been the experience of the subject of this sketch. It is not alone that he has fought his way up from the rudest form of peasant life; from the state of simple physical labor, to the sphere of the highest intellectual effort, and the position of a leader in political thought, and a prominent name in letters. But he is also familiar, by actual experience, with the duties, the manners and the thoughts of the farming and working classes. Above them in the scale of labor, he is not separated from them, and in the singular success and public usefulness of his services, is one of the best and noblest specimens of American manhood, living; for he is alike representative of the two great classes of human worker—those who toil with the body, and those who labor with the brain.

The tract of land they were clearing, was on the estate of Mr. Minot, and the original agreement was seven dollars per acre, with the use of a team, and half the wood suitable for timber and fuel; so that three hundred and fifty dollars would be the whole amount of pay for two years' work for a man and two boys, which, even in those days, could not be considered very profitable. As matters turned out, however, they did not even get the whole of this sum, for Mr. Minot died suddenly, and his estate was declared insolvent, and they were never paid in full. The third year in Vermont, Mr. Greeley became interested in a saw-mill, at a place called Flea Knoll,

about two miles further west, and operated it on shares, assisted by his partner. HORACE determined to help, but was not favorably impressed with the work, and backed out after a little while and let his younger brother take his place, while he devoted himself most earnestly to farming, but with rather unsatisfactory results. This year was not fortunate for the family, for the Spring and early Summer were wet, and then ensued a most severe and protracted drought, and the crops were almost an entire failure. In the Fall the ague prostrated both father and mother, and subsequently, the children, and they finally left Flea Knoll rather hurriedly, (no family, it was said, ever remained there more than a year,) and returned to the Minot estate, taking a house west of their former abode, and cultivating a tract of land on shares, besides clearing off about twenty acres of young white pine. For this last job the pay was to be two years' crops, which, however, did not prove remunerative, as the wheat was nearly destroyed by the midge. HORACE was at school three winters in West Haven, but as he had by this time nearly gone the round of district school instruction, he gained no particular advantage. According to the testimony of one of his then school-mates, he was always at the top of the school, and rarely met a teacher who could impart to him anything new; his accuracy in orthography and grammar was particularly remarkable; and a mistake—which was rarely made—would crimson his face and be a source of protracted irritation. He never quarreled with his companions, but was fond of play, particularly snow-balling, and was of an obliging disposition, always ready to assist backward pupils with their lessons. His passion for reading increased rather than diminished, and in the evening, his favorite occupation was to sit close to the fire-place reading by the light of blazing pine knots. He was extremely fond of draughts, and acquired so much skill in the game that there was hardly a player in that part of the country who could beat him; the checker-board, indeed, was about the only thing that could draw him from his books in the evening. The subject of his

unrestrained studies, were, as might be supposed, varied enough ; newspapers, political pamphlets, history, poetry, with a mass of light prose literature. He studied Shakspeare and the Arabian Nights with equal avidity, and was a devoted admirer of Mrs. Hemans' poems, and in after years spoke feelingly of the effect they had produced upon his unfolding mind. He had not at this time forgotten his intention of being a printer ; he talked to his father about it, who discouraged him, saying he was too young, and in order to satisfy himself, he walked to White Hall, a town about nine miles distant, where there was a paper published, and made inquiries ; he was told by the publisher that he was too young to be taken as an apprentice ; and he returned home to bide his time. Not long after, he made a more extended journey, walking the whole distance to Londonderry, to make a visit to his old friends and relatives, starting out with seventy-five cents in his pocket. He was received with the utmost cordiality, and his journey considered marvellous for a boy of his years. He walked back home after a stay of a few weeks, and seemed to think he had done nothing extraordinary. He took a deep interest in politics, and by the aid of his singularly retentive memory, he possessed himself of an amount of information respecting men and things, in the political world, that was really astonishing for a boy of his age.

We now approach the most important event in the boyhood of HORACE GREELEY ; that which determined his future career. His desire to be a printer was constantly cherished, and in the Spring of 1826, an advertisement appeared in the *Northern Spectator*, published at East Poultney, Vermont, for an apprentice in that office. HORACE, who devoured all the newspapers that came in his way, saw this advertisement, and immediately mentioned the matter to his father, who was then thinking of going West in search of another home. He obtained permission to try for the place, and walked over to East Poultney to make his application. The village was then a bustling, active little place—a good deal more so than it is now—but was not large enough to properly support a newspaper ; but, nevertheless, at the time we speak of,

there was one in existence. Its founders were Messrs. Smith & Shute, who had started it a little over three years before, under the title of the *Poultney Gazette*. It could not probably have been a very profitable concern, and would, in all likelihood, have died out, only for the energy of the citizens. They were in favor of a local journal, and determined to support it under the management of a committee. They bought out the printing office and good will, and procured Mr. E. G. Stone, of New York, as editor. The change of ownership disorganized the old force of the office, and so room was made for a new apprentice, and hence the advertisement which had attracted the attention of HORACE. His application for the place, notwithstanding several objections stubbornly made by his father as to terms, was eventually successful, and on April 18, 1826, a few days after his first visit, an agreement was consummated, and he became a regular attache of the office. The terms were, that he was to remain until twenty years of age, board to be allowed only for six months, and afterwards forty dollars per annum in addition, for clothing.

Before following the young printer in his new career, we must notice the movements of the family about this time. Mr. Greeley having, in a way, provided for HORACE, turned his attention to seeking a new place to settle. His brothers, Benjamin and Leonard, having some years before settled in Erie county, Pennsylvania, he also went in that direction, and after some investigations bought a tract of land on which was a log hut and four acres of clearing, the balance being heavily timbered, and then returned to West Haven for his family. Before they left, HORACE walked over from Poultney, to take farewell, and spent a Sabbath with them. The parting scene was an affecting one, for the members of the family were deeply attached to one another. Some of his people urged him to give up his engagement, and go with his parents to their new home. He was then not quite satisfied with the state of things at the office of the *Spectator*, and was strongly tempted to comply. Had his mother, he said in after years, joined in the entreaties, he would probably have yielded; but she did not, and he finally refused to break his agreement, and bade them



all farewell. His walk back to Poultney, a distance of twelve miles, was, he says, "one of the slowest and saddest of my life."

The early days of his apprenticeship were not without many trials and annoyances. He was then about fifteen years of age, loose-jointed and awkward, with a rough mass of tow-colored hair, somewhat pale, a broad forehead, and a head so large that it appeared curiously disproportionate with his body; his dress was that of a farm boy, and altogether there was something odd and comic in his appearance and bearing. He was, of course, wholly unacquainted with the work before him, and naturally became the object of badinage and irritating criticism among his associates. It appears, however, that he was not at all disconcerted by the novelty of his position, but set himself to learn the business with that concentration of faculty, and purpose, and persistent energy, which have been among the prominent characteristics of his life. His employers quickly discovered the unusual amount of general information possessed by their new assistant, and from the outset treated him with kindness and consideration, while his industry and the rapid progress he made in acquiring the business, gradually acquired for him more respectful treatment from his companions. The village of Poultney was an exceedingly quiet place, with few distracting influences for the young apprentice, even had he been disposed to waste his time; he was not, however, but displayed so remarkable an assiduity, that it attracted general attention. As to the affairs in the office, his own words explain them best: "The organization and management of our establishment were vicious, for an apprentice should have one master; while I had a series of them, and often two or three at once. First, our editor left us; next, the company broke up or broke down, as any one might have known it would; and a mercantile firm in the village became owners and managers of the concern, and so we had a succession of editors and printers. These changes enabled me to demand and receive a more liberal allowance for the later years of my apprenticeship; but the office was too slackly ruled for the most part, and, as to instruction, every one had perfect liberty to learn whatever he could." His labors

were not by any means confined to type-setting ; he had to assist generally, and participate in nearly all the mechanical work of the office ; and hardly a day passed that he and his companions were not hurried with their work. He had often to work off the edition of the paper on an old fashioned wooden Ramage press—too severe a stress on his boyish frame, and which blistered his hands and injured his back. In fact, HORACE GREELEY never worked harder perhaps in his life, than during his nearly five years' stay in Poultney, during which he hardly had an hour for recreation, such as boys usually delight in, except reading, which few boys think a pleasure. One bright spot, however, in the routine of his apprenticeship, was the opportunity he had for study. At West Haven, he could only get such books as he could borrow, but in Poultney, there was a public library, to which he had easy access, and here he spent nearly all of his spare time. There was also a village lyceum, and here he sometimes joined in debate, or presented written essays ; and notwithstanding the hard work, it is easy to see that he was now among scenes much more congenial to his active and capacious intellect, than any he had known before, and his abilities received their due stimulus in their development. Mr. Amos Bliss, who was connected with the *Spectator* at the time HORACE joined its staff, speaks of the extraordinary industry of the boy at this period : “ Having a thirst for knowledge, he bent his mind and all his energies to its acquisition with unceasing application and untiring devotion, and I doubt if in the whole term of his apprenticeship, he ever spent an hour in the common recreations of young men.” During his stay here, he boarded for a portion of the time at the tavern, and always exhibited perfect self possession in the presence of strangers, joining in political and other arguments with perfect freedom and great animation, and his memory of facts and figures was so remarkable, as well as the amount of his general information, that as he became known, he acquired quite a standing as an authority and a standard of appeal in all disputes. He was not at all affected by the general habit of drinking, and was strictly temperate in his habits, but fond of coffee, and although not robust, had a large ap-

petite ; his pre-occupied manner and rapid style of eating often attracted attention. His taste for politics was strengthened by his surroundings in Poultney, which, although a small place, was full of active politicians ; and HORACE participated in their discussions with singular interest and enthusiasm. The bitter presidential struggle of 1828, between the parties of Jackson and Adams, created intense excitement in Poultney, as it did all over the country, and the paper with which HORACE was connected was bitterly opposed to the Jackson faction, and he labored most assiduously against the same. Alluding to this contest in his "Recollections," Mr. GREELEY says : "Poultney gave next day three hundred and thirty-four votes for Adams to four for Jackson. I doubt that her vote has ever since been so unanimous or so strong. And though the general result was heavily adverse to our desperate hopes, we had the poor consolation that whatever disaster the political revolution might involve, no shadow of responsibility could rest on our own Vermont."

Twice, during the course of his apprenticeship, HORACE visited his father's family in Peoria, between five and six hundred miles distant, walking a great portion of the way, and making the rest of the journey on the Erie Canal Line boats, and in each instance remained away about a month, returning to his work with renewed energy. As his mind matured, he developed those striking characteristics which he has displayed so prominently in his subsequent career ; his political views were clear and decided ; he was a strong Protectionist, and had violent likes and dislikes as to public personages ; his interest in public questions was always active and sincere, and among the incidents of this early portion of his life which made the deepest impression upon him, was a fugitive slave-chase which occurred in Poultney. The act abolishing slavery in New York, had ordained that certain persons born slaves, should remain in servitude until twenty-eight years of age, and of this number, a great many had not yet regained their freedom. A young negro escaped from his master in a New York town, and sought refuge in Poultney ; and when his master, duly armed with legal process, came to reclaim him, a tremendous excitement was

raised in the village, the upshot of which was that the slave disappeared, and the New Yorker was dismissed home without his property. The masonic excitement of 1827, incident to the publication of the Morgan book, and the subsequent mysterious disappearance of its author, pervaded all classes in New England, and indeed throughout the country, and was of course felt at Poultney. HORACE embraced the anti-masonic side, and during the following year or so denounced the Order and its advocates, both by his tongue and pen with untiring ardor; and a rooted opposition to secret societies has been one of the permanent convictions of his life. His stay in Poultney, although fruitful to him in mental growth and improvement, was, on the whole, uneventful. He soon learned the trade of a printer, and his superior ability and industry, made him one of the most valuable hands in the office, as he had made himself familiar with every department of the work, and was also able to afford important assistance in the editorial matter. The *Spectator*, however, did not thrive, as indeed, could hardly have been expected in so small a place, and after various fluctuations in June, 1830, the second month of the fifth year of his apprenticeship. Its publication was suspended; the establishment was broken up, and our young apprentice released from his engagement, found himself once again his own master, with a slim wardrobe and about twenty dollars in hard cash. He was at this time suffering from a sore leg, the result of an accidental injury about a year before, and it occasionally became badly swollen, and seemed to threaten serious consequences. He determined to make his way to Pennsylvania on a visit to his father, and there remain until his leg was cured and he had determined upon a plan for future operations.

HORACE GREELEY entered Poultney as a boy, and although he did not leave it as a man, yet it was with the foundations of his character firmly laid, and with views to a great extent matured and firmly held, on all those social, political, and religious questions which suggest themselves so readily to the intelligent and thoughtful. As to his peculiar views respecting politics and social matters, perhaps enough may be gathered from what we have

already said in the preceding pages, but as to religion it may be appropriate to indicate his ideas. He is now, and has been from early boyhood, a Universalist, and without deriving any tendency toward that form of faith, from either parental influence or early association. His father was a Baptist in belief, and his mother was connected, we believe, with the Presbyterian church, and at home HORACE probably never heard the doctrines he afterwards embraced even alluded to; indeed even if his parents had been the strictest religionists, and constantly anxious to instil their principles, his active and original mind would ultimately have followed the bent of its own convictions and inclinations. He was not methodically educated, and at the time the foundations of his religious belief were laid, he knew little or nothing of religious literature. He was, however, a thoughtful boy, accustomed to draw conclusions with each step he made in the acquirement of knowledge, and it was from reflections on an event in ancient Grecian history that his first religious convictions were derived. When about ten years old, he came across, in his miscellaneous reading, a well-written account of the extraordinary magnanimity displayed by Demetrius, surnamed Polioretetes, (destroyer of cities) one of the successors of Alexander, toward the Athenian people. This prince, at the age of twenty-two, was sent by his father against Ptolemy, who had invaded Syria. He was defeated near Galga, but he soon repaired his loss by a victory over one of the generals of the enemy. He afterwards sailed with a fleet of two hundred and fifty ships to Athens, and restored the Athenians to liberty by freeing them from the power of Cassander and Ptolemy, and repelling the garrison which was stationed there. After this successful expedition, he besieged and took Munychia, and defeated Cassander, at Thermopylæ. His reception at Athens after these victories, was attended with the greatest servility, and the Athenians were not ashamed to raise alters to him as a god, and to consult his oracles. At the battle of Ipsus, Demetrius was defeated and withdrew to Ephesus, and embarked thence for Greece, having left his fleet, money, and his wife at Athens. He was met on the way by ambassadors from

the Athenians who informed him that he could not be received into the city, and that his wife had been sent to Megara. The prince demanded his galleys, and having obtained them, he sailed away from ungrateful and perfidious Athens. He subsequently retrieved his fortunes, and before long returned with a large fleet and besieged the city, and reduced the inhabitants to such an extremity, that the gates were finally opened to the conqueror. It was naturally expected that Demetrius would devise some terrible revenge for the treatment he had received, but to the amazement of all, he restrained his soldiers and ordered the people to assemble in the theatre. Here he appeared before the multitude, who seemed in the words of Rollin, "more dead than alive," and awaited the event in inexpressible terror, expecting it would prove their sentence to destruction. He, however, spoke to them gently, reasoned with them on their past ingratitude, and finally pardoned and restored them to favor, providing food for the famishing thousands, and reinstating popular rulers.

It was by this incident which we here briefly sketched, that the youthful HORACE was so deeply impressed; and the result of his meditations is thus expressed by himself: "Reflecting with admiration on this exhibition of magnanimity, too rare in human annals, I was moved to inquire if a spirit so nobly, so wisely transcending the mean and savage impulse which man too often disguises as justice, when it is in essence, revenge, might not be reverently termed Divine; and the firm conclusion to which I was finally led, imported that the old Greek's treatment of vanquished rebels or prostrate enemies, must forcibly image and body forth that of the 'King, immortal, invisible, and only wise God.' When I reached this conclusion, I had never seen one who was called, or who called himself a Universalist; and I neither saw one nor read a page of any one's writings, for years thereafter. I had only heard that there were a few graceless reprobates and scurvy outcasts, who pretended to believe that all men would be saved, and to wrench the Scriptures into some sort of conformity to their mockery of a creed. I had read the Bible through, much of it repeatedly, but when quite too infantile to form any coher-

ent definite synopsis of the doctrines I presumed to be taught therein. But soon after entering a printing office, I procured exchanges with several Universalist periodicals, and was thenceforth familiar with their methods of interpretation and of argument; though I first heard a sermon preached by one of this school, while passing through Buffalo, about 1830; and I was acquainted with no society and no preacher of this faith prior to my arrival in New York in August, 1831, when I made my way on the first Sunday morning of my sojourn, to the little chapel in Grand street, near Pitt—about the size of an average country school-house—where Rev. Thos. J. Sawyer, then quite young, ministered to a congregation of perhaps a hundred souls, to which congregation I soon afterwards attached myself, remaining a member of it until he left the city.”

It is unnecessary to pursue the subject further, as our readers can now fully understand the origin and character of the religious opinions of HORACE GREELEY. They are still unchanged, for they were not adopted hastily, and like all of his convictions, they are firmly and permanently held.

It was not without sincere regret that HORACE bade farewell to Poultney, where he had spent something over four years, and had made many warm personal friends. The breaking up of the paper, however, never again issued in the same town, left him no alternative, and with his usual promptitude of action he started on the long journey to his father's place in June, 1830. He was accompanied by a friend of about his own age, and went by wagon to Comstock's Landing on the Champlain canal, and thence by line boat to Troy and Buffalo. Near Rochester he parted company with his friend, crossed Lake Erie to Dunkirk by steamboat, and walked diagonally across Chautauqua county to his father's in Erie county, Pennsylvania. Notwithstanding his sore leg he must have been in pretty good physical condition, for he tells us: “I think it was on this visit that I made my best day's walk—from Fredonia through Mayville and Mina to my father's, which can hardly be less than forty miles now, and by the zigzags we then made must have been considerably farther.”

The new home of the Greeley family was about three miles from the then little Hamlet of Clymer, and being situated in the depths of the woods was somewhat difficult to get at. When HORACE reached Clymer on his first visit, it was nearly dusk of a Saturday night, and he was advised to postpone attempting to reach his father's until the morning; this he refused to do, and in attempting to reach his destination, lost his way, and finally spent the night in the cabin of a friendly settler, and reached his father's next morning. He was gladly received, but was rather disappointed with the new homestead, which was inferior to either of the two houses the family had formerly lived in; he found all his people well, his father and brother actively engaged in clearing, and his mother toiling as usual at household duties, a little less cheerful than formerly, for she was not quite reconciled to this primitive, pioneer forest life. He remained at home a few weeks, and then set about looking for work; he succeeded at first in getting some on a newspaper published at Jamestown, about twenty miles distant; here, however, he found that there was no money to be made, as he could not get even that which he had earned, and so he returned to his father's. His next employment was at the little town of Lodi, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., where he received about eleven dollars a month, and here he remained as long as his employer could afford to pay him, returning home about the first of January, 1831. He remained this time about a month, assisting his father and brother in their chopping, and then convinced that he was better adapted for some other calling than that of the pioneer, he once more set out to search for work as a printer, and walked through the woods to the town of Erie. He went directly on his arrival to the office of the *Erie Gazette*, a weekly paper, published and owned by Mr. Joseph M. Sterrett, and obtained employment at fifteen dollars per month. The publisher of the *Gazette* in after years thus narrated his first meeting with HORACE GREELEY: "I was not," he says, "in the printing office when he arrived; I came in soon after and saw him sitting at the table reading the newspapers, and so absorbed in them that he paid no attention to my entrance. My first feel-



ing was one of astonishment, that a fellow so singularly "green" in his appearance should be *reading*, and above all reading so intently. I looked at him for a few moments, and then, finding that he made no movement toward acquainting me with his business, I took up my composing stick, and went to work. He continued to read for twenty minutes or more, when he got up, and coming close to my case, asked in his peculiar whining voice, "Do you want any help in the printing business?" "Why," said I, running my eye unvoluntarily up and down the extraordinary figure, "did you ever work at the trade?" "Yes," was the reply, "I worked some at it in an office in Vermont, and I should be willing to work under instruction if you could give me a job." This reply was misunderstood, as it created the impression that the applicant might be a runaway apprentice, and Mr. Sterrett told the stranger that he had no need of his assistance, though there was need of an additional hand in the office. Subsequently, however, through the interposition of a friend, HORACE obtained the situation at the pay above stated, and he remained here about five months, during which time he boarded at Mr. Sterrett's house. The paper was, in a small way, a profitable concern, and as Erie was then an active town, with a great promise for the future, his residence there was a pleasant episode in his life, and enabled him to acquire much new and valuable experience. He was marked here as elsewhere for his constant assiduity, and his correctness as a compositor. He continued to take a deep interest in politics, while his fondness for reading was such as often to entrench on his hours for meals and relaxation, while he was so saving of his money, that his coarse and rural attire remained unchanged, nor did a suggestion from his employer work any important improvement in the matter. When he failed on the *Gazette*, he paid a short visit home, and giving his father the best part of his earnings, he once more set out to look for work; and after an unsuccessful attempt to obtain a situation on a journal at Wilksbarre, Penn., he finally determined to turn his steps toward New York, taking with him about twenty-five dollars in money. The weather was hot, and the

journey was a long and fatiguing one, rendered probably more so by his diverging to visit a friend at Gaines, nearly forty miles west of Rochester. He reached here on a Saturday night, and on Sunday afternoon they walked together down to the canal to meet the boat, and waited until nightfall without success. Finally HORACE bade his friend farewell, and walked down the tow-path, expecting to be overtaken by the boat, but in vain, and walked on to Brockport some fifteen miles distance, through the darkness. Here he took a line-boat eastward, and debarked at Schenectady, and walked along the turnpike road to Albany, and traveled thence by boat to New York, landing near Whitehall at six o'clock on the morning of the 17th of August, 1831. When we contrast the HORACE GREELEY of the present, with the odd, rural-looking youth that entered New York on the morning mentioned, it is almost impossible to realize that they are one and the same person. In one picture is a youthful and friendless stranger entering a large city without home, money, except a few dollars, and even a simple acquaintance among the whole population around him—in the other, we see a matured and powerful mind of national influence and reputation, controlling the greatest journal in the country, and one of the best-known men in America. What an extraordinary antithesis! and yet that the one is the actual and legitimate out-come of the other, the development accomplished by innate genius and power, is the grand and striking fact in the life of HORACE GREELEY. It determines the question of his extraordinary natural gifts, as well as that of his being truly representative of American energy and manhood, both in his character and his career. There is something strangely interesting in the spectacle of his entry into New York in view of the results that attended it, and it speaks words of encouragement to every young man in situations of loneliness and distress. Few may be able to accomplish the same result, but all can imitate his courage, energy, self-reliance and industry, for these are the foundation-stones of his fame and fortune.

HORACE had in actual cash, when he entered New York, about ten dollars; and thus characterizes himself: "I was twen-

ty years old, the preceding February, tall, slender, pale and plain, with ten dollars in my pocket, summer clothing, worth perhaps as much more, nearly all on my back, and a decent knowledge of so much of the art of printing, as a boy will usually learn in the office of a country newspaper." He was not, however, disconcerted or oppressed by his situation, but left the boat promptly and with pleasure, and carrying all his worldly effects in a pocket handkerchief, walked up Broad street in search of a boarding house. His first enquiry was at a place near the corner of Wall street; but when he learned that the price of board was six dollars a week, which seemed to his rural mind most exorbitant, and entirely beyond his means, he walked out rather faster than he walked in, and continued his investigations. He wandered about the city to the North River side, and seeing the sign of "Boarding" on an unpretentious looking house, 168 West street, he entered, and found the price of board and lodging two dollars and fifty cents per week, and as this seemed in some degree suitable with his means, he became an inmate of the establishment. The place was kept by Mr. Edward McGolrick, and united a saloon with a boarding house, but was quietly and respectably kept. The same morning after breakfast, he commenced his search for work, and visited, according to his own account, "fully two-thirds of the printing offices on Manhattan Island, without a gleam of success," it being in the middle of summer, business was dull, and this, with the rustic air of the applicant, probably accounted for his failure. At the *Journal of Commerce* office, Mr. David Hale, the editor, plainly expressed his conviction that applicant was a runaway apprentice from a country printing office, and, no doubt at other places, he was subjected to a similar suspicion. On Saturday evening he was so wearied and discouraged by his want of success, that he determined to leave New York the following Monday, before his means were quite gone, and having reached this conclusion, he went to bed somewhat despondent. The next day, however, accident favored the young adventurer—some young Irishmen visited

McGolrick's during the course of the afternoon, and learning that the stranger whom they saw there was a printer, from the country, in search of employment, they exhibited a friendly interest in him, and one of them knowing where some printers were wanted, gave him the address, and HORACE went there the first thing on Monday morning. The establishment was that of John T. West, 85 Chatham street, over McElrath & Bangs' book store and publishing house, and here he obtained employment as a compositor. Perhaps it should be mentioned, as illustrating the character of our hero, that his first Sunday in New York was not spent in idle wanderings—in the morning he found his way to a small Universalist church, in Pitt street, nearly three miles from his boarding house, and in the evening he attended a Unitarian church. The most probable reason that HORACE obtained employment so easily at the house of Mr. West, was that he undertook work that no other printer in the city would accept. He describes the character of the job with professional acenracy, as follows: "It was the composition of a very small (32 mo.) New Testament, in double columns of agate type, each column barely twelve ems wide, with a centre column of notes, in pearl, only four ems wide; the text thickly studded with references by Greek, and superior letters to the notes, which, of course, were preceded and discriminated-by corresponding indices with prefatory and supplementary remarks on each book set in pearl, and only paid for as agate. The type was considerably smaller than any to which I had been accustomed; the narrow measure, and thickly sown italics of the text, with the strange characters employed as indices, rendered it the slowest, and by far, the most difficult work I had ever undertaken; while the making up, and correcting twice, and even thrice over, preparatory to stereotyping, nearly doubled the time required for ordinary composition." At this troublesome and trying piece of work, HORACE toiled day by day, with a curious, silent perseverance, that amused and somewhat astonished the other hands in the office. He was never a very fast type-setter, aiming principally at cor-

rectness in his proofs; but so difficult was the Testament, that, although he stuck to it twelve or fourteen hours a day, he was only able to earn five or six dollars a week, and the other compositors could not be induced to work on it more than a day or two, so that he had it nearly all to himself, and persevered until he had finished it. When this was accomplished, he remained out of work for about two weeks; and during this period he attended the sittings of the Tariff Convention, held at the American Institute, and presided over by the Hon. Wm. Wilkins of Pittsburg. Shortly after commencing work on the Testament, he removed his boarding quarters to Mrs. Mason's shoemaker boarding house, on the corner of Chatham and Duane streets. He next obtained work in a place on Ann street, where a periodical was published, which, however, had a brief existence, and HORACE did not get the money he had earned. The following month he returned to West's, and went to work on a commentary on the book of Genesis, by the Rev. George Bush, which, although not quite as bad as the Testament, was still a difficult and not a profitable piece of work, but he kept at it until completion, and then found himself again out of an engagement. The winter was one of unusual severity; necessaries were dear, and money scarce, and business dull; and the young printer made poor headway. On the first of January, 1832, he found employment on the *Spirit of the Times*, a weekly paper, principally devoted to sporting intelligence, and then just started by Messrs. Wm. T. Porter and James Howe, both printers; and with whom HORACE had worked at West's, during his first engagement. A month or two afterwards the paper was moved to Wall street, into quarters near the present site of the Merchants' Exchange. The foreman was Francis V. Story, about the same age as HORACE, and they became intimate friends; and, although there was but poor pay to be made on the *Spirit*, HORACE worked on it during the Spring and ensuing Summer. It was a dreary Summer in New York; the weather was hot, the city dirty, and the cholera prevailed extensively, and the business of the city was completely para-

lyzed. In walking from and to his work at dinner time, HORACE often passed stretchers, bearing cholera patients to the hospitals; and altogether his early experiences in New York were of the most discouraging and unpromising character. With the approach of the cool weather of Fall, however, the epidemic diminished in virulence; fugitives from the city returned, and business generally, revived. In October, HORACE having saved a little money, visited his relatives in New Hampshire; and their homes being scattered, his tour was quite an extensive one, and performed mostly on foot; and he returned to New York in time to vote at the State election, which he did for the anti-Jackson ticket, which, however, was overwhelmingly defeated. He next obtained work at the stereotyping establishment of J. S. Redfield, with whom he remained until he took his first step toward getting into business for himself. Referring to the application of HORACE for work, Mr. Redfield, in after years, wrote as follows: "Being much in want of help at the time GREELEY was set to work, and I was not a little surprised, to find on Saturday night, that his bills were much larger than those of any other compositor in the office, and oftentimes nearly doubled those at work by the side of him, on the same work. He would accomplish this too, and talk all the time. The same untiring industry, and the same fearlessness and independence, which have characterized his course as editor of the *New York Tribune*, are the distinguishing features of his character as a journeyman."

The acquaintance which had begun between Francis V. Story, foreman of the *Spirit of the Times*, and HORACE GREELEY, when the latter obtained work on that paper as a printer, resulted in an intimate friendship between the two young men. They were about the same age, both poor, and struggling with fortune; and both ambitious. They made their first venture in business together, and it came about in this way—Story had been for some time anxious to start a small printing establishment, and of offering HORACE a partnership in the concern; but want of means prevented him from carrying out his idea.

While matters were in this position, he made the acquaintance through Dr. W. Beach, of a young medical graduate, Dr. H. D. Shepard, who, it happened, had something over a thousand dollars in cash, and who was full of the idea of establishing a cheap daily paper, to be sold on the streets; a thing, at that time, unknown. He imparted his plans to young Story, and the latter visited HORACE GREELEY, and proposed that they should now carry out the enterprise of a printing establishment, as he could secure the printing of the daily paper contemplated by Dr. Shepard, and also of the weekly *Bank-note Reporter*, which had been offered to him by Mr. S. J. Sylvester, its publisher. HORACE, at first, hesitated; but was finally induced by the earnestness of Story, to agree to the project; and the partnership was accordingly formed. They hired two rooms, on the south-west corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, and the entire amount of their joint capital, about \$200, was disbursed in obtaining the necessary materials. This was not enough, and they had to test their credit severely besides—HORACE, who had a slight acquaintance with Mr. James Connor, an extensive type-founder, visited him, and endeavored to obtain a six months' credit for \$40 worth of type, and was politely refused. He next went to Mr. George Bruce, a wealthy founder on Chambers street, and obtained the credit solicited; and this kindness secured in after years, to Mr. Bruce, the sale of over \$50,000 worth of type.

The name settled upon for the daily, was the *Morning Post*, and the price was fixed at two cents a number. Mr. Shepard's original idea was one cent; but he was induced to alter it, mainly through the influence of HORACE GREELEY, who maintained that that was the lowest figure at which it could be sold with any profit. The first number was issued on the first of Jan., 1833, on a day bitterly cold, and the streets obstructed by snow. The new enterprise, either for want of sufficient advertisement, or something else, possibly on account of its novelty, did not go off well; and finally resulted rather disastrously. Dr. Shepard, although an original and energetic

man, and who seems to have been the legitimate father of the idea of cheap daily newspapers, had, in this instance, laid his plans unfortunately. His capital appears to have been much smaller than his associates supposed, and had melted away, before the paper was well before the public. The receipts were small; and there was no money to pay the printers already in debt, for materials. The paper died, when scarcely a month old, leaving HORACE and his associate, considerably the worse for the undertaking, and they were only saved from bankruptcy by Story's succeeding in inducing an Englishman named Schols, to buy the remains of the *Post*, which he removed to an office of his own, and attempted to vitalize employing Story as his foreman.

The attempt was abandoned, of course, in a little while; but the money paid for the materials assisted HORACE and his friend out of their difficulties. Referring to Dr. Shepard, Mr. GREELEY subsequently said: "He was neither a writer, nor a man of affairs; had no editors, no reporters, worth naming; no correspondents, and no exchanges even; he fancied that a paper would sell, if remarkable for cheapness, though remarkable also, for the absence of every other desirable quality."

After the collapse of the *Post*, Story and GREELEY continued to do the printing for the *Bank-note Reporter*, and also some letter press printing, for the New York lotteries. HORACE had an offer of a regular situation on the *Commercial Advertiser*, but as the business of his partnership had improved, he refused; and they were beginning to make good headway, when their friendship and business relationship were suddenly and sorrowfully ended by the death of Mr. Story, who was drowned, while bathing in the East river, on July 9, 1833. HORACE deeply regretted the untimely death of his friend, and besides other indications of sympathy with the bereaved family, sent to Mr. Story's mother, one-half of all the proceeds of outstanding accounts, as soon as the money could be collected. The vacant place in the concern was filled by Mr. Jonas Winchester, brother-in-law to the deceased, who was accepted by



HORACE as partner, and the business was carried on as before, extending a little slowly, but surely, with every promise of permanent prosperity.

The active, energetic temperament of HORACE GREELEY and his brilliant and capacious mind, were not intended for the ordinary career of routine business. He had greater capabilities and nobler aspirations, and although devoting himself with customary industry to the business in hand, his intellectual abilities and literary tastes led him on to a new enterprize more congenial therewith. Consultations followed with his associates, and it was finally determined to commence the publication of a weekly journal, devoted to general literature and news, with a summary of political intelligence—the paper to be carried without interfering with the printing business. On the 22d March, 1834, the first number of the *New-Yorker* was issued in the shape of a large well-printed folio, with a well selected variety of matter, and entirely edited and prepared by HORACE GREELEY, the publishing firm consisting of three members, HORACE GREELEY, JONAS WINCHESTER and E. SIBBETT. The cash capital of the firm was between three and four thousand dollars only, but never, perhaps, was an enterprize of the kind started with more conscientious convictions of duty as to the manner in which it should be executed. GREELEY, who performed nearly the whole literary work, had no other idea than to produce a valuable public journal, and such as would satisfy his own practical ideas on the subject, and be in every respect better than any heretofore published in the country. It was at first printed upon a large folio sheet, and subsequently in two forms, folio and quarto, the former at two dollars a year, the latter at three, and it aimed to be unbiased in politics, but presenting everything in the shape of news, well-selected literary matter, carefully prepared editorials on popular subjects, accurate summaries of political intelligence, together with an interesting assortment of miscellaneous paragraphs. It aimed to be in fact a solid and substantial newspaper, and expecting patronage from a discrimi-

nating and intelligent public. The address of the publishers forcibly expressed the character of the enterprise, as will be seen from the following: "There is one disadvantage attending our debut, which is seldom encountered in the outset of periodicals aspiring to general popularity and patronage. Ours is not blazoned throughout the land as 'the cheapest periodical in the world,' 'the largest paper ever published,' or any of the captivating clap-traps, wherewith enterprising gentlemen, possessed of a convenient stock of assurance, are wont to usher in their successive experiments on the gullibility of the public. No likenesses of eminent and favorite authors will embellish our title, while they disdain to write for our columns. No 'distinguished literary and fashionable characters' have been dragged in to bolster up a rignarole of preposterous charlatan pretensions. And indeed so serious is this deficiency that the first (we may say the only) objection which has been started by our most judicious friends in the discussion of our plans and prospects, has invariably been this: 'You do not indulge sufficiently in high-sounding pretensions; you cannot succeed without humbug.' Our answer has constantly been, 'We shall try,' and in the spirit of this determination we respectfully solicit of our fellow citizens the extension of that share of patronage which they shall deem warranted by our performances rather than our promises." Thus announced, the *New-Yorker* commenced its career, and certainly no newspaper was more deserving of success. Of the first edition, about one hundred copies were sold; this was doubled at the second, and for a period of three months, the increase averaged one hundred copies per week. By September the circulation was twenty-five hundred, and the second volume opened with a list of forty-five hundred. The popularity of the paper rapidly increased, and HORACE GREELEY, its editor, became known and respected throughout the country.

The *New-Yorker* was not destined, notwithstanding its undoubted merit, to be either a profitable or permanent paper,

but the first two or three years of its career were probably the happiest HORACE GREELEY had yet known. He was full of occupation, and in companionship with the subjects most congenial to his tastes, and his strong versatile mind, and vast general information, found free expression in the columns of a literary and independent journal. He wrote articles on the most serious and important subjects, and yet at the same time found opportunity for occasional efforts in poetry and imaginative sketches, but it was in plain practice, forcible prose that HORACE GREELEY has from the first distinguished himself; and it was principally for the great ability of its editorials and its remarkable accuracy in political information and statistics, that the *New-Yorker* obtained a peculiar character and reputation. In October, 1837, an editorial appeared on the condition of the paper from which we make the following extract:

“Ours is a plain story, and it shall be plainly told. The *New-Yorker* was established with very moderate expectations of pecuniary advantage, but with strong hopes that its location at the head-quarters of intelligence for the continent, and its cheapness, would insure it if well conducted, such a patronage as would be ultimately adequate at least to the bare expenses of its publication. Starting with scarce a shadow of patronage, it had four thousand five hundred subscribers at the close of the first year, obtained at an outlay of \$3,000 beyond the income in that period. This did not materially disappoint the publishers' expectations. Another year passed, and their subscription increased to seven thousand, with a further outlay beyond all receipts of \$2,000. A third year was commenced with two editions—a folio and quarto—of our journal, and at its close, their compound subscriptions amounted to near nine thousand five hundred, yet our receipts had again fallen two thousand dollars behind our absolutely necessary expenditures. Such was our situation at the commencement of this year of ruin, and we found ourselves wholly unable to continue our former reliance on the honor and ultimate good faith of our backward subscribers—two thousand five hundred of them were stricken from our lists, and

every possible retrenchment in our expenditures effected. With the exercise of the most parsimonious frugality, and aided by the extreme kindness and generous confidence of our friends, we have barely and with great difficulty kept our bark afloat. For the future we have no resource but in the justice and generosity of our patrons. Our humble portion of this world's goods has long since been swallowed up in the all-devouring. Both of the editor's original associates in the undertaking have abandoned it with loss, and those who now fill their places have invested to the full amount of their ability. Not a farthing has been drawn from the concern by any one save for services rendered, and the allowance to the proprietors having charge respectively of the editorial and publishing departments, has been far less than their services would have commanded elsewhere. The last six months have been far more disastrous than any which preceded them, as we have continued to fall behind our expenses without corresponding increase of patronage. A large amount is indeed due us; but we find its collection almost impossible, except in inconsiderable portions, and at a ruinous expense. All appeals to the honesty and good faith of the delinquents seem utterly fruitless; as a last resource, therefore, and one beside which we have no alternative, we hereby announce that, and from this date the price of the *New-Yorker* will be \$3 per annum for the folio, and \$4 for the quarto edition." The article closes with an earnest appeal to the friends of the paper, and to those indebted to it to come forward promptly and assist in its support. During the career of the *New-Yorker*, some noteworthy events occurred in the life of its leading editor, which we will mention shortly, but we have now to speak of the final collapse of that journal. Through many fluctuations it maintained itself fairly until the great commercial convulsion of 1837, when its financial condition became threatening and embarrassing as is indicated in the editorial above given, and during the greater part of this year the paper was conducted with a net loss of about \$100 a week. It was in vain that the editor appealed to delinquents; it was in vain that the *New-Yorker* was really the most substantial journal in the

country, nothing apparently could turn the tide in its favor, and Mr. GREELEY, who was now the sole proprietor, having dissolved partnership the preceeding year, found his perplexities so great that as he stated, "If any one would have taken my business and debts off my hands upon my giving him my note for \$2,000, I would have jumped at the chance, and tried to work out the debt by setting type, if nothing better offered." Indeed, when we consider the struggles and annoyances to which he was subjected at this time, it seems evident that if the first year or so of the *New-Yorker's* existence formed one of the happiest periods in his life, its closing years were among the most trying. It is unnecessary to go into details as to their incidents, and we will simply state the *New-Yorker* ceased to exist on the 20th of September, 1841, being merged in the *Weekly Tribune*, established some time before. Alluding to the suspension of the paper, its publisher writes as follows: "When I at length stopped the *New-Yorker*, though poor enough, I provided for making good all I owed to its subscribers, who had paid in advance and shut up its books whereon were inscribed some \$10,000, owed me in sums of \$1 to \$10 each, by men to whose service I had faithfully devoted the best years of my life—years that though full of labor and frugal care might have been happy had they not been made wretched by those men's dishonesty. They took my journal and probably read it; they promised to pay for it, and defaulted, leaving me to pay my paper-maker, type-founder, journeymen, etc., as I could. My only requittal was a sorely achieved, but wholesome lesson. I had been thoroughly burned out, only saving my books in the great Ann street fire, August 12, 1835; I was burned out again in February, 1845, and while the destruction was complete, and the insurance but partial, I had the poor consolation that the account books of the *New-Yorker*, which I had never opened since I first laid them away, but which had been an eye-sore and a reminder of evil days whenever I stumbled upon them, were at length dissolved in smoke and flame, and lost to sight forever

One important event in the life of HORACE GREELEY, which occurred during the career of the *New-Yorker*, was his marriage, which was thus announced in the issue of that paper in July 15, 1836: "In Immanuel church, Warrenton, North Carolina, on Tuesday morning, 5th instant, by Rev. William Norwood. Mr. HORACE GREELEY, editor of the *New-Yorker*, to Miss Mary G. Cheney, of Warrenton, formerly of this city."

The acquaintance between the parties commenced at the Graham House, New York; and when the lady, who was by profession a teacher, had taken an engagement in North Carolina, it was carried on by correspondence. with the happy result stated. During the wedding tour, HORACE GREELEY first visited Washington, and gave some interesting sketches of the city Congress, in letters to his paper. It might be expected that when deriving a poor and precarious livelihood from a weekly paper, the vigorous, affluent mind of HORACE GREELEY would naturally seek some additional occupation by which his income could be increased; and such was the case. He wrote editorials for several of the Whig dailies and other journals, and in March, 1838, he started the *Jeffersonian*, a paper issued weekly for campaign purposes, and of course entirely political in its character. The great Whig victory which marked the Fall election in 1837, stimulated that party to retain, if possible, the ascendancy, particularly as the next election involved Governor and Representatives in Congress, and to aid in accomplishing the object, it was determined to publish in Albany, throughout the year 1838, a cheap weekly paper. Mr. Thurlow Weed, editor of the Albany evening *Journal*, suggested to his associates that HORACE GREELEY was the proper person to edit the paper, and he and Mr. Lewis Benedict, also of Albany, went to New York to endeavor to effect an arrangement. They offered one thousand dollars for the service, and Mr. GREELEY finally accepted, although it would necessarily involve his spending a large portion of his time in Albany. The first number of the *Jeffersonian* was issued on the 3d of March, and the others followed in regular succession;

but this small paper did not fully occupy his time, and he wrote editorials for the evening *Journal*, and also made up condensed reports of the debates in the Assembly, for its columns. The year was one most laborious to Mr. GREELEY, as he was the animating spirit of two papers, widely apart in character; one published in New York and the other in Albany, necessitating a constant traveling between the two cities, while he was compelled to mingle in exciting political scenes. As a campaign paper, the *Jeffersonian* proved a popular success; its circulation reached about fifteen thousand, and the success of the Whig party in New York at the next election, although defeated in other States, has been ascribed to the influence of this paper, the publication of which terminated with the campaign.

The memorable campaign of 1840, unavoidably drew the best political writer of the day into the vortex, and he was again solicited to assume the management of a new campaign paper, in the interests of Gen. Harrison, against Martin Van Buren, for the Presidency. He started the paper with his usual energy. It having been decided that fifteen copies should be sent for the full term of six months, for five dollars, the first number issuing on May 1st. The influx of subscriptions was so great, that Mr. GREELEY's partner, who thought the price ruinously low, retired from the concern and left him alone to edit and publish the *New-Yorker* and the new paper, which had received the title of the *Log Cabin*. The success of the campaign sheet was astonishing; the weekly issues mounted up to eighty thousand, and might have been largely increased, if the proprietors had had the necessary facilities; even after the election he continued its publication for over a year, with a circulation of ten thousand. During the career of this paper, and throughout the exciting scenes of 1840, Mr. GREELEY performed an immense amount of work; for besides conducting two newspapers he participated actively in the movements of the campaign as a public speaker, and a member of various committees. His enthusiasm in the struggle

was fully excited, and yet neither in debate nor with his pen did he descend to bitter partisanship or coarse personalities, and his conduct is aptly illustrated in a reply to a correspondent, in which he said: "Articles assailing the personal character of Mr. Van Buren or any of his supporters, cannot be published in the *Cabin*;" and it is fair to say that this spirit has always been characteristic of his public career.

The publication of the *Jeffersonian* and the *Log Cabin*, were, so to speak, brief incidents in the editorial services of HORACE GREELEY; yet, in reviewing his career, they become events of importance, as they illustrate the extraordinary vigor and versatility of his abilities, and as campaign papers published for a specific purpose, they are among the most forcible that are to be found in political literature, and are all the more remarkable when we consider the other matters which engaged his attention during their publication. Indeed, they and the *New-Yorker* were perhaps necessary, as preparatory experience and discipline, to the mind destined to originate and control the powerful journal which succeeded them. The *New-Yorker* was almost entirely edited by Mr. GREELEY alone, particularly during its earlier years. In 1839, Mr. Park Benjamin contributed to its columns, and was for a short time regularly connected with it; and subsequently, Mr. Henry J. Raymond, a young graduate of Burlington College, Vermont, entered the office as assistant editor, having previously contributed to the paper some spirited sketches over the signature of "Fantome," and this was the first editorial engagement of Mr. Raymond in the city in which he became so distinguished a member of the press.

We now approach the most memorable event, in some respects, in the life of HORACE GREELEY, namely, the founding of the *New York Tribune*; for so famous has his name become in connection with that journal, that his previous career is almost forgotten. He is known from one end of the country



to the other ; but the great journal he has founded is inseparably connected with his name, which sounds most familiar in the ears of the people when stated as "HORACE GREELEY, of the New York *Tribune*."



## CHAPTER II.

### HORACE GREELEY AND THE TRIBUNE.

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THE first public announcement, respecting the New York *Tribune*, appeared in the *Log Cabin* of April 3rd, 1841, when the following prospectus was published :

#### NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

On Saturday, the tenth of April instant, the subscriber will publish the first number of a new morning journal of politics, literature and general intelligence.

The *Tribune*, as its name imports, will labor to advance the interests of the people, and to promote their moral, social and political well being. The immoral and degrading police reports, advertisements and other matter, which have been allowed to disgrace the columns of our leading penny papers, will be carefully excluded from this, and no exertion spared to render it worthy of the hearty approval of the virtuous and refined, and a welcome visitant of the family fireside.

Earnestly believing that the political revolution, which has called William Henry Harrison to the Chief Magistracy of the nation, was a triumph of right, reason and public good over error and sinister ambition, the *Tribune* will give to the new Administration a frank and cordial, but manly and independent support; judging it always by its acts, and commending those only, so far as they shall seem calculated to subserve the great end of all government—the welfare of the people.

The *Tribune* will be published every morning, on a fair royal sheet (size of the *Log Cabin* and evening *Signal*,) and transmitted to its city subscribers at the low price of *one cent* per copy. Mail subscribers \$4 per annum. It will contain the news by the morning's Southern mail, which is contained in no other penny paper. Subscriptions are respectfully solicited by

HORACE GREELEY,  
30 Ann street.

In accordance with this announcement, on the tenth of April, 1841 the first number of the New York *Tribune* was issued, and, as it happened, the character of the day was of the gloomiest description—the mournful pageant in honor of the memory of President Harrison, just dead, combined with the dreariest weather, imparted a gloomy aspect to the city; while the bitter cold and driving sleet, made the streets almost deserted, and it was altogether a most inauspicious day, apparently for the commencement of a new enterprise. Yet, on such a morning, was the first appearance of the *Tribune* made, selling at *one cent* a number. HORACE GREELEY had been incited to the undertaking, by political friends; their idea being that a cheap daily, adapted principally to the working classes, was needed in the city, and would pay; and yet the field of journalism in New York was by no means then unoccupied. The *Sun* and the *Herald* were cheap papers, two cents each, per number; both Democratic in tendency. Besides these, there were the *Courier*, *Enquirer*, New York *American Express*, *Commercial Advertiser*, the *Evening Post* and *Journal of Commerce*, all of them at \$10.00 per annum, and the *Signal*, *Tattler* and *Star*, cheap papers, all of them, we believe, neutral in politics; twelve in all, while the total number of newspapers and periodicals published in the city, was one hundred. The *Tribune*, consequently, of avowed political character, had to fight its way from the outset, and win popular favor by deserving it, not merely as an exponent of political principles, but as a live, energetic and reliable newspaper. The editorial staff was small, but effective; Mr. GREELEY being the principle, and Henry J. Raymond first assistant, while the business department was in charge of Mr. George M. Snow. The actual cash capital of the publisher, was very small indeed, but then he was well known and generally respected, particularly in his own party, and had many friends, but the only loan which he solicited, was \$1,000, borrowed from Mr. James Coggeshall, who took a warm interest in the enterprise, and with Mr. Noah Cook, mainly obtained the list of 500 sub-

scribers, with which the *Tribune* started. MR. GREELEY thus describes his affairs at this period: "I had type, but no presses, and had to hire my press-work done by the 'token'; my folding and mailing must have staggared me, but for the circumstance that I had few papers to mail, and not very many to fold. The lack of the present machinery of railroads and expresses, was a grave obstacle to the circulation of my paper outside of the city's suburbs—but I think its paid-for issues were two thousand at the end of the week, and that they thenceforth increased pretty steadily, at the rate of five hundred per week, till they reached ten thousand. My current expenses for the first week, were about \$525, my receipts ninety-two dollars; and though the outgoes steadily, meritably increased, the income increased in a still larger ratio, till it nearly balanced the former." The *Tribune* was indeed successful, nearly from the start, notwithstanding that in these early days of its existence, it encountered a violent opposition from the *Sun*, and at one time, the proprietor of that paper attempted to organize a conspiracy to crush out the *Tribune*. The source of the enmity being the rapid growth of the latter, and the certain indications that it would soon overshadow and supplant its cotemporary. An attempt was made to bribe some of the carriers of the *Tribune* to abandon their routes, but this only succeeded in the cases of two men, who were also carriers of the *Sun*. Next, the newsdealers were threatened with being deprived of the *Sun*, if they were found selling the *Tribune*, and finally, as this did not succeed, employees were instigated to thrash the *Tribune* carriers, and, if possible, demoralize them by violence; but as protective and retaliatory measures were promptly adopted, this course did not pay; and the foolish antagonism was finally abandoned. In this little matter, as in others more important in its career, the *Tribune* sought neither compromise nor quarter from the enemy. As a newspaper, fearlessness, energy and enterprise were its characteristics; then, as they have always been—and indeed the enmity of the *Sun*, rather assisted its early career. The advertisements increased rapidly; and with the enlargement

of his means, the publisher secured new presses, and other facilities, and the success of the enterprise became established. But, notwithstanding the natural gifts of HORACE GREELEY, he was and is deficient in those qualities necessary to manage successfully, the financial and practical details of a business establishment, and probably the *Tribune* could never have attained the position it subsequently did, had it not been that this want, in the management of the *Tribune* was supplied, when Mr. GREELEY formed a co-partnership with Thomas McElrath. Indeed, Mr. GREELEY acknowledges this himself, when he says: "But I was not made for a publisher; indeed, no man was ever qualified, at once to edit and to publish a daily paper such as it must be, to live in these times; and it was not until Mr. Thomas McElrath—whom I had barely known as a member of the publishing firm over whose store I first set type in this city, but who was now a lawyer, in good standing and practice—made me a voluntary and wholly unexpected proffer of partnership in my still struggling but hopeful enterprise, that it might be considered fairly on its feet. He offered to invest two thousand dollars as an equivalent to whatever I had in the business, and to devote his time and energies to its management; on the basis of perfect equality in ownership, and in sharing the proceeds. This, I very gladly accepted; and from that hour my load was palpably lightened." On Saturday morning, July 31st, the notice of the co-partnership appeared editorially in the *Tribune* and the partnership thus consummated, lasted over ten years. Mr. McElrath was an excellent business man; prompt, energetic and methodical; and the business affairs of the *Tribune* were soon reduced to clearness and order, and it was not long before it was not only one of the best edited, but one of the best conducted papers in the country; always alive to the public demands, and taking an immediate advantage of every improvement, in the means of communication throughout the country, and every new facility for the obtaining and transmission of news. The first issue of the weekly *Tribune* appeared on the 20th of September, 1841,

and in this, the *New Yorker* and *Log Cabin* were finally merged; the former having existed seven years and a half, and the latter, about eighteen months.

With Mr. McElrath to manage the business, Mr. GREELEY was left free for editorial labor, and the columns of the *Tribune* seemed to acquire additional force and interest, and fairly rung in the ears of the people, with a force of idea and Saxon, hitherto almost new in American journalism. The natural bent of Mr. GREELEY'S mind was perhaps towards politics, but he had far too much newspaper sense to overlook the other requirements of a daily journal. He aimed to make the *Tribune* a leading political journal, thoroughly reliable in its information and statistics; but he did not omit the other essential departments, and the necessity of making the contents varied and interesting to the general public. Attention was paid to the progress in literature, philosophy and science; and many able notices and reviews appeared from the graceful pen of Henry J. Raymond, while liberal extracts were made from new works of importance; some material was also provided for the lovers of imaginative works, and as an instance, we may mention that *Barnaby Rudge* was published entire in the first volume. The animated and forcible reports of public lectures, from the pen of Mr. Raymond, were also a feature of influence. The Millerite convention which met in November, and which attracted a good deal of attention, was fully and impartially reported; and the celebrated McLeod trial, at Utica, was graphically sketched by Mr. GREELEY himself, in reports from four to eight columns a day. The industry of the writers on the *Tribune* at this time was remarkable, and there often appeared between seventy and eighty editorial paragraphs in a single issue, and Mr. GREELEY generally wrote himself about three columns a day, while his assistant displayed nearly equal assiduity. The editorials were nearly all written by Mr. GREELEY, and bore the unmistakable indications of his style and ideas. Apart even from political subjects, they were all essentially practical and pervaded by a vigorous originality that gave

them then, as it has since, a peculiar and distinctive character. Two or three months after the commencement of the paper, there appeared a series of articles upon the state of municipal affairs, with clear, sensible suggestions toward retrenchment and reform, which excited no small attention at the time. Shortly afterwards, the editor illustrated his independence by denouncing the moral atmosphere of the theater as unwholesome, and advising his readers not to visit such places. This course, so singular in a daily public journal, as might be expected, raised a storm about his ears, which, however, did not disconcert him a whit, and his rejoinders to the attacks of other journals, if less violent, were superior in force and reasoning, while the whole matter shows the conscientiousness and independence of his mind. Indeed, the *Tribune* was not then, nor has it been since, a time-serving or truckling sheet, for Mr. GREELEY is one who recognizes serious duties in the management of a daily journal, and we think that seldom, if ever, has an article appeared in its columns, dictated by mere policy, expedient, or a pandering spirit, towards some public abuse.

But while the *Tribune* on one hand attacked the theaters, it on the other, informed the different religious systems that it was independent of any of them; nor would it be governed by their views. Objection having been made to the advertisement of certain heterodox publications, and Mr. GREELEY then squarely defended his position: "As to our friend," he said, "who complains of certain theological works which do not square with his opinions, we must tell him plainly that he is unreasonable. No other paper that we ever heard of, establishes any test of the orthodoxy of works advertised in its columns. \* \* \* \* If one were to attempt a discrimination, where would he end? One man considers Universalism immoral, but another is equally positive that Armenianism is so, while a third holds the same bad opinion of Calvinism. Who shall decide between them. Certainly not the editor of a daily newspaper, unless he prints it avowedly under the patronage of a particular sect. Our friend inquires whether we should advertise infidel books, also? We answer, that if any



one should offer an advertisement of lewd, ribald, indecent, blasphemous, or law-prohibited books, we should claim the right to reject it, but a work no otherwise objectionable than as to controverting the christian record and doctrine, would not be objected to by us. True christianity neither fears refutation nor dreads discussion—or as Jefferson has forcibly said, ‘error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.’” Among the political subjects of general interest, which were discussed and supported in the *Tribune* at this time, were protection to home industry, opposition to repudiation, economy in public affairs and kindred topics. In politics, the paper was Whig, and appealed in its early days to that party for support. It expressed confidence in Mr. Tyler, who succeeded Gen. Harrison as President; that he would satisfy the views of the Whigs, and was slow to acknowledge the fact that there was no foundation for such a hope. He inherited Gen. Harrison’s cabinet, but his veto of the bill chartering the United States Bank, compelled its members to resign, and although Mr. Webster, as Secretary of State, remained for several months after his colleagues had left, and thereby excited the wrath of the Whigs, yet he too, finally, was compelled to leave, and the breach between the President and the Whigs became broad and deep. Mr. GREELEY defended Mr. Webster in remaining in office after his colleagues, which offended many of his political friends, and afforded a margin for attack on the *Tribune* for several years. The paper justified Mr. Webster on the ground that by remaining in office, he could effect a consummation of the Ashburton negotiations, and several years afterwards, Mr. GREELEY, in explaining his course in connection with this matter, stated that in December, 1841, he visited Washington upon assurance that John Tyler and his advisers were ready to return to the Whig party, and that he could be of service in bringing about a reconciliation between the administration and Whig congressmen. He denied that he ever proposed to connect himself with the administration, except upon the ground that it should be an entirely Whig administration. “Finally, I declined utterly and absolutely to connect myself with the cause of the administration, the

moment I became satisfied, as I did, during that visit, that the chief of the government did not desire a reconciliation upon the basis of sustaining Whig principles and Whig measures with the party he had so deeply wronged, but was treacherously coquetting with loco-Focoism, and fooled with the idea of a re-election." Indeed, this explanation, which was given in 1845, should have been unnecessary to his friends, even in 1841.

With the close of the year 1841, it was evident that the *Tribune* had achieved a brilliant success as a newspaper, and before its first anniversary it had a subscription list of something over twelve thousand, and with a daily average of about thirteen columns of advertisements. Its existence, as a journal, was placed on permanent foundations, and thenceforth its career was one of nearly unbroken prosperity.

With the establishment of the *Tribune*, Mr. GREELEY, who was already well known, became a prominent public man, and a minute narrative of his career and that of his paper, would exceed the proper bounds of this sketch. We will, therefore, in the following pages, confine ourselves more particularly to the more important events in his life, and nearly all of which are closely identified with the history of the *Tribune*, for, to an unusual degree, that journal has always been marked with a distinctive individuality. It never has been and is not now, a mere mouth-piece of a political party, and while most public journals are impersonal in tone and character, this has always breathed the spirit of its leading editor; been the exponent of his ideas and his convictions, and these have always formed its guiding policy. The influence that the paper has exerted on public opinion, throughout some of the most important epochs in our national history, has been tremendous, and it is astonishing to realize that this influence may fairly be referred to one mind for cause and vitality. It is this fact that renders it quite truthful to say that HORACE GREELEY is one of the most influential citizens ever produced by the American nation. His eminence and success are not attributable to subserviency and studied acquiescence in popular movements. He has never been a passive instrument in the hands of others, but has always pursued

his own course with rigorous independence of thought and action. He has always been aggressive and fearless in enforcing his convictions, and instead of being a follower he has been an originator and a leader in many social reforms and political movements, while not unfrequently his conscientious tenacity of his own ideas has placed him in antagonism with vast numbers of his friends and admirers.

In the Fall of 1841, HORACE GREELEY through the *Tribune*, began to speak his mind in his usual earnest and forcible style, on the great question of Social Reform, particularly in reference to the improvement of the condition of the laboring classes. The socialistic ideas of Charles Fourier lay at the basis of Mr. GREELEY's ideas on the subject, but with certain important modifications, and he was animated by no desire to foment a quarrel between the rich and poor, but by the noble conviction, that enlightenment and civilization could so administer the social state, that destitution and poverty could be blotted out under a free government, and the unchristian paradox which places wealth and penury in juxtaposition, might be forever expunged from American society. His interest in this subject, originated from the natural benevolence of his nature, and the practical experience he acquired in the destitution and other evils existing among the laboring classes, by personal service on Ward-relief committees, during the winter of 1837-38. He then resided in the Sixth Ward, a part of the city where there was then as now, an unusual degree of squalor, want and misery; besides, many infamous dens of vice. The want of employment and the destitution which existed all over the city, were felt in aggravated form here, and in December, a public meeting was held, and committees appointed to canvass the Ward, and collect funds for the relief of the suffering; and as Mr. GREELEY could give but little money, he gave time instead, serving for several days on the visiting committees. During these days he saw every phase of poverty, and what impressed him most, was the spectacle of robust, intelligent and decent men and women, deprived of the means of subsistence, owing

to the absolute impossibility of getting work. "We do not want alms," he heard them say; "we are not beggars; we hate to sit here day by day, idle and useless; help us to work—we want no other help; why is it that we have nothing to do?" These questions and entreaties rung through the thoughtful brain of HORACE GREELEY years after the time he heard them first; and during the early part of 1840, he commenced a series of articles in the *New-Yorker*, under this caption: "What shall be done for the laborer?" and during the same year he formed the acquaintance of Mr. Albert Brisbane, who, more than any other man, introduced into this country, Fourier's ideas of industrial association.

Mr. Brisbane was a young man of considerable general culture; a native of Batavia, N. Y., and who had traveled abroad extensively. In Paris he became acquainted with the schools of socialists, called respectively after the names of their founders, St. Simon and Charles Fourier, and was much impressed with their teachings; and shortly after his return from Europe, prepared and published a work on Fourier's Social System, expounding and commending its principles, and subsequently published a series of articles in the *Tribune*, on the same subject, commencing in 1841. Mr. GREELEY preferred the ideas of Fourier with certain modifications to those of the other Social reformers, Robert Owen and St. Simon. We give in his own words, the more important elements of his social creed:

"I believe that there need be and should be no paupers, who are not infantile, idiotic or disabled, and that civilized society pays more for the support of able-bodied pauperism, than the necessary cost of its extirpation.

"I believe that they babble idly, and libel Providence, who talk of surplus labor, or the inadequacy of capital, to supply employment to all who need it. Labor is often most required and best paid, where capital is scarcest.

"I believe that the efficiency of human effort, is enormously, ruinously diminished by what I term social anarchy. That is

to say, we spend half our energies in building fences, and providing safeguards against each other's roguery, while our labor is rendered inefficient and inadequately productive by bad management, imperfect implements, a deficiency of power, and the inability of our producers, to command and wield the most effective machinery.

"Inefficiency in production, is paralleled by waste in consumption. Insects and vermin devour at least one-fourth of the farmer's harvests, which inadequate fertilizing, and unskillful cultivation, have already reduced far below the proper aggregate.

"Youth should be a season of instructive industry, in the useful art, as well as in letters, and the sciences mastered by their aid. Each child should be trained to skill efficiency, in productive labor. The hours of children should be alternately devoted to labor, study and recreation—say two hours to each before, and a like allotment after dinner, each secular day. Thus, each child would grow up an adept, not merely in letters, but in arts—a skillful worker, as well as a proficient in the lessons of the school-room—able to do well, not one thing only, but many things—familiar with the mechanical as well as the agricultural processes, and acquainted with the use of steam, and other direction of machinery.

"Isolation is at war with efficiency, and progress and the poor work at perpetual disadvantage in isolation, because of the inadequacy of their means. Let us suppose that four or five hundred heads of families propose to embark in agriculture: each buys his little farm, his furniture, his implements, animals, seeds, fertilizers, etc., and—though he has purchased nothing that he does not urgently need—he finds his means utterly exhausted, and his farm and future exertions heavily burdened by debt. He hopes, and labors to clear off the mortgage, but flood and drought, frost and fire work against him; his poverty compels him to do without many implements, and to plough or team with inadequate force. and he struggles on, till his strength fails, and he dies oppressed with debt—such is the common lot.

Association would have these unite to purchase, inhabit and cultivate a common domain; say of two thousand acres, whereby these advantages over the isolated system would be realized, one-fourth of the land required under the old system would be found abundant. It could be far better allotted and appropriated to grain, grass, fruits, forest, gardens, etc. The draught animals that were far too few when dispersed among five hundred owners on so many different farms, would be amply sufficient for a common domain. Steam or water power could now be economically employed for a hundred purposes, where the small farmer could not think of employing it. Industry would find new and powerful incentives in the observation and praise or censure of the entire community; uniforms, banners and music, with the rivalry of bands of competing workers, would provide emulation, and lighten labor; while such recreations as dramas, concerts, readings, etc.,—now utterly beyond the reach of rural workers—would give a new zest to life. At present our youth escape from rural industry where they can—not that they really hate work, but that they find their leisure hours even duller and less edurable than those they give to rugged toil.

Mr. GREELEY, it can be seen, differed very materially from the French reformers, and his socialistic ideas were peculiarly in reference to the American country and its people. His system involved the improvement of the condition of the laboring classes in the cities, but was more specially intended for the development of rural pursuits, and of the boundless agricultural resources of the country. Indeed when we consider the limitless expanse of woodland and prairie that lies unimproved throughout the States, it seems evident that want or involuntary idleness in this country are inexcusable social blemishes, and their permanent eradication is to be found in the cultivation of the face of nature, the natural occupation of man, and it is this practical idea that underlies and pervades the social reform ideas of Mr. GREELEY.

With the opening of the year 1842, the subject of socialism commenced to attract more general attention. A number of gentlemen associated themselves for the purpose of forwarding the

new system, and paid for the right to use a column's space in the *Tribune*, with articles on the subject, nearly all of which were from the pen of Mr. Brisbane. The *Tribune* also occasionally discussed the topic editorially, and it gradually became one of much public prominence, particularly as some of the leading newspapers attacked the *Tribune* for its favoring the scheme, and sharp discussions resulted. The *Future*, a weekly paper entirely devoted to Fourier's ideas, was started, and maintained for a month or so, being published by GREELEY & Co., and finally collapsed for want of support; subsequently the *Harbinger*, also a weekly, was issued, and was maintained, not without loss, for several years. The system was also supported by several treaties and books published in New York, discussing its principles, the most forcible of which was a compact work by Mr. Park Godwin, entitled, "Democracy, Pacific and Constructive." The result of all this agitation respecting industrial associations was more than one attempt to reduce principles to practice by the establishment of rural communities in accordance with the new system. The first was that at Brook Farm in Boxbury, Mass., about ten miles from Boston. The persons interested in this enterprise were of the better class, and of education and culture, and who had embraced socialism with enthusiasm, confidently believing it to be the means by which a higher and purer social state might be attained. They purchased a farm of about two hundred acres, added some new buildings to those already on it, and so commenced their experiment, which was not destined to prove a success—a school was started and maintained, and the community was increased by some new members, but it failed to achieve a pecuniary success out of the farm, owing probably to a lack of agricultural skill, and after an existence extending through five or six years, the Brook Farm society, finally dissolved in 1847 or '48.

From New York, two parties of socialist pioneers set forth to practically test Fourier's ideas—one of them purchased a tract of land containing about two thousand three hundred acres in Pike county, Pa., near the mouth of the Lackawaxen, naming

their estate "Sylvania." This experiment was also unsuccessful, and was abandoned in 1845, about two years after its establishment. The other company entitled the "North American Phalanx," was principally formed at Albany, and had many respectable and competent mechanics and farmers among its members. The location chosen was in Shrewsbury, Monmouth county, New Jersey, their farm being six hundred and seventy-three acres. Many subscriptions were obtained in aid of this movement in New York; not less than about one hundred thousand dollars altogether was invested there, and a large wooden dwelling was erected, also some barns and a fruit house. Large orchards were planted, and the land was highly improved by diligent efforts. Unfortunately the fruit house was burned, and this, with some other discouraging circumstances, led to the dissolution of the society, and the property was sold at public auction in tracts of from ten to eighty acres, the stockholders each receiving back about sixty-five per cent. of his original investment with interest. This society was formed in 1843, and dissolved in 1850, being the last experiment of the kind attempted in this part of the country.

The advocacy of the doctrine of association by the *Tribune*, naturally involved it in controversy with other journals, and the discussion that acquired the most public note, was that between Mr. GREELEY and Mr. H. J. Raymond, in 1846—Mr. Raymond having left the *Tribune* some time before and joined the *Courier* and *Enquirer* at the solicitation of Col. Webb, its editor. The discussion originated from a letter on the subject of Social Reform, sent to the *Courier* by Mr. Brisbane, which that paper agreed to publish, provided the *Tribune* would give place to its reply. This was declined, but the editor of the *Courier* was challenged to a public discussion of the whole subject; and this proposition was finally accepted, the terms being that each paper in replying, was to copy the previous article of the other, and the debate was opened on the 20th of November, by the *Tribune*, and lasted six months, being marked with a good deal of spirit and ability, and at-



tracted no small share of public attention, and its close was practically the end of the subject in the New York press.

The second year of the *Tribune* opened with about twelve thousand subscribers, at an increased price of nine cents per week, or two cents for single numbers, and at the same time, MESSRS. GREELEY & McELRATH commenced the publication of the *American Laborer*, a monthly magazine, principally devoted to the protection of home industries. During this year Charles Dickens visited the United States, and Mr. GREELEY favored strongly the establishment of international copyright, which Mr. Dickens was advocating. When the celebrated "American Notes" made their appearance, and excited a storm of bitter and unfair criticism, the *Tribune* was among the few papers that gave the book just and favorable mention. "How a writer," said Mr. GREELEY, "could look upon the broadly-blazoned and applauded slanders of his own land, which abound in this; how he could run through the pages of Lester's book—filled to the margin with the grossest, most unfounded and illiberal assaults upon the institutions and the social phases of Great Britain—and then write so calmly of this country, with so manifest a freedom from passion and prejudice, as Dickens has done, is to us no slight marvel. That he has done it, is infinitely to his credit, and confirms us in the opinion we had long since formed of the soundness of his head and the goodness of his heart."

During the Summer of 1842, Mr. GREELEY made a tour of a months' duration, visiting Poultney, West Haven, Londonderry, and the home of his parents in Pennsylvania; also, Washington, Mount Vernon, Niagara, and other places; and during his absence he sent some entertaining letters to the *Tribune*, and those from Washington, under the caption of "Glances at the United States Senate," were particularly interesting, and gave some graphic delineations of the leading men in the Senate at that time. On his return to New York, a brief notice appeared of his arrival, from which we extract the following:

“Two deductions only from the observations he (the senior editor of this paper,) has made, and the information he has gathered during his tour, will here be given; they are these:

1. The cause of Protection to Home Industry is much stronger throughout this and the adjoining States, than even the great party which mainly upholds it, and nothing will so much tend to ensure the election of Henry Clay next President, as the veto of an efficient tariff bill by John Tyler.

2. The strength of the Whig party is unbroken by recent disasters and treachery, and only needs the proper opportunity to manifest itself in all the energy and power of 1840. If a distinct and unequivocal issue can be made upon the great leading questions at issue between the rival parties—on Protection to Home Industry and Internal Improvement—the Whig ascendancy will be triumphantly vindicated in the coming election.”

The ensuing presidential campaign of 1844, in which Henry Clay and James K. Polk, of Tennessee, were the candidates, was one of the most exciting in the political history of the country, and also of any in which HORACE GREELEY participated. He was a devoted friend and admirer of Henry Clay, and no man ever worked harder in such a contest than he did, writing nearly three columns a day for the *Tribune*, and yet almost incessantly traveling and making public speeches, and performing other work in the canvass; and doing all this merely at the dictates of conviction, enthusiastic patriotism, and love for Henry Clay. The great fight was unavailing, but Mr. GREELEY has always believed the result might have been different had greater exertions been made by Mr. Clay's earnest supporters. “Looking back through almost a quarter of a century, on the Clay canvass of 1844, I say deliberately, that it should not have been lost—that it *need* not have been lost. True, there was much good work done in it, but not half so much as there should have been done. I, for example, was in the very prime of life—thirty-three years old—and knew how to write for a newspaper, and I printed in that canvass, one of

the most effective daily political journals ever yet issued. It was sold for two cents, and it had fifteen thousand daily subscribers when the canvass closed. It should have had a hundred thousand from the first day onward, and my *Clay Tribune*—a campaign weekly, issued six months for fifty cents—should have had not less than a quarter of a million. And these two issues, wisely and carefully distributed, could not have failed to turn the long, doubtful scale in favor of Mr. Clay's election. Of course, I mean that other effective, devoted journals should also have been systematically disseminated, until every voter who could and would read a Whig journal, had been supplied with one, even though he had paid nothing for it. \* \* \* Mr. Clay might have been elected if his prominent earnest supporters had made the requisite exertions and sacrifices, and I cannot but bitterly feel that great and lasting public calamities would thereby have been averted."

Among the other subjects discussed by Mr. GREELEY in the *Tribune* during the year 1842, were Protection, capital punishment and the arguments against it, the advocacy of a law punishing seductions, and other matters of importance, including all the prominent political topics. The first lecture of HORACE GREELEY in New York, took place January 3, 1843, before the New York Lyceum, at the Tabernacle, the subject being "Human Life." His position as leading editor of the *Tribune*, had become one of such influence, and so many people sought his advice and assistance, that he hardly found time for his daily editorial work, and was compelled to keep a notice constantly displayed in his office, informing visitors that the hours at which he could be seen, were between 8 and 9 A. M., and 5 and 6 P. M., unless in cases of "imperative necessity"—so great a man had our Poultney apprentice become, and yet his career was only well begun.

The somewhat celebrated libel suit of Mr. Fenimore Cooper against the *Tribune*, was tried at Saratoga, December 9, 1842. It originated from an article in the *Tribune*, in the form of correspondence from Fonda, giving a brief sketch of the trial

at that place, of the libel suits by Mr. Cooper against Mr. Weed, editor of the Albany evening *Journal*, and Col. Webb, editor of the *Courier* and *Enquirer*, New York, in the former of which a verdict of \$400 for the plaintiff was given, on which the *Tribune* made some jesting, satirical comments, which were made by the novelist the foundation for a suit against that paper, also. Mr. GREELEY was personally present during the trial, and conducted the defense, making a very spirited and able address to the jury. He sent a complete and detailed account of the proceedings to the *Tribune*, together with comments thereon, which filled nearly the entire inside of the paper, that was read and laughed over throughout the country, and elicited favorable comments from over two hundred journals. The closing scene is thus depicted: "When the charge commenced, we would not have given Fenimore the first red cent for his verdict; when it closed, we understood that we were booked to suffer some. If the jury had returned a verdict in our favor, the Judge must have been constrained by his charge to set it aside as contrary to law.

The jury retired about half-past two, and the rest of us went to dinner. The jury were hungry too, and did not stay out long. On comparing notes, there were *seven* of them for a verdict of \$100; *two* for \$200, and *three* for \$500. They added these sums up—total \$2,600—divided by 12, and the dividend was a little over \$200; so they called it \$200 damages, and six cents costs, which, of course, carries full costs against us. We went back from dinner, took the verdict in all meekness, took a sleigh, and struck a bee-line for New York.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

"Yes, Fennimore shall have his \$200. To be sure, we don't exactly see how we came to owe him that sum, but he has won it, and it shall be paid. 'The court awards it, and the law doth give it.' We should like to meet him, and have a social chat over the whole business; now it is over. There has been a great deal of fun in it, come to look back, and if he

has as little ill-will toward us, as we bear to him, there shall never be another hard thought between us."

Notwithstanding these good-humored words, Mr. Cooper took fresh offense at some parts of Mr. GREELEY's report, and instituted another suit, claiming \$3,000—damages. To notification of this action, Mr. GREELEY replies as follows: "But Fenimore, *do* hear reason a minute. This whole business is ridiculous. If you would simply sue those of the press-gang, who displease you, it would not be so bad; but you sue and write too, which is not the fair thing. What use in belittling the profession of literature, by appealing from its courts to those of law? We ought to litigate upward, not down. Now, Fenimore, you push a very good quill of your own, except when you attempt to be funny—then you break down. But in the way of cutting and slashing, you are no one; and you don't seem averse to it either. Then, why not settle this difference at the point of the pen? We hereby tender you a column a day of the *Tribune*, for ten days, promising to publish *verbatim* whatever you may write, and put your name to—and to publish it in both our daily and weekly papers. You may give your view of the whole controversy between yourself and the press; tell your story of the Ballston trial, and cut us up to your heart's content. We will further agree not to write over two columns in reply to the whole. Now why is not this better than invoking the aid of John Doe and Richard Doe (no offense to Judge W., and your 'learned kinsman,') in the premises? Be wise now! most chivalrous antagonist, and don't detract from the dignity of your profession!"

This manner of treating the subject, seems to have had sedative effect on Mr. Cooper's tendency to libel suits. He felt the laugh was against him; and while he did not accept the generous offer of the editor of the *Tribune*, this second suit against that paper, was never brought to trial.

The energy which animated the management of the *Tribune*, during the years of which we are now writing, was of the most active and determined character; and, indeed, this

was absolutely necessary, in order to keep it in the front rank of daily newspapers. At that time, the railroad and the telegraph, which are now the rapid and unfailing channels of news, and only needing money to command them, were in imperfect operation; and managers of newspapers had a wide margin for enterprise and originality, for procuring new intelligence in advance of competitors. Then were the days of special expresses, when hard riding forethought in providing relays of horses, and courage in keeping up wild gallops through the darkness over country roads, and energy in overcoming obstacles and accidents, were the main elements of success. The *Tribune* managed to keep ahead in all such newspaper enterprises, and some of its men performed extraordinary feats in bringing the news to their journal, the accounts of which, as related in it, indicate the great difficulties with which first-class newspapers had to contend at that time, and which are now almost entirely obviated.

The defeat of Henry Clay in 1844, and the election of Polk, to which we have alluded, was perhaps one of the most bitter disappointments which Mr. GREELEY encountered in his career; but it did not affect the *Tribune* injuriously, but succeeding it is noticeable a change in the political tone of the paper, particularly towards slavery—the opening, as it were, of that implacable crusade against the system, which resulted in its final downfall. To an enquiry made by a Southerner, as to what right the North had to interfere with slavery, Mr. GREELEY wrote sternly as follows: “When we find the Union of a most unjust and rapacious war, instigated wholly—as is officially proclaimed—by a determination to uphold and fortify slavery, then we do not see how it can longer be rationally disputed that the North has much, very much to do with slavery. If we may be drawn in to fight for it, it would be hard indeed that we should not be allowed to talk of it.” A comprehensive, benevolent mind like Mr. GREELEY’s, was naturally in antagonism to a system like slavery, and his persistent opposition thereto from these early days up to the bloody convulsion

in which the last shackle of the slaves was shivered, did not originate from, and was not controlled by, merely political motives, but was founded on a deep-seated and solemn conviction, that the system was in itself evil, and a crying shame against the nation. He believed with Lord Brougham, that it was a wild and guilty phantasy, that man could hold property in man.

The evening *Tribune* was first issued September 1, 1843, and the semi-weekly, May 17, 1845; and the Whig Almanac, full of statistics and general literature, was published by GREELEY and McELRATH regularly each year. The firm also published various other works of a general character, but these publications were finally abandoned, and the *Tribune* and the Almanac received their undivided attention.

On the fifteenth of February, 1845, the *Tribune* office was burned, and the destruction of its contents was nearly complete. The fire originated in the publication office, about half past four o'clock in the morning, owing to some sparks dropped probably while the boy was lighting the fire in the stove, and the flames spread so rapidly, fanned by a strong gale that some of the employees barely escaped with their lives. Writing about the fire, Mr. GREELEY said "In the basement our pressmen were at work on the daily *Tribune* of the morning, and had printed about three-fourths of the edition. The balance, of course, went with everything else, including a supply of paper, and the weekly *Tribune* printed on one side. A few books were hastily caught up and saved, but nothing else—not even the daily form on which the pressmen were working. So complete a destruction of a daily newspaper office was never known. From the editorial rooms not a paper was saved, and besides all the editor's own manuscripts, correspondence and collection of valuable books, some manuscripts belonging to friends, of great value to them, are gone." A heavy snow storm with intense cold, at the time of the fire, prevented the engines from working, and indeed, only in a few instances, from arriving at the scene, and so the destruction was made the more complete. The mail books were

saved in the safe, and immediate steps were taken to continue publication. An office was temporarily rented, the necessary materials, either purchased or borrowed, and the paper appeared next morning as usual, and three months later the office had been rebuilt on an enlarged and improved scale, and supplied with the best facilities known or obtainable. A great fire cannot destroy a great newspaper, where the proper energy controls the publication, for it has created a necessity for its own existence, and no destruction of material or its place of issue can stop the public demand for it, or obliterate its character and patronage.

The connection of Margaret Fuller with the New York *Tribune* is an event of interest in the life of Mr. GREELEY. Both were gifted and strongly marked characters, and respecting the former, whose life gathers additional interest from its brilliant promise and tragic close, it is fortunate that she was even temporarily associated with Mr. GREELEY; for while it was the source of some of the purest happiness she enjoyed on earth, it left behind her a kind and appreciative friend, and one who has presented to the world in literary form, the truest and best statement of her character and genius. A resume of the life of HORACE GREELEY would be incomplete without something more than a passing notice of this distinguished woman and the incidents of her connection with the *Tribune*, and fortunately the affectionate memory of Mr. GREELEY has furnished ample material on the subject, and his interesting account of his friendship with her and her association with the *Tribune*, will be found in another chapter. Previous to her connection with the *Tribune*, Margaret Fuller had acted for some time as editor of the *Dial*, published in Boston—a quarterly, and assuming to be as she expressed it. “A perfectly free organ offered for the expression of individual thought and character.” It was probably while conducting this periodical, that her remarkable abilities and acquirements became known, and she formed the acquaintance of many persons distinguished in literature. Ralph Waldo Emerson and



George Ripley were her immediate associates in the editing of the *Dial*, and it was in this magazine that she published her most substantial work, "The Great Lawsuit," subsequently remodeled and extended, and published in a separate volume, entitled, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century." Mrs. Greeley, who spent much time in Boston, there formed her acquaintance, and attended several of the "Conversations for women only," which had been inaugurated by Margaret Fuller, and in which every one who attended was required to contribute something either verbally or in writing, for the general edification, the general design being the discussion of questions connected with the social and political elevation of woman. Mrs. Greeley was much impressed with Margaret Fuller and her novel and original views, and in order to enjoy her society more constantly and fully, she effected an arrangement by which Margaret became a regular writer for the *Tribune*, and an inmate of the Greeley mansion, which was then situated on the East River at Turtle Bay, nearly opposite the southern point of Blackwell's Island, with about eight acres of ground attached. It was a spacious old wooden house, built by Isaac Laurence, formerly President of the United States Branch Bank, and had been chosen by Mr. GREELEY shortly after the close of the great campaign of 1844, when his health had been so broken by over work that he needed rural quiet and freshness to restore him. The place was comfortable, with fine trees and beautiful views, and Margaret Fuller often expressed the pleasure she took in it, and acquired for it the fondness of a happy home. Her first article reviewing Emerson's essays appeared in the *Tribune* of the seventh of December, 1844, and she continued to write for it until her departure for Europe, August first, 1846, although subsequently she sent some entertaining letters from abroad to the paper.

The *Tribune* was now the leading paper of the United States, and owing to its independent and fearless tone, had of course, many enemies; and notwithstanding his spotless private life, Mr. GREELEY was often made the object of enven-

omed attacks, but, nevertheless, the career of the paper was one of unbroken prosperity. The history of the paper indeed affords an illustration of the manner in which a newspaper can accomplish success, and acquire influence, without being the exponent of any particular class of ideas, or truckling to any particular political party. It has, from the outset, been a brave, outspoken and animated paper, dealing always with live questions and progressive ideas, and permeated and controlled by the comprehensive and vigorous mind of HORACE GREELEY. During the years from 1845 to 1850, while its course was most prosperous, it had to encounter every species of opposition, and its determined hostility to the Mexican war, nearly brought about the mobbing of the office, after the close of a war meeting in the Park. Its hearty advocacy of Irish Repeal, created indignation among the English residents, its liberality of treatment of questions of social reform and religious opinion, caused the displeasure of strict conservatives and orthodox believers, while its unremitting opposition to the slave power of the Southern States, made nearly every Southerner its enemy, and almost destroyed its circulation in that section of the country. Mr. GREELEY's personality entered largely into the editorial expression of the paper, and at this time he was not disposed to mince words in presenting his views. Where the paper was roughly attacked, it replied in corresponding style; nor were there many which could cope with it in forcible vituperation.

Early in 1848, the exciting events connected with the Revolutions in Ireland and France, were watched with the deepest interest from this side of the Atlantic. Mr. GREELEY wrote with great earnestness and enthusiasm on the popular side, and the proprietors of the *Tribune* made every exertion to furnish its readers with news at the earliest possible moment, and Mr. Charles A. Dana, one of the editors, was dispatched to Europe, as a special correspondent. Mr. GREELEY sympathized deeply with the cause of Irish liberty, and accepted a position in the "Directory of the Friends of Ireland," and also contribu

ted largely to the same. The "Slievegammon letters," which created such an extraordinary sensation, were published in the *Tribune*, in August of this year, and it will be appropriate to furnish some explanation of them here. Popular expectation, as to news from Ireland, was at its height, when a steamer arrived; and among the dispatches for the *Tribune*, there were three letters, giving news which was not contained in the newspapers. There appears to have been some suspicion at the *Tribune* office, as to the authenticity of the letters, but as they contained news of the greatest importance, if true, they were published with displayed heads, "without vouching for the accuracy of the statements." In one of the letters, an account was given of a great victory by the Irish people over the English army, with various exciting details of the popular triumph, and of course, the friends of Ireland exulted greatly over the intelligence, and when it was subsequently proved untrue, the *Tribune* was accused of having circulated a cruel hoax, although entirely innocent of any thing of the kind. It appeared upon an investigation, that the letters had been written in good faith, but based upon the wild rumors prevalent in Dublin, at the period. HORACE GREELEY never saw the letters until he read them in the *Tribune*, as he was enjoying a tour along Lake Superior, at the time of their publication.

About this time, a dispute occurred between the *Tribune* and the New York *Herald*, as to their comparative circulation, and a committee was appointed, at the suggestion of the *Tribune* proprietors, to examine the business of both journals. The report of the committee showed that the average daily circulation of the *Tribune*, was 11,455; weekly, 15,780; semi-weekly, 960; total, 28,195. The total circulation of the *Herald*, as shown by the same report, was 28,946; its daily edition exceeding the *Tribune's*, but the others being less. In accordance with the agreement, the *Tribune*, as the losing party, paid \$100 to each of the two orphan asylums, but protested against the decision, because the Presidential *Herald* and the Sunday edition had been included in the comparison.

The presidential campaign of 1848, which opened immediately after the close of the Mexican war, excited much public interest; but the *Tribune* did not participate in it with the same active enthusiasm of former years. The fact of the matter is, that Mr. GREELEY opposed the nomination of General Zachary Taylor from the first, and even after the meeting of the nominating Convention at Philadelphia, nor was it until late in the Summer, that his paper came to the support of the ticket. He was then, as in 1844, the admirer and champion of Henry Clay, and was again desirous that he should be put in nomination for President; and worked energetically in his interest. Again, however, he was destined to disappointment, and when the ballot was announced, giving the nomination to Taylor, he left the hall much disappointed, and returned to New York, but would not consent at first, to printing the ticket at the head of the editorial columns, as had been the custom. He did not oppose the nominee after the nomination, but he did little or nothing to promote his success. In the latter part of September, he attended a Whig meeting at Vauxhall Garden, and the audience having called for him repeatedly, he made a brief and earnest address, in which he defined clearly his views and position. Among other things, he said: "While I frankly avow, I would do little, merely to make Gen. Taylor President, I cannot forget that others stand or fall with him, and that among them are Fillmore and Fish, and Patterson, with whom I have battled for the Whig cause ever since I was entitled to vote, and to whom I cannot now be unfaithful. I cannot forget, that if Gen. Taylor be elected, we shall, in all probability, have a Whig Congress; if Gen. Cass is elected, a Locofoco Congress. Who can ask me to throw away all these, because of my objections to Gen. Taylor?"

## CHAPTER III.

### THREE MONTHS IN CONGRESS AND IN EUROPE, &c.



N event of some interest in the life of HORACE GREELEY occurred this year, viz: his election to Congress, and although he was not very ambitious for the honor conferred, having accepted the nomination merely to gratify political friends, yet it was the means of enabling him to perform some important public services, while his career during the term illustrates most forcibly his fearless and independent character. He was elected to represent the upper district of New York for the period of about three months, or the unexpired part of the term of Davis S. Jackson, (Democrat,) whose election had been contested by Col. James Monroe, (Whig,) resulting in Jackson's being unseated, and an election to fill the vacancy. Monroe failed to secure the nomination for the ensuing Congress, and then declined to accept the place for the ninety days, and it was offered to Mr. GREELEY. He determined to decline, but finally yielded to his friends, and was elected over his opponent by a majority of 3,177, the whole number of votes being 5,985, considerably exceeding the majority for Gen. Taylor, in the same wards.

It is a characteristic of Mr. GREELEY's life, that if almost any episode in it is examined separately, it will afford an illustration of his intellectual capacity, and peculiar character. This is particularly the case in his brief Congressional career; for although only member of Congress for about three months, he crowded more honest work into the period, than many Congressmen accomplish in a full term. His services were of importance to the nation, not only in the value of the measures he originated, but in the evident integrity of his purposes at a time when many

abuses existed in the national Legislature, of a serious character. He was constantly busy during the whole time ; always at his place in the House, and notwithstanding these engagements, managed to maintain a daily correspondence with the *Tribune*, his letters being full of news and written in a most effective and pungent style. We cannot here enter into the details of his Congressional career, but a brief review of its leading features must not be omitted. A few days after taking his seat he introduced a valuable Land Reform bill, calculated to suppress speculation in public lands, and encouraging settlement by securing pre-emption claims, and regulating the same. His first letters to his paper reflected severely on the absence of members at the early sessions, and their drawing pay for work which they did not attend to, and also on the loose manner of conducting important public business. Three or four days after the introduction of the land bill, he offered a resolution requesting the Secretary of the Navy to inquire into and report upon the expediency and feasibility of temporarily employing the whole or a portion of the national vessels then on the Pacific station, in the transportation at moderate rates, of American citizens and their effects, from Panama and the Mexican ports on the Pacific, to San Francisco, in California. This resolution was intended to facilitate the transportation of people to the gold-fields, which were then drawing westward an immense multitude ; but notwithstanding an energetic effort by its originator, it was laid over, and not again reached during the session. The next day Mr. GREELEY delivered a compact and forcible speech on the tariff, and directed principally against a disparaging allusion to manufacturers as a class, contained in the President's message. The celebrated exposure of the abuses, we might say frauds, perpetrated under the head of "Congressional Mileage," was published in the *Tribune* of December 22, 1848, and excited popular attention throughout the country, while it created an extraordinary sensation in Washington. In some of his previous letters to the *Tribune*, Mr. GREELEY had referred with unsparing severity of language to the careless manner in which public business was attended to, or rather not attended to at all, by members

who displayed extraordinary diligence in claiming all possible remuneration for services claimed to have been rendered the government; and his *expose* of the mileage system, followed, as a result of his first inquiries into and attempt to reform then existing abuses. The following compact account of the matter, is by Mr. GREELEY, and we give it in full:

Early in December I called on the Sergeant-at-Arms for some money on account, he being paymaster of the House. The schedule used by that officer was placed before me, showing the amount of mileage respectively accorded to each member of the House. Many of these amounts struck me as excessive, and I tried to recollect if any publication of all the allowances in a like case had ever been made through the journals, but could not remember any such publicity. On inquiry, I was informed that the amounts were regularly published in a certain document entitled "The Public Accounts," of which no considerable number were printed, and which was obviously not intended for popular distribution, (it is even omitted in *this* document for the year 1848, printed since I published my *expose*, so that I can now find it in no public document whatever.) I could not remember that I had ever seen a copy, though one had been obtained and used by my assistant in making up last year's almanac. It seemed to me therefore, desirable that the facts should be brought to the knowledge of the public, and resolved that it should be done. \* \* \* \* I accordingly employed an ex-clerk in one of the departments, and instructed him to make out a tabular *expose*, as follows:

1. Name of each member of the House.
2. Actual distance from his residence to Washington by the shortest post route.
3. Distance for which he is allowed and paid mileage.
4. Amount of mileage received by him.
5. Excess of mileage so received over what would have been if the distance had been computed by the shortest or most direct mail route.

The *expose* was prepared in accordance with this programme, and duly appeared in the *Tribune*. In the introductory remarks, Mr. GREELEY tempered the severe reflection which the figures cast upon a majority of the members, by showing that however exorbitant might be the charges, it could hardly be

called illegal, for the "Law expressly says that each man shall receive \$8.00 for every twenty miles traveled, in coming to and returning from Congress by the usually traveled route," and of course, if the route usually traveled from California, to Washington is around Cape Horn—or the members from that embryo State shall think it is—they will each be entitled to charge some \$12,000 mileage per session, accordingly. We assume that each has charged precisely what the law allows him, and thereupon we press home the question—*ought not that law to be amended?*

The tabular statement showed that nearly every member of the House and Senate had drawn from the Treasury more mileage than should properly have been paid him, while the total number of "circuitous miles" shown, was about 183,000, amounting, at forty cents per mile, to over \$73,000. As a consequence, every member of Congress felt himself personally interested in the publication, and the majority were, as might be expected, very indignant; and as a piece of useful, yet sensational intelligence, the publication was a most brilliant success. It was caught up by the press, and circulated everywhere, and for some time was a prominent subject of comment. As a matter of course, it came up in the House, and its author was made the object of the bitterest abuse, which, however, he endured with the utmost coolness, always ready to rebut it by plain statements and convincing facts. Mr. William Sawyer of Ohio, brought the matter before the House in an ill-natured and harsh speech in support of a resolution authorizing a committee to inquire into the publication, and the charges against members therein contained. A short debate followed, in which Mr. GREELEY participated by a forcible speech, explaining the motives for the publication, and the sources of the information. The resolution was adopted, but the committee appear never to have arrived at any very important conclusions, but some of the members were so indignant at Mr. GREELEY, that even the question of his expulsion was privately discussed. This movement is reported to have



been squelched by a reply given by Hon. John Wentworth to some members who approached him on the subject—"Why, you blessed fools," he said, "Do you want to make him President?"

If the mileage expose secured no immediate legislation on the subject, it yet did a great deal of good, and by clearly presenting the facts, prepared the way for future reforms. During the same session, Mr. GREELEY further illustrated his desire to economize the public funds, by an energetic effort to obliterate the practice of dispensing gratuities to the host of Congressional employees already overpaid for the services performed.

There were various important measures reached during this session of Congress, in all of which Mr. GREELEY exhibited a keen and active interest. He reported from committee, a bill providing for the reduction of the price of lands bordering on Lake Superior. He opposed the item for recruiting service, making a forcible speech against certain features in the recruiting system. The slavery question was a fruitful subject of discussion at this time in Congress; but we believe, altho' Mr. GREELEY had the most sincere and active convictions on the subject, he only made one brief speech thereon during the session. He took a deep interest in the organization, etc., of the vast Territories acquired by the Mexican war, and voted to prohibit the introduction of slavery therein.

Congress adjourned on the 4th of March, the last hours being most graphically described by Mr. GREELEY, in the *Tribune*, and he returned to New York on the 9th inst., having closed a brief but most remarkable Congressional career; a career happily most illustrative of the man, full of activity and earnest endeavor, of noble and honest purpose, and showing that general capacity and originality, which form the distinguishing characteristics of his gifted intellect. His boldness and independence, and determination to oppose any misuse of public funds, were appreciated by the people, and were applauded in different quarters. On his return to New York, he published a brief address to his constituents, reviewing his

course in a simple manner, and thanking them for the trust reposed him.

If we were writing a detailed history of the *Tribune*, there is much in the year 1849 worthy of particular attention; but as our aim is to sketch only the more important events in the life of HORACE GREELEY, we must pass over it with but brief allusion. The course of the *Tribune* was that of vigorous prosperity—it was among (if not at the head) of the leading journals of the country; in its columns were discussed all the great questions of the day—it had become, in fact, a representative newspaper of the American nation, breathing the spirit, the energy and genius of the people. Its staff of writers was the ablest in the country, including such men as Mr. Dana, Bayard Taylor, Mr. George Ripley, Wm. Henry Fry and others, while the ever active and capacious brain of Mr. GREELEY directed and animated the whole establishment. In May of this year, Mr. GREELEY visited Cincinnati and other points in the West, and was most cordially welcomed, being treated with a degree of personal consideration which indicated of what national reputation the editor of the *Tribune* had become, and this was also the case during two other visits to the West made during this year.

The excitement connected with the celebrated “Rochester Knockings,” sprang up about the close of this year, and as Mr. GREELEY subsequently took a good deal of interest in the examination of the phenomena, some mention of the matter may be appropriate. His attention was first directed to the subject by a letter which was published in the *Tribune*, signed by several prominent citizens in Rochester, giving a circumstantial account of the wonders connected with the Fox girls. When the newly discovered mediums came to New York, he called upon them at their hotel, and was present at a “sitting,” when the “raps” were abundantly heard. He states, however, that he was not particularly interested, and probably would not have repeated the visit only for the influence of his wife. Their little boy, “Pickie,” as they loved to call him, had re-

cently died, and Mrs. Greeley consequently had her thoughts particularly directed towards the world beyond the grave, and kindred subjects, and felt a keen interest in the reports about the Foxes. They visited the girls at the hotel several times, and finally invited them to the Greeley mansion, where they spent some little time. The mediums were then in universal demand, and consequently the Greeleys were compelled to permit a good many visitors. Jenny Lind having expressed a curiosity to see the girls, was invited to come to the house by Mr. GREELEY, and accepted; and not only came herself, but brought with her a crowd of strangers. When the "rappings" were in progress, she called out to Mr. GREELEY rather impertinently, "Take your hands from under the table!" evidently suspecting that he was in some manner assisting the development of some trick. Mr. GREELEY good-humoredly clasped his hands above his head for the remainder of the "seance," but naturally felt a less active desire to assist other people to an examination of the phenomena. He however continued to investigate the subject with his customary practical energy, and in his interesting "Recollections of a Busy Life," he states his conclusions in arithmetical and regular order, and from which we select the following:

I. Those who discharge promptly and faithfully all their duties to those who "still live" in the flesh, can have little time for poking and peering into the life beyond the grave. Better to attend to each world in its proper order.

II. Those who claim through the "mediums," to be Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, etc., and try to prove it by writing poetry, invariably come to grief. I cannot recall a single line of "spiritual" poetry that is not weak, if not execrable, save that of Rev. Thomas L. Harris, who is a poet still in the flesh. \* \* \* \*

III. As a general rule, the so-called spiritual communications are vague, unreal, shadowy, trivial. They are not what we should expect our departed friends to say to us. I never could feel that the lost relative or friend who professed to be addressing me, was actually present. \* \* \* \*

IV. Not only is it true (as we should in any case presume,) that nearly all attempts of the so-called "mediums" to guide specula-

tors as to events yet future, have proved melancholy failures; but it is demonstrated that the so-called "spirits" are often ignorant of events which have already transpired. \* \* \* All that we have learned of them has added little or nothing to our knowledge, unless it be in enabling us to answer with more confidence that old, momentous question—"If a man die, shall he live again?"

In other conclusions, formally stated, Mr. GREELEY seems to question to the effect of spiritualism on morals, and society generally, and that it did not render men "less bigoted, less intolerant than the devotees at other shrines," he thinks is clearly established. It appears evident that he was much impressed with the physical phenomena, but that his examination into the system based thereon, was cursory and hasty in character. As a thoughtful, but busy man of the world, his attention was arrested for the time, but was distracted before the real significance of the mystery was explored, and the general conclusion he arrived at, is expressed in the lines—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—

The first woman's convention—which took place this year—was fully reported in the *Tribune*, and excited a great deal of public attention. Now that female conventions have become a matter of every day, and the question of Woman's Rights has been amplified to embrace much more than the original proposition, Mr. GREELEY appears to have taken rather decided issue with the lady reformers, but at the inception of the movement he gave them a favorable "send-off." "It is easy," he said, "to be smart, to be droll, to be facetious in opposition to the demands of these female reformers, and in decriing assumptions so novel and opposed to established habits and usages, a little wit will go a great way. But when a sincere Republican is asked to say in sober earnest, what adequate reason he can give for refusing the demand of women to an equal participation with men in political rights, he must answer, 'None at all.'" The very deep interest which Mr.

GREELEY felt in what is called "Fourierism," has been referred to in previous pages, and although his plans for "association" in the working of farms and other departments of human industry did not meet general favor, he never abandoned his convictions on the subject. Indeed the disposition of the practical ownership of the *Tribune*, made in 1849, indicates that both Mr. GREELEY and his partner, Mr. McElrath, were desirous of introducing the feature of associated labor into the great enterprise—the *Tribune*. By mutual consent the whole establishment was upon an impartial estimate by outside parties, valued at \$100,000, a sum that must have been very considerably below its real worth. Upon this valuation shares were issued to the number of one hundred at \$1,000 each, and the principal employees in each department were permitted to purchase some of them. About twenty shares were at first disposed of, but other sales were made subsequently, until not more than two-thirds remained in the hands of two original proprietors, although their practical control was not affected. This experiment in the *Tribune* office was found to work advantageously, and the prosperity of the paper was as vigorous and encouraging subsequently as under its old form of ownership.

We pass over some minor events to take up that important and interesting episode in the life of Mr. GREELEY, viz: his first visit to Europe. We have seen in the preceding pages the extraordinary activity and energy by which he not only acquired discipline and education for his capacious mind, but raised himself from the standing of a farm boy to the position of the first journalist in America, and truly representative of the best type of American intellect and manhood. In some measure he now tasted the reward of his patient industry and ceaseless exertion, the paper he had founded was a substantial and splendid success; he was honored and respected by his countrymen, and his private fortune was on a secure foundation. At such a time a visit across the Atlantic came in as a proper, useful and well-earned holiday, and it is

with renewed interest the friendly eye follows him as he enjoys it. The opening of the World's Fair at London in 1851, offered an inducement to the world to visit the modern Babylon, and although this event was not the primary cause of his trip, yet it added materially to its interest and enjoyment, and in connection with some other matters, enabled him to see more of English society and the various features of the country than he could probably have done under other circumstances. He had long before formed the intention of visiting Europe, but his various pursuits interfered, and consequently, now that he was actually able to make the trip under the most favorable auspices, it had all the fresh interest of a pleasure deferred. But if any suppose that the occasion was intended to be a mere idle holiday, it is a great mistake. To him, evidently, it was to be one of active observation and an opportunity for acquiring information for future use; and, indeed, as will be seen, his stay in Europe was full of earnest occupation, and he performed an important service towards spreading correct ideas concerning the United States among the higher class of English people.

This trip across the wild Atlantic was HORACE GREELEY'S first experience in sea traveling, and it proved to be of a most trying character. He left New York in the steamship *Baltic*, on the 11th April, 1851, there being also among the cabin passengers on board, quite a number of American gentlemen en route to England for the purpose of visiting the Exhibition. It was a gray, chilly day, with a stiff north-east wind blowing, and every promise of dirty weather ahead. So it proved—for the first night out a heavy gale prevailed, and cloudy, stormy weather continued throughout the twelve days of the passage, winding up with another heavy gale off the Irish coast. Mr. GREELEY suffered severely from sea-sickness, and was in his berth nearly all the time. He says of it, "I was sick unto death's door for most of the time, eating by an effort when I ate at all, and as thoroughly miserable as I knew how to be." It was with delight that he felt himself once more on *terra*

*firma*, and enjoying the substantial and wholesome fare which is so worthy a characteristic of England, and which nearly all travelers join in commending. He does not appear to have been very favorably impressed with Liverpool, although appreciating its splendid commercial advantages, but the murky English weather disgusted him heartily. He only remained in Liverpool a day or so when he started for London, and during the railroad ride of two hundred miles or so, had his first glimpse at English farming and farm lands, and respecting which he had many practical and interesting observations to make in subsequent letters. On reaching London, he went direct to the house of Mr. John Chapman, the publisher, where he stopped during his visit to the city.

The arrival of Mr. GREELEY in London was almost simultaneous with the opening of the great Exhibition, and he had an opportunity of witnessing all the splendid pageants accompanying that event. In these, however, he does not appear to have been deeply interested, alluding to them in his letters in a style of serio-comic disparagement, and particularly to the official titles of the court personages participating in the royal procession, which sounded rather odd in his Republican ears. But he was not destined to be merely an observer of the scenes of the exhibition. He was appointed by the American Commissioner, at the instance of a number of his countrymen, a member of the jury on hardware, and of which he became chairman. This department embraced a vast variety of entries, there being, in the words of Mr. GREELEY, "about three thousand different lots, not merely three thousand articles;" and these included not only all that is ordinarily included under the word hardware, but an immense number of ingenious devices for domestic and manufacturing use. Among his colleagues on this important jury, were Mr. William Bird, a leading British iron-master, and M. Spitaels, of Belgium, and director of the Vielle Montaigne Zinc Mines, and a man of great ability and attainments. This official position necessarily devolved some rather arduous work upon Mr. GREELEY, but at the same time it gave him peculiar advantages for examination and

observation, and brought him in contact with all classes of English society, and enabled him to form many pleasant and valuable acquaintances. Among other interesting incidents connected with his service at the exhibition, was his participation in the great banquet given at Richmond by the London Commissioners to the Commissioners from foreign countries. It was the desire of Lord Ashburton, who presided, that the toast in honor of Mr. Joseph Paxton, the architect of the Crystal Palace, should be proposed by an American, and Mr. Riddle, Commissioner from the United States, suggested Mr. GREELEY, who performed the task admirably in the following brief, forcible speech, conceived in the happiest spirit :

In my own land, my lords and gentlemen, where nature is still so rugged and unconquered, where population is yet so scanty, and the demands for human exertion are so various and urgent, it is but natural that we should render marked honor to labor, and especially to those who by invention or discovery contribute to shorten the processes, and increase the efficiency of industry. It is but natural, therefore, that this grand conception of a comparison of the state of industry in all nations, by means of a World's Exhibition, should there have been received and canvassed with a lively and general interest, an interest which is not measured by the extent of our contributions.

Ours is still one of the youngest of nations, with few large accumulations of the fruits of manufacturing activity or artistic skill, and these so generally needed for use, that we were not likely to send them three thousand miles away merely for show.

It is none the less certain, that the progress of this great exhibition, from its original conception to that perfect realization which we here commemorate, has been watched and discussed not more earnestly throughout the saloons of Europe, than by the smith's forge and the mechanic's bench in America.

Especially the hopes and fears alternately predominant on this side, with respect to the edifice required for the exhibition—the doubts as to the practicability of erecting one sufficiently capacious and commodious to contain and display the contributions of the whole world—the apprehension that it could not be rendered impervious to water—the confident assertions that it could not be completed in season for opening the Exhibition on the first of May, as promised—all found an echo on our shores; and now the tidings



that all these doubts have been dispelled, these difficulties removed, will have been hailed there with unmingled satisfaction.

I trust, gentlemen, that among the ultimate fruits of this Exhibition, we are to reckon a wider and deeper appreciation of the worth of labor, and especially of those "Captains of Industry" by whose conceptions and achievements our race is so rapidly borne onward in its progress to a loftier and more benignant destiny. We shall not be likely to appreciate more fully the merits of the wise Statesmen, by whose measures a people's thrift and happiness are promoted—of the brave soldier, who joyfully pours out his blood in defense of the rights or in vindication of the honor of his country, of the sacred teacher, by whose precepts and example, our steps are guided in the pathway to heaven—if we render fit honor also to those "Captains of Industry," whose tearless victories redden no river, and whose conquering march is unmarked by the tears of the widow, and the cries of the orphan. I give you, therefore,

THE

HEALTH OF JOSEPH PAXTON, ESQ.,

DESIGNER OF THE

CRYSTAL PALACE.

HONOR TO HIM,

WHOSE GENIUS DOES HONOR TO INDUSTRY AND TO MAN!

His duties on the jury gave him a month or more of incessant employment, examining the merits of articles and materials upon which the jury were called to pass; but he went through the work cheerfully and earnestly, and to the best of his ability.

Nearly all the well known and really interesting points in London were, of course, visited, but Mr. GREELEY very frequently differed materially from the general opinion of sight-seers. Westminster Abbey did not particularly impress him, nor some other places of rich historic interest, the reason being, probably, that the natural bent of his mind is to the practical and useful, rather than towards the romantic spirit that reveres the hoary and antique. The great Epsom races failed to excite sufficient curiosity to draw him to the course, but he

found opportunity to inspect the Ragged Schools, the model lodging houses, and the people's bathing establishments, and similar institutions. The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society celebrated their anniversary during his stay in London, and in connection with the question, what Britons could do to overthrow slavery, he made a brief speech. Several orators preceded him, who chiefly confined themselves to lauding England as the land of freedom; Mr. GREELEY followed in an address of about fifteen or twenty minutes' duration and in a style that rather startled than charmed his audience. He told the English Abolitionists that they could hasten the overthrow of slavery by raising the reward and estimation of labor at home, by helping to diffuse the sentiment of respect between man and man, and by eradicating those social evils in England, that degradation of the working classes by which the existence of slavery was sought to be justified, and lastly, that the increased immigration to the slave States of *free laborers* from England and elsewhere, would silently, but most effectually obliterate, in course of time, the system of enforced labor. Such a speech could hardly be expected to excite enthusiasm in an English audience, but it was listened to attentively and thoughtfully.

A pleasanter occasion, perhaps, was the visit to the Devonshire House, where he witnessed the performance of a play by distinguished authors, for the benefit of the Library Guild—Charles Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, and others, participating. He was one of a select company that celebrated the eightieth birth-day of Robert Owen, by a dinner at the Colbourne Hotel, and to which occasion he referred in a letter as a most agreeable and memorable one.

An important episode in Mr. GREELEY'S London visit was his interviews with the Parliamentary committee, having under consideration the repeal of the duty on newspaper advertisements, and the stamp duty on newspapers and periodicals. This committee included the following gentlemen, members of the House of Commons: Right Hon. T. Milnor Gibson, Sir

J. Walmsey, and Messrs. Tufnel, Ewart, Cobden, Rich, Adair and Hamilton ; and during the course of their investigations, as it was absolutely necessary to obtain all possible information respecting the real character and operation of the newspaper business in England and in America, they invited Mr. GREELEY, as an experienced American journalist, to be present at their sittings, and give them such information as he could furnish. He acceded willingly, and attended two sessions of the Committee, explaining his views with perfect freedom and in a manner so practical and forcible, that his evidence, as it may be called, made a deep impression, and unquestionably had an important influence in the subsequent action by Parliament. The report of Mr. GREELEY'S statements is so interesting and characteristic, that we present it in full.

In reply to a question by the Right Hon. T. Milnor Gibson, respecting the advertisement duty, Mr. GREELEY said :

Your duty is the same on the advertisements in a journal with fifty thousand circulation, as in a journal with one thousand, although the *value* of the article is twenty times as much in the one case as in the other. The duty operates precisely as though you were to lay a tax of one shilling a day on every day's labor that a man were to do ; to a man whose labor is worth two shillings a day, it would be destructive ; while by a man who earns twenty shillings a day, it would be very lightly felt.

An advertisement is worth but a certain amount, and the public soon get to know what it is worth ; you put a duty on advertisements and you destroy the value of those coming to new establishments. People who advertise in your well established journals, could afford to pay a price to include the duty ; but in a new paper, the advertisements would not be worth the amount of the duty *alone* ; and consequently, the new concern would have no chance. Now, the advertisements are one main source of the income of daily papers, and thousands of business men take them mainly for those advertisements. For instance, at the time when our auctioneers were appointed by law, (they were, of course, party politicians,) one journal, which was high in the confidence of the party in power, obtained, not a law, but an *understanding*, that all the auctioneers appointed, should advertise in that journal. Now, though the journal referred to has ceased to be of that party, and the auctioneers are no longer appointed by the State, yet that

journal has almost the monopoly of the auctioneers' business to this day. Auctioneers *must* advertise in it, because they know that purchasers are looking there; and purchasers must take the paper, because they know that it contains just the advertisements they want to see; and thus, without regard to the goodness or the principles of the paper. I know men in this town who take one journal mainly for its advertisements; and they *must* take the *Times* because everything is advertised in it; for the same reason advertisers *must* advertise in the *Times*. If we had a duty on advertisements, I will not say it would be impossible to build a new concern up in New York against the competition of the older ones; but I do say, it would be impossible to preserve the weaker papers from being swallowed up by the stronger.

MR. COBDEN—Do you then consider the fact, that the *Times* newspaper for the last fifteen years has been increasing so largely in circulation, is to be accounted for mainly by the existence of the advertisement duty?

MR. GREELEY—Yes; much more than the stamp. By the operation of the advertisement duty, an advertisement is charged ten times as much in one paper as in another. An advertisement in the *Times* may be worth five pounds, while in another paper it is only worth one pound; but the duty is the same.

MR. RICH—The greater the number of small advertisements in papers, the greater the advantage to their proprietors.

MR. GREELEY—Yes. Suppose the cost of a small advertisement to be five shillings, the usual charge in the *Times*, if you have to pay a shilling or eighteen pence duty, that advertisement is worth *nothing* in a journal with a fourth part of the circulation of the *Times*.

CHAIRMAN—Does it not appear to you that the taxes on the press are hostile to one another; in the first place, lessening the circulation of papers by means of the stamp duty, we diminish the consumption of paper, and therefore lessen the amount of paper duty; secondly by diminishing the sale of papers through the stamp, we lessen the number of advertisements, and therefore the receipts of the advertisement duty?

MR. GREELEY—I should say that if the government were, simply as a matter of revenue, to fix a duty, say of half a penny per pound, on paper, it would be easily collected, and produce more money; and then, a law which is equal in its operation does not require any considerable number of officers to collect the duty, and it would require no particular vigilance; and the duty on paper alone would be most equal and most efficient as a revenue duty.

CHAIRMAN—It is clear, then, that the effect of the stamp and advertisement duty is to lessen the amount of the receipts from the duty on paper.

Mr. GREELEY—Enormously. I see that the circulation of daily papers in London is but sixty thousand, against a hundred thousand in New York; while the tendency is more to concentrate on London than on New York. Not a tenth part of our daily papers are printed in New York.

Mr. COBDEN—Do you consider that there are upwards of a million papers issued daily from the press in the United States?

Mr. GREELEY—I should say about a million; I cannot say upwards. I think there are about two hundred and fifty daily journals published in the United States.

Mr. COBDEN—At what amount of population does a town in the United States begin to have a daily paper? They first of all begin with a weekly paper, do they not?

Mr. GREELEY—Yes. The general rule is, that each county will have one weekly newspaper. In all the free States, if a county have a population of twenty thousand, it has two papers, one for each party. The general average in the agricultural counties, is one local journal to every ten thousand inhabitants. When a town grows to have fifteen thousand inhabitants in and about it, then it has a daily paper; but sometimes that is the case when it has as few as ten thousand; it depends more on the business of a place than its population. But fifteen thousand may be stated as the average at which a daily paper commences; at twenty thousand they have two, and so on. In central towns like Buffalo, Rochester, and Troy, they have from three to five daily journals, each of which prints a semi-weekly or a weekly journal.

Mr. RICH—Have your papers much circulation outside the towns in which they are published?

Mr. GREELEY—The county in the general limit; though some have a judicial district of five or six counties.

Mr. RICH—Would the New York paper, for instance, have much circulation in Charleston?

Mr. GREELEY—The New York *Herald*, I think, which is considered the journal most friendly to Southern interests, has a considerable circulation there.

CHAIRMAN—When a person proposes to publish a paper in New York, he is not required to go to any office to register himself, or to give security that he will not insert libels or seditious matter? A newspaper published is not subject to any liability more than other persons?

Mr. GREELEY—No; no more than a man that starts a blacksmith shop.

CHAIRMAN—They do not presume in the United States, that because a man is going to print news in a paper, he is going to libel?

Mr. GREELEY—No; nor do they presume that his libeling would be worth much, unless he is a responsible character.

Mr. COBDEN—From what you have stated with regard to the circulation of the daily papers in New York, it appears that a very large proportion of the adult population must be customers for them?

Mr. GREELEY—Yes; I think three-fourths of all the families take a daily paper of some kind.

Mr. COBDEN—The purchasers of the daily papers must consist of a different class from those in England; mechanics must purchase them?

Mr. GREELEY—Every mechanic takes a paper, or nearly every one.

Mr. COBDEN—Do those people generally get them before they leave home for their work?

Mr. GREELEY—Yes; and you are complained of if you do not furnish a man with his newspaper at his breakfast; he wants to read it between six and seven usually.

Mr. COBDEN—Then a ship-builder, or a cooper, or a joiner needs his daily paper at his breakfast time?

Mr. GREELEY—Yes; and he may take it with him to read at his dinner, between twelve and one; but the rule is, that he wants his paper at his breakfast.

Mr. COBDEN—After he has finished his breakfast or his dinner, he may be found reading the daily newspapers, just as the people of the upper classes do in England?

Mr. GREELEY—Yes; if they do?

Mr. COBDEN—And that is quite common, is it not?

Mr. GREELEY—Almost universal, I think. There is a very low class—a good many foreigners—who do not know how to read; but no native, I think.

Mr. EWART—Do the agricultural laborers read much?

Mr. GREELEY—Yes; they take our weekly papers, which they receive through the post generally.

Mr. COBDEN—The working people in New York are not in the habit of resorting to public houses to read the newspapers, are they?

Mr. GREELEY—They go to public houses, but not to read the papers. It is not the general practice; but, still, we have quite a class who do so.

Mr. COBDEN—The newspapers, then, are not the attraction to the public houses?

Mr. GREELEY—No; I think a very small proportion of our reading class go there at all; those that I have seen there are mainly the foreign population, those who do not read.

CHAIRMAN—Are there any papers published in New York, or in other parts, which may be said to be of an obscene or immoral character?

Mr. GREELEY—We call the New York *Herald* a very bad paper—those who do not like it; but that is not the cheapest.

CHAIRMAN—Have you heard of a paper called the *Town*, published in this country, with pictures of a certain character in it? Have you any publication in the United States of that character?

Mr. GREELEY—Not daily papers. There are weekly papers got up from time to time called the *Scorpion*, the *Flash*, and so on, whose purpose is to extort money from parties who can be threatened with exposure of immoral practices, or for visiting infamous houses.

Mr. EWART—They do not last, do they?

Mr. GREELEY—I do not know of any one being continued for any considerable time. If one dies, another is got up, and that goes down. Our cheap daily papers, the very cheapest, are, as a class, quite as discreet in their conduct and conversation as other journals. They do not embody the same amount of talent; they devote themselves mainly to news. They are not party journals; they are not given to harsh language with regard to public men; they are very moderate.

Mr. EWART—Is scurility or personality common in the publications in the United States?

Mr. GREELEY—It is not common; it is much less frequent than it was; but it is not absolutely unknown.

Mr. COBDEN—What is the circulation of the New York *Herald*?

Mr. GREELEY—Twenty-five thousand, I believe.

Mr. COBDEN—Is that an influential paper in America?

Mr. GREELEY—I think not.

Mr. COBDEN—It has a higher reputation in Europe, probably than at home.

Mr. GREELEY—A certain class of journals in this country find it their interest or pleasure to quote it a good deal.

CHAIRMAN—As the demand is extensive, is the remuneration for the services of the literary men who are employed on the press good?

Mr. GREELEY—The prices of literary labor are more moderate than in this country. The highest salary, I think, that would be commanded by any one connected with the press would be five thousand dollars—the highest that could be thought of. I have not heard of higher than three thousand.

Mr. RICH—What would be about the ordinary remuneration?

Mr. GREELEY—In our own concern it is, besides the principal editor, from fifteen hundred dollars down to five hundred. I think that is the usual range.

CHAIRMAN—Are your leading men in America, in point of literary ability, employed from time to time upon the press as an occupation?

Mr. GREELEY—It is beginning to be so, but it has not been the custom. There have been leading men connected with the press; but the press has not been usually conducted by the most powerful men. With a few exceptions, the leading political journals are conducted ably, and they are becoming more so; and, with a wider diffusion of the circulation, the press is more able to pay for it.

Mr. RICH—Is it a profession apart?

Mr. GREELEY—No; usually the men have been brought up to the bar, to the pulpit, and so on; they are literary men.

CHAIRMAN—I presume that the non-reading class in the United States is a very limited one?

Mr. GREELEY—Yes; except in the slave States.

CHAIRMAN—Do not you consider that newspaper reading is calculated to keep up a habit of reading?

Mr. GREELEY—I think it is worth all the schools in the country. I think it creates a taste for reading in every child's mind, and it increases his interest in his lessons; he is attracted from always seeing a newspaper and hearing it read I think.

CHAIRMAN—Supposing that you had your schools as now, but that your newspaper press were reduced within the limits of the press in England, do you not think that the habit of reading acquired at school would be frequently laid aside?

Mr. GREELEY—I think that the habit would not be acquired, and that paper reading would fall into disuse.



Mr. EWART—Having observed both countries, can you state whether the press has greater influence on public opinion in the United States than in England, or the reverse?

Mr. GREELEY—I think it has more influence with us. I do not know that any class is despotically governed by the press, but its influence is more universal; every one reads and talks about it with us, and more weight is laid upon intelligence than on editorials; the paper which brings the quickest news is the thing looked to.

Mr. EWART—The leading article has not so much influence as in England?

Mr. GREELEY—No; the telegraphic dispatch is the great point.

Mr. COBDEN—Observing our newspapers and comparing them with the American papers, do you find that we make much less use of electric telegraph for transmitting news than in America?

Mr. GREELEY—Not a hundredth part as much as we do.

Mr. COBDEN—An impression prevails in this country that our newspaper press incurs a great deal more expense to expedite news than you do in New York. Are you of that opinion?

Mr. GREELEY—I do not know what your expense is. I should say that a hundred thousand dollars a year is paid by our Association of the six leading daily papers, besides what each gets separately for itself.

Mr. COBDEN—Twenty thousand pounds a year is paid by our Association, consisting of six papers, for what you get in commons?

Mr. GREELEY—Yes; we telegraph a great deal in the United States. Assuming that a scientific meeting was held at Cincinnati this year, we should telegraph the reports from that place, and I presume other journals would have special reporters to report the proceedings at length. We have a report every day, fifteen hundred miles, from New Orleans daily; from St. Louis too, and other places.

The Committee then adjourned.

The duty on advertisements was soon after removed entirely, and the stamp duty was only retained for revenue purposes.

After a stay of nearly two months in London, Mr. GREELEY resumed his travels, proceeding to Paris via Dover and Calais, and spending eight days visiting nearly all the objects of interest in that brilliant capital. He of course inspected the Tuileries, but was not particularly impressed with their architect-

ural features, and considered the cathedral of Notre Dame the most imposing edifice in Paris. He spent two days examining the art treasures of the Louvre, and was delighted with what he saw; but his visit to the Palace of Versailles suggested principally reflections on the evil effect of imperial government, and the debasing influence on Art, of continued royal patronage, which engenders servility, and curbs the freedom of genius.

He left Paris for Lyons, on the 16th of June, and thence proceeded across Savoy and Mount Cenis into Italy, and spent twenty-one days in this sweet, historic land, visiting Turin, Genoa, Rome, Florence, Ferrara, Bologna, Padua, Venice and Milan. Not even amid Italian scenes, so bathed in the romance of history, and permeated by the spirit and splendor of the past, was *this* American traveler carried into idle reverie, or poetical dreamings. His richly cultivated mind appreciated the beauty and historic interest on all sides, but his natural benevolence and common sense suggested rather reflections on the condition of the people; the languor in business, and the enervated social system, evident nearly everywhere. He noted at Genoa, that the churches were worth millions of dollars, while the school-houses would not bring fifty thousand dollars, and that at Pisa a hundred thousand dollars could be spent in fire-works, to celebrate the anniversary of a patron saint, and yet nothing could be spared for popular education. The multitude of priests he met everywhere, impressed him unfavorably; and he observed "the black-coated gentry fairly overshadow the land with their shovel-hats, so that corn has no chance of sunshine." In Venice he comments on the indications of general decadence and social lethargy, and the cheerless aspect of the present, overshadowed in his kindly mind the "grandeur, gloom and glory" of the past. At Rome, he viewed the famous Coliseum, and was deeply impressed; and the incidental circumstance that prayers were being offered within the ruins, by a body of monks, for the souls of martyred christians, heightened the interest of the occasion. In describing

this visit, he adds: "Many checkered years, and scenes of stirring interest must intervene to efface from my memory that sunset and those strange prayers in the Coliseum." He thought St. Peter's the "Niagara of buildings," and rendered it a proper tribute of admiration. But we cannot dwell on those Italian days of his, but must pass on to other matters.

He re-crossed the Alps by the St. Gothard pass, and reached the Rhine at Basle, proceeding down the celebrated river to Cologne, and thence across Belgium by Aix-la-Chapelle and Brussels into France, and journeyed back to London, by way of Paris, Dieppe and New Haven. He remained here only a short time, when he started for Newcastle-on-Tyne, and other points in the North of England; and thence across the border in to Scotland, visiting Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other cities, and then crossing to Ireland, where he visited nearly all the prominent cities; returning through Wales to Liverpool, and on Wednesday, the 16th of August, he embarked in the steamship Baltic, homeward bound. The weather was favorable, and the passage pleasant, and the shores of home were reached safely. The vessel arrived at the wharf about six o'clock in the morning, and Mr. GREELEY's first act on landing, was to get out an "extra" in advance of all contemporaries, containing the foreign news by the Baltic, he having "made it up" for publication on board. This done, he turned his face towards his own house.

His first trip to Europe was one of the most interesting events in the life of Mr. GREELEY, but we have been compelled to merely sketch its outlines, and many important incidents have been omitted. Enough has been said, however, to indicate how busily he employed his time while abroad, how usefully to himself and to others. It was a rapid tour, but his powers of observation were always on the alert, and much valuable information and experience were acquired, to be applied to practical results in the future.



## CHAPTER IV.

### THE GREELEY FARM—SECOND VISIT TO EUROPE—ACROSS THE CONTINENT.



THE public events immediately succeeding the return of Mr. GREELEY from England, or those embraced within the following year, were of an interesting and exciting character, but belong rather to the political history of the country, and it is unnecessary to recapitulate them in this brief biographical sketch. The defeat of Gen. Scott, and the election of Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, to the Presidency in 1852, was practically, the dissolution of the Whig party, and as one result of this event the New York *Tribune* ceased to be a strict party paper, and its leading editor to be a party man. His convictions as to political principles have always been too firmly founded in his moral nature to be easily changed, but the disruption of the political organization with which he had been identified, occurring as it did, at a period when maturing years had tempered his mind with a deeper thoughtfulness, freed him from an alliance calculated to restrict, and in our opinion, expanded the sphere of his usefulness. It enabled him also to concentrate his opposition to the slavery system, and to become the prime mover towards its ultimate destruction. Indeed, it is in this direction that he has rendered American civilization his most signal and important service, for more than any one man living has he assisted to expunge the dark and baleful stain which disfigured the flag of American freedom—but of this more hereafter.

We have seen that the early years of the life of HORACE GREE-

LEY were passed in the country, and that he was fully acquainted with the widest phase of farm life. The associations of boyhood were not forgotten in maturer years—he has always been fond of the country, and it is not surprising to find him seeking recreation as a man in the pursuits he followed by compulsion as a boy. His means now enabled him to gratify his desire for a country home, a place where he could combine the pleasure of farming, and at the same time find seclusion and quiet during his intervals of rest from the busy occupations and exciting scenes of the metropolis. He set about looking for such a place, having a due regard for the requisites demanded by the tastes of his wife: “1. A peerless spring of pure, soft, living water; 2, a cascade or brawling brook; 3, woods largely composed of evergreens.” He succeeded finally in purchasing a piece of land to his taste, composed of above seventy-five acres, near the Harlem railroad, and about thirty-four miles from New York, and nine miles above White Plains. A pretty mill stream bearing the Indian name *Chappaqua*, adds interest to the spot, and gives a name to the “Modest Village of twenty or thirty houses,” which lies close to the farm, and as there was several water springs and about twenty-five acres of splendid woods on the place, Mrs. Greeley’s pre-requisites were fully represented. On this point he says: “Those who object to my taste in choosing for my home, a rocky, woody hillside, sloping to the north-west, with a bog and its font, cannot judge me fairly, unless they consider the above requirements.” It is unnecessary to enter into a history of Mr. GREELEY’S farming experience on this place, particularly as he has given it so fully and graphically in his “Recollections.” It is enough to add that he exhibited in this, the occupation of his leisure hours, the same energy which characterized his business pursuits. He improved the farm in every way that a scientific taste and practical knowledge could suggest, and transformed it into a “Model Farm,” and on this place he passed some of the happiest years of his life. Early in the year 1853, the *Tribune* was considerably enlarged, involving an increase in the annual expenditure of nearly \$60,000, and although the circulation

was largely increased, and the enterprise of the great journal attracted the attention and commendation of the press of the country, yet the profits did not sufficiently balance the increased outlay, and subsequently the paper was slightly reduced in size. About this time a high compliment was paid to the *Tribune* in the English House of Commons. In a debate on the advertisement duty, Mr. Bright, in the course of a remarkable speech, produced the paper before the House, and after highly eulogizing its character, said there was not a better paper published in London, and added, "Here there was a newspaper advocating great principles, and conducted in all respects with the greatest propriety—a newspaper in which he found not a syllable that he might not put on his table and allow his wife and daughter to read with satisfaction—and this was placed on the table every morning for 1*d.*"

In the year 1854 the name of Mr. GREELEY was frequently mentioned in connection with the governorship at New York, and there is not the smallest doubt but he could have secured the nomination had he so desired. Had he been nominated, his election would have been certain. During this year an entertaining volume, having for its subject the Life and Career of Mr. GREELEY, was written, the author being Mr. James Parton.

In the Spring of 1855, Mr. GREELEY again visited Europe, and was absent about three months—this was also the first year of the Paris Exhibition. He went direct to London to meet his wife who had spent the winter there with her children, and after a few days he ran over in advance to Paris, and rented a little cottage in the vicinity of the Champs Elysees, and was soon rejoined by his family and two female friends, and the husband of one of them. Being there comfortably settled, the party set about sight-seeing in the French capital. Spending days at the Exhibition and visiting the various other points of interest.

Perhaps the most remarkable incident connected with this European trip, was the arrest of Mr. GREELEY in Paris for debt, or a claim so named, and it may be interesting to give some par-

ticulars of the affair, and this cannot be done in a better way than by giving the narrative as told by himself. It is as follows:

HORACE GREELEY IN A FRENCH PRISON—THE ARREST.

I had been looking *at* things if not *into* them for a good many years prior to yesterday. I had climbed mountains and descended into mines, had groped in caves and scaled precipices, seen Venice and Cincinnati, Dublin and Mineral Point, Niagara and St. Gothard, and really supposed I was approximating a middling outside knowledge of things in general. I had been chosen defendant in several libel suits, and been flattered with the information that my censures were deemed of more consequence than those of other people, and should be paid for accordingly. I have been through twenty of our States, yet never in jail outside of New York, and over half Europe, yet never looked into one. Here I had been seeing Paris for the last six weeks, visiting this sight, then that, till there seemed little remaining worth looking at or after—yet I had never once thought of looking into a debtor's prison. I should probably have gone away next week, as ignorant in that regard as I came, when circumstances favored me most unexpectedly with an inside view of this famous "Maison de Detention," or Prison for Debtors, 70 Rue de Clichy. I think what I have seen here, fairly told, must be instructive and interesting, and I suppose others will tell the story if I do not—and I don't know any one whose opportunities will enable him to tell it so accurately as I can. So here goes.

But first let me explain and insist on the important distinction between inside and outside views of a prison. People fancy they have been in a prison where they have by courtesy been inside of the gates; but that is properly an outside view—at best, the view accorded to an outsider. It gives you no proper idea of the place at all—no access to its *penetralia*. The difference even between this outside and the proper inside view is very broad indeed. The greenness of those who don't know how the world looks from the wrong side of the gratings is pitiable. Yet how many reflect on the disdain with which the lion must regard the bumpkin who perverts his goadstick to the ignoble use of stirring said lion up! Or how many suspect that the grin wherewith the baboon contemplates the human ape, who with umbrella at arm's length is poking Jocko for his doxy's delectation, is one of contempt rather than complacency! Rely on it, the world seen here behind the gratings is very different in aspect from that same world other-



wise inspected. Others may think so—I know it. And this is how:

I had been down at the Palace of Industry and returned to my lodgings, when, a little before four o'clock yesterday afternoon, four strangers called for me. By the help of my courier I soon learned that they had a writ of arrest for me at the suit of one Mons. Lechesne, sculptor, affirming that he sent a statue to the New York Crystal Palace Exhibition, at or on the way to which it had been broken, so that it could not be (at all events it had not been) restored to him; wherefore he asked of me, as a director and representative of the Crystal Palace Association, to pay him "douze mille francs," or \$2,500.

Not happening to have the change, and no idea of paying this demand if I had it, I could only signify those facts; whereupon they told me that I was under arrest, and must go along, which I readily did. We drove circuitously to the sculptor's residence at the other end of Paris, waited his convenience for a long half-hour, and then went to the President Judge who had issued the writ.

I briefly explained to him my side of the case, when he asked me if I wished to give bail. I told him I would give good bail for my appearance at court at any time, but that I knew no man in Paris whom I felt willing to ask to become my security for the payment of so large a sum as \$2,500. After a little parley I named Judge Piatt, United States Secretary of Legation, as one who, I felt confident, would recognize for my appearance when wanted, and this suggestion met with universal assent. Twice over I carefully explained that I preferred going to prison to asking any friend to give bail for the payment in any case of this claim, and knew I was fully understood. So we all, except the Judge, drove off together to the Legation.

"There we found Judge P., who readily agreed to recognize as I required; but now the plaintiff and his lawyer refused to accept him as security in any way, alleging that he was privileged from arrest, by his office. He offered to give his check on Green & Co., bankers, for the 12,000 francs in dispute as security for my appearance; but they would not have him in any shape. While we were chaffering, Mr. Maunsell B. Field, United States Commissioner in the French Exposition, came along and offered to join Mr. Piatt in the recognizance; but nothing would do. Mr. Field then offered to raise the money demanded; but I said No; if the agreement before the Judge was not adhered to by the other side I would give no bail whatever, but go to prison. High words en-

sued, and the beginning of a scuffle, in the midst of which I, half unconsciously, descended from the carriage. Of course I was ordered back *instanter*, and obeyed so soon as I understood the order, but we were all by this time losing temper.

As putting me in jail would simply secure my forthcoming when wanted, and as I was ready to give any amount of security for this, which the other side had once agreed to take, I thought they were rather crowding matters in the course they were taking. So, as I was making my friends too late for a pleasant dinner-party at *Trois Treves*, where I had expected to join them, I closed the discussion by insisting that we should drive off.

Crossing the avenue Champs Elysees the next moment, our horses struck another horse, took fright, and ran until reined up against a tree, disabling the concern. My cortege of officers got out; I attempted to follow, but was thrust back very roughly and held in with superfluous energy, since they had had abundant opportunity to see that I had no idea of getting away from them. I had in fact evinced ample determination to enjoy their delightful society to the utmost.

At last they had to transfer me to another carriage, but they made such a parade of it, and insisted on taking hold of me so numerously and so fussily (this being just the most thronged and conspicuous locality in Paris), that I came near losing my temper again. We got along, however, and in due time arrived at this spacious, substantial, secure establishment, No. 70 Rue de Clichy.

I was brought in through three or four heavy iron doors to the office of the Governor, where I was properly received. Here I was told I must stay till nine o'clock, since the President Judge had allowed me till that hour to find bail. In vain I urged that I had refused to give bail, would give none, and wanted to be shown to my cell—I must stay here till nine o'clock. So I ordered something for dinner, and amused myself by looking at the ball play, &c., of the prisoners in the yard, to whose immunities I was not yet eligible, but I had the privilege of looking in through the barred windows. The yard is one of the best I have ever seen anywhere—has a good many trees, and some flowers, and, as the wall is at least fifteen feet high, and another of twenty surrounding it, with guards with loaded muskets always pacing between, I should judge the danger of burglary or other annoyances from without, very moderate.

My first visitor was Judge Mason, U. S. Ambassador, accompanied by Mr. Kirby, one of the attaches of the Embassy. Judge M. had heard of my luck from the legion, and was willing to

serve me to any extent, and in any manner. I was reminded by my position of the case of the prying Yankee who undertook to fish out a gratuitous opinion on a knotty point in a lawsuit in which he was involved. "Supposing," said he, to an eminent counsellor, "you were involved in such and such a difficulty, what would you do?" "Sir," said the counsellor with becoming gravity, "I should take the very best legal advice I could obtain."

I told Judge M. that I wanted neither money nor bail, but a first-rate French lawyer, who could understand my statements in English, at the very earliest moment. Judge M. left me to call on Mr. James Monroe, banker, and send me a lawyer as soon as could be. This was done, but it was eight o'clock on Saturday night, before which hour at this season most eminent Parisians have left for their country residences; and no lawyer of the proper stamp and standing could then be or has yet been found.

#### THE INCARCERATION.

At the designated hour I was duly installed and admitted to all the privileges of Clichy. By ten o'clock each of us lodgers had retired to our several apartments (about eight feet by five), and an obliging functionary came around and locked out all rascally intruders. I don't think I ever before slept in a place so perfectly secure. At six this morning this extra protection was withdrawn, and each of us was thenceforth obliged to keep watch over his own valuables. We uniformly keep good hours here in Clichy, which is what not many large hotels in Paris can boast of.

The bedroom appointments are not of a high order, as is reasonable, since we are only charged for them four sous (cents) per night, washing extra. The sheets are rather of a hickory order (mine were given me clean); the bed is indifferent, but I have slept on worse; the window lacks a curtain or blinds, but in its stead are four strong upright iron bars, which are a perfect safeguard against getting up in the night and pitching or falling out so as to break your neck, as any one who went out would certainly do. (I am in the fifth or highest story.) Perhaps one of my predecessors was a somnambulist. I have two chairs (one less than I am entitled to), two little tables (probably one of them extra, by some mistake), and a cupboard which may once have been clean. The pint washbowl and half-pint pitcher, candles, &c., I have ordered, and pay for. I am a little ashamed to own that my repose has been indifferent but then I never *do* sleep well in a strange place.

Descending to the common room on the lower floor this morning, I find there an American (from Boston), who has met me often and knew me at once, though I could not have called him by name. He seemed rather amazed to meet me here (I believe he last saw me at the Astor House), but greeted me very cordially, and we ordered breakfast for both in my room. It was not a sumptuous meal, but we enjoyed it. Next he made me acquainted with some other of our best fellow-lodgers, and four of us agreed to dine together after business hours. Before breakfast a friend from the outer world (M. Vattemare) had found access to me, though the rules of the prison allow no visitors till ten o'clock. I needed first of all lawyers, not yet procurable; next law-books (American), which Mr. Vattemare knew just where to lay his hands on. I had them all on hand, and my citations looked up long before I had any help to use them. But let my own affairs wait a little till I dispense some of my gleanings in Clichy.

This is perhaps the only large dwelling-house in Paris where no one ever suffers from hunger. Each person incarcerated is allowed a franc per day to live on; if this is not forthcoming from his creditor, he is at once turned out to pick up a living as he can. While he remains here he must have his franc per day, paid every third day. From this is deducted four sous per day for his bedding, and one sou for his fire (in the kitchen), leaving him fifteen sous net, and cooking fire paid for.

This will keep him in bread any how. But there exists among the prisoners, and is always maintained, a "Philanthropic Society," which by cooking altogether and dividing into messes, is enabled to give every subscriber to its articles a very fair dinner for sixteen sous (eleven cents), and a scantier one for barely *nine* sous. He who has no friends but the inevitable franc per day may still have a nine-sous dinner almost every day, and a sixteen-sous feast on Sunday, by living on bread and water, or being so sick as not to need anything for a couple of days each week. I regret to say that the high price of food of late has cramped the resources of the "Philanthropic Society," so that it has been obliged to appeal to the public for aid. I trust it will not appeal in vain. It is an example of the advantage of association, whose benefits no one will dispute.

I never met a more friendly and social people than the inmates of Clichy. Before I had been there two hours this morning, though most of them speak only French, and I but English, the outlines of my case were generally known, my character and standing canvassed and dilated on, and I had a dozen fast friends

in another hour; had I been able to speak French, they would have been a hundred. Of course, we are not all saints here, and make no pretensions to be; some of us are incorrigible spend-thrifts—desperately fast men, hurried to ruin by association with still faster women—probably some unlucky rogues among us, and very likely a fool or two; though as a class I am sure my associates will compare, favorably, in intelligence and intellect with so many of the next men you meet on the Boulevards or in Broadway. Several of them are men of decided ability and energy—the temporary victims of other men’s rascality or their own over-sanguine enterprise—some times shipwreck, fire or other unavoidable misfortune.

A more hearty and kindly set of men I never met in my life than are those who can speak English; I have acquired important help from three or four of them in copying and translating papers; and never was I more zealously nor effectively aided than by those acquaintances of to-day, to not one of whom would I dare to offer money for the service. Where could I match this out of Clichy?

Let me be entirely candid; I say nothing of “Liberty,” save to caution outsiders in France to be equally modest, but “Equality and Fraternity” I have found prevailing here more thoroughly than elsewhere in Europe. Still, we have not realized the Social Millennium, even in Clichy. Some of us were born to gain our living by the hardest and most meagrely rewarded labor; others to live idly and sumptuously on the earnings of others. Of course these vices of an irrational and decaying social state are not instantly eradicated by our abrupt removal to this mansion. Some of us cook, while others only know how to eat, and so require assistance in the preparation of our food, as none is cooked or even provided for us, and our intercourse with the outer world is subject to limitations. Those of us who lived generously afore-time, and are in for gentlemanly sums, are very apt to have money, which the luckless chaps who are in for a beggarly hundred francs or so, and have no fixed income beyond the franc per day, are very glad to earn by doing us acts of kindness. One of these attached himself to me immediately on my taking possession of my apartment, and proceeded to make my bed, bring me basin and pitcher of water, matches, lights, &c., for which I expect to pay him—these articles being reckoned superfluities in Clichy. But no such aristocratic distinction as master, no such degrading appellation as servant, is tolerated in this community; this philanthropic fellow-boarder is known to all as my “auxiliary.” Where

has the stupid world outside known how to drape the heard realities of life with fig-leaf so graceful as this ?

So of all titular distinctions, we pretend to have abjured titles of honor in America, and the only consequence is that everybody has a title—either Honorable, or General, or Colonel, or Reverend, or at the very least, Esquire. But here in Clichy all such empty and absurd prefixes are absolutely unknown—even names, Christian or family, are discarded as useless, antiquated lumber. Every lodger is known by the number of his room only; mine is 139; and whenever a friend calls, a “Commissioner” comes in from the outer apartments to the great hall, sacred to our common use, and begins calling out, “Cent-trente-neuf,” (phonetically “sent-tran-nuf,”) at the top of his voice, and goes on yelling as he climbs, in the hope of finding or calling me short of ascending to my fifth story sanctuary. To nine-tenths of my comrades I am only known as “san-tran-nuf.” My auxiliary is No. 54, and when I need his aid I go singing “Sankan-cat,” after the same fashion. Equality being thus rigidly preserved, in spite of slight diversities of fortune, the jealousies, rivalries, and heart-burnings which keep most of mankind in a ferment, are here absolutely unknown. I never before talked so much with so many people intimately acquainted with each other without hearing something said or insinuated to one another’s prejudice; here there is nothing of the sort. Some folks outside are here fitted with characters which they would hardly consider flattering—some laws and usages get the blessings they richly deserve—but among ourselves all is harmony and good will. How would Menicce’s, the Hotel de Ville, or even the Tuilleries, like to compare notes with us on this head ?

Our social intercourse with outsiders is under most enlightened regulations. A person calls who wishes to see one of us, and is thereupon admitted through two or three doors, but not within several locks of us. Here he gives his card and pays two sous to a Commissioner to take it to No. —, of whom the interview is solicited. No. — being found, takes the card, scrutinizes it, and, if he chooses to see the expected visitor, writes a request for his admission. This is taken to a functionary, who grants the request, and the visitor is then brought into a sort of neutral reception-room, outside of the prison proper, but a good way inside of the hall wherein the visitor has hitherto tarried. But let the ledger say no, and the visitor must instantly walk out with a very tall flea in his ear. So perfect an arrangement for keeping duns, bores (writ-servers even), and all such enemies of human happi-

ness at a distance is found scarcely anywhere else—at all events not in editor's rooms—I am sure of that. But yesterday an old resident here, who ought to have been up to the trap, was told that a man wished to see him a moment at the nearest grate, and being completely off his guard, he went immediately down, without observing or requiring the proper formalities, and was instantly served with a fresh writ. "Sir," said he, with proper indignation, to the sneak of an officer (who had doubtless made his way in here by favor or bribery), "if you ever serve me that trick again, you will go out of here half killed." However, he had mainly his own folly to blame; he should have stood upon his reserved rights, and bade the outsider send up his card like a gentleman, if he aspired to a gentleman's society.

And this brings me to the visiting-room, where I have seen many friends during the day, including two United States ministers, beside almost every one belonging to our Legation here, three bankers, and nearly all the Americans I know in Paris, but not one French lawyer of the standing required, for it seems impossible to find one in Paris to-day.

This room can hardly be called a parlor, all things considered; but it has been crowded all day (ten to six) with wives and female friends visiting one or other of us insiders—perhaps it may be most accurately characterized as the kissing-room. I should like to speak of the phases of life here from hour to hour presented—of the demonstrations of fervent affection, the anxious consolations, the confidential whisperings, and the universal desire of each hasty *tete-a-tete* to respect the sacredness of others' confidence, so that fifteen or twenty couples converse here by the hour within a space thirty feet by twenty, yet no one knows, because no one wishes to know, what any other couple are saying. But I must hurry over all this, or my letter will never have an end.

Formerly, Clichy was in bad repute, on account of the facility wherewith all manner of females called upon and mingled with the male lodgers in the inner sanctum. All this, however, has been corrected; and no woman is now admitted beyond the public kissing-room, except on an express order from the prefecture of police, which is only granted to the well-authenticated wife or child of an inmate. (The female prison is in an entirely separate wing of the building.) The enforcement of this rule is most rigid; and, while I am not inclined to be vainglorious, and do not doubt that other large domiciles in Paris are models of propriety and virtue, yet this I *do* say, that the domestic morals of Clichy may safely challenge a comparison with those of Paris generally. I might put

the case more strongly, but it is best to keep within the truth.

So with regard to liquor. They keep saying there is no Prohibitory Law in France; but they mistake, if Clichy is in France.

No ardent spirits are brought into this well-regulated establishment, unless for medical use, except in express violation of law; and the search and seizure clauses here are a great deal more vigorous and better enforced than in Maine. I know a little is smuggled in notwithstanding, mainly by officials, for money goes a great way in France; but no woman comes in without being felt all over (by a woman) for concealed bottles of liquor. There was a small flask on our (private) dinner-table to-day of what was called brandy, and smelt like a compound of spirits of turpentine and diluted aqua-fortis (for adulteration is a vice which prevails even here); but not a glass is now smuggled in where a gallon used to come in boldly under the protection of law. Wine, being here esteemed a necessity, is allowed in moderation; no inmate to have more than one bottle per day, either of ten-sous or twenty-sous wine, according to his taste or means—no better and no more.

I don't defend the consistency of these regulations; we do some things better in America than even in Clichy; but here drunkenness is absolutely prevented, and riotous living suppressed by a sumptuary law far more stringent than any of our States ever tried. And, mind you, this is no criminal prison; but simply a house of detention for those who happen to have less money than others would like to extract from their pockets, many of whom do not pay, simply because they do not owe. So, if any one tells you again that Liquor Prohibition is a Yankee novelty, just ask him what he knows of Clichy.

I know that cookery is a point of honor with the French, and rightly, for they approach it with the inspiration of genius.

Sad am I to say that I find no proof of this eminence in Clichy, and am forced to the conclusion that to be in debt and unable to pay, does not qualify even a Frenchman in the culinary art. My auxiliary doubtless does his best, but his resources are limited, and fifty fellows dancing round one range, with only a few pots and kettles among them, probably confuses him.

Even one dinner to-day (four of us—two Yankees, an English merchant, and an Italian banker—dined *en famille* in No 98,) on what we ordered from an out-door restaurant, (such are the prejudices of education and habit,) and paid fifty sous each for, did not seem to be the thing. The gathering of knives, forks, spoons, bottles, etc., from Nos. 82, 63 and 139, to set the common table, was the freshest feature of the spread.



The sitting was nevertheless a pleasant one, and an Englishman joined us after the cloth was (figuratively) removed, who was much the cleverest man of the party. This man's case is so instructive that I must make room for it. He has been everywhere, and knows everything; but is especially strong in chemistry and metallurgy. A few weeks ago he was a coke-burner at Rouen, doing an immense and profitable business, till a heavy debtor failed, which frightened his partner into running off with all the cash of the concern, and my friend was compelled to stop payment. He called together the creditors, eighty in number, (their banker alone was in for forty-five thousand francs,) and said: "Here is my case; appoint your own receiver, conduct the business wisely, and all will be paid."

Every man at once assented, and the concern was at once put in train of liquidation. But a discharged employee of the concern, at this moment owing to fifteen thousand francs now in judgment, said: "Here is my chance for revenge;" so he had my friend arrested and put here as a foreign debtor, though he has been for years in most extensive business in France, and was, up to the date of his bankruptcy, paying the government fifteen hundred francs for annual license for the privilege of employing several hundred Frenchmen in transforming valueless peat into coke. He will get out by and by, and may prosecute his persecutor; but the latter is utterly irresponsible; and meantime a most extensive business is being wound up at Rouen, by a receiver, with the only man qualified to oversee and direct the affair in close jail at Paris. This is but one case among many such. I always hated and condemned imprisonment for debt untainted by fraud—above all, for suspicion of debt—but I never so well knew *why* I hated it as now.

There are other cases and classes very different from this—gay lads, who are working out debts which they never would have paid otherwise; for here in Clichy every man actually adjudged guilty of indebtedness, is sentenced to stay a certain term, in the discretion of the court, never more than ten years. The creditors of some would like to coax them out to-morrow; but they are not so soft as to go until the debt is worked out, so far, that is, that they can never again be imprisoned for it. The first question asked of a new-comer is, "Have you ever been here before?" and if he answers "Yes," the books are consulted; and if this debt was charged against him, then he is remorselessly turned into the street. No price would procure such a man a night's lodging in Clichy. Some are here who say their lives were so tormented by duns and writs, that they had a friendly creditor put them here for safety

from annoyance. And some of our humbler brethren, I am assured, having been once here, and earned four or five francs a day as auxiliaries, with cheap lodgings and a chance to forge off the plates of those they serve, actually get themselves put in because they can do so well nowhere else. A few days since, an auxiliary, who had aided and trusted a hard-up Englishman forty-eight francs on honor, (all debts contracted here are debts of honor purely, and therefore are always paid,) received a present of five hundred francs from the grateful obligee, when, a few days after, he received ample funds from his distant resources, paid everything, and went out with flying colors.

To return to my own matters; I have been all day convincing one party of friends after another as they called, that I do not yet need their generously proffered money or names—that I will put up no security, and take no step whatever, until I can consult a good French lawyer, see where I stand, and get a judicial hearing if possible. I know the Judge did not mean nor expect that I should be sent here, when I left his presence last evening; I want to be brought before him forthwith on a plea of urgency, which cannot so well be made if I am at liberty. If he says that I am properly held in duress, then bailing out will do little good; for forty others all about me either have or think they have claims against the Crystal Palace for the damage or non-return of articles exhibited; if I am personally liable to these, all France becomes a prison to me. When I have proper legal advice, I shall know what to do; until then, it is safest to do nothing. Even at the worst, I hate to have any one put up 12,000 francs for me as several are willing to do, until I am sure there is no alternation. I have seen so much mischief from going security, that I dread to ask it when I can possibly do without.

“Help one another” is a good rule, but abominably abused. A man in trouble is too apt to fly at once to his friends; hence, half a dozen get in where there need have been but one. There is no greater device for multiplying misery, than misused sympathy. Better first see if you cannot shoulder your own pack.

#### OUT OF CLICHY.

Monday eve, June 4, 1855.

Things have worked to-day very much as I had hoped and calculated. Friends had been active in quest of such lawyers as I needed, and two of the right sort were with me at a seasonable hour this morning. At three o'clock they had a hearing before the

judge, and we were all ready for it, thanks to friends inside of the gratings as well as out. Judge Piatt's official certificate, as to the laws of our State governing the liability of corporators, has been of vital service to me; and when my lawyers asked, "Where is your evidence that the effects of the New York Association are now in the hands of a receiver?" I answered: "The gentleman who was talking with me in the visitors' room when you came in and took me away, knows that perfectly; perhaps he is still there." I was at once sent for him, and found him there. Thus all things conspired for good; and at four o'clock my lawyers and friends came to Clichy to bid me walk out, without troubling my friends for any security or deposit whatever. So I guess my last chance of ever learning French is gone by the board.

Possibly, I have given too much prominence to the brighter side of life in Clichy, for that seemed most to need a discoverer; let me put a little shading into the picture at the finish.

There is a fair barber's shop in one cell in Clichy which was yesterday in full operation; so, expecting to be called in personally before the Judge, and knowing that I must meet many friends, I walked down stairs to be shaved, and was taken rather aback by the information that the barber had been set at liberty last evening, and there was not a man left in this whole concourse of practical ability to take his place. So there are imperfections in the social machinery even in Clichy.

Fourier was right; it will take 1.728 persons (the cube of 12,) to form a perfect Social Phalanx; hence, all attempts to do it with two hundred or less fail, and must fail.

We had about 144 in Clichy this morning—men of more than average capacity; still there are hitches, as we have seen. I think I have learned more there than in any two previous days of my life; I never was busier; and yet I should feel that all over a week spent there would be a waste of time.

Let me close by stating that arrangements were made at once for the liberation of the only American I found or left there; the first, I believe, who had been seen inside of the middle grating for months.

For this he will be mainly indebted to the generosity of Messrs. Green & Co., bankers, but others are willing to co-operate. I fear he might have stayed some time, had not my position brought him into contact with men whom his pride would not permit him to apply to, yet who will not let him stay here. I am well assured that he comes out to-night.

It was at first supposed that the arrest of Mr. GREELEY originated from some political motive, and the event created a general excitement among the Americans in Paris, and there were offers on all sides, of money and assistance to effect his release. The affair, however, terminated satisfactorily and without a great deal of personal inconvenience. Mr. GREELEY obtained a novel interesting experience in Parisian life. A rather tedious suit followed his release, but was finally brought to an end in Mr. GREELEY'S favor, and through the aid of the Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, of Illinois, who was in Paris at the time, and documentary evidence obtained from New York. After leaving Paris Mr. GREELEY visited Switzerland, and finally returned to London, where he spent some weeks and then embarked at Liverpool for home, which he reached in safety after an absence of about three months. During this European tour, as on his first, Mr. GREELEY wrote letters constantly to his paper, full of interesting observation and graphic description.

#### AT WASHINGTON.

The agitation of the slavery question, for many years before the time of which we are now writing, had been gradually deepening in earnestness and intensity, and as we before indicated the *Tribune*, wielded by the powerful intellect of HORACE GREELEY, was in the van of the opposition to the system. Already an embittered feeling existed between the two political parties representing each side of the great controversy, and in the debates in Congress on the subject, and elsewhere, there were unmistakable indications of the irreconcilable differences of opinion, which in after years had a dreadful climax in war and bloodshed. During the administrations of Pierce and Buchanan, the crisis drew on, and mainly owing to this state of affairs Mr. GREELEY spent much of his time in Washington, an attentive observer of the proceedings of Congress, and an active and pungent writer for the *Tribune*. During the contest for the speakership, which resulted in the election of the Hon. N. P. Banks, he made some severe strictures on a resolution introduced by Albert Rust, member of Congress from

Arkansas, and intended to induce Mr. Banks to withdraw, and which were published in the *Tribune* of January 26th, 1856. The result was a violent personal attack on Mr. GREELEY by Wm. Rust in the precincts of the capitol, which created an intense excitement at the time. Rust first accosted Mr. GREELEY as he was coming from the House, after adjournment.

Is your name GREELEY ?

Yes!

Are you a non-combatant ?

That is according to circumstances !

Thereupon the questioner struck him a violent blow on the head, and followed it rapidly with two or three more before Mr. GREELEY could draw his hands from his pockets, for he had not changed his position when the stranger approached, not having an idea of violence. He was staggered by the blows, and before any further collision between the parties, several friends interfered and separated them. Mr. GREELEY walked on towards the National Hotel, and getting into a crowd of strangers, Rust again approached him and struck him several times with a cane ; but as Mr. GREELEY was endeavoring to close with him, several persons rushed between, and they were separated. In giving an account of the cowardly attack, Mr. GREELEY said, " I presume this is not the last outrage to which I am to be subjected. I came here with a clear understanding that it was about whether I should or should not be allowed to go home alive ; for my business here is to unmask hypocrisy, defeat treachery and rebuke meanness, and these are not dainty employments even in smoother times than ours. \* \* \* I shall carry no weapons, and engage in no brawls, but if ruffians waylay and assail me, I shall certainly not run, and so far as able I shall defend myself." He was not seriously injured by the attack, but the indignant sympathy of the people was none the less awakened in his behalf, and the press generally denounced the conduct of Rust in the strongest terms. Mr. GREELEY refused even to prosecute his ruffianly assailant for excellent reasons, which appeared in the *Tribune*.

As further illustrating the feeling in some Southern States at this time against the *Tribune* and its editor, we may mention that in September, 1856, W. P. Hall, living at Shinnston, Va., was indicted for getting up a club for the *Tribune*. Also Ira Hart, of Clarksburg, Va., and finally the same Grand Jury wound up by formally presenting HORACE GREELEY of New York as the editor and promulgator.

#### ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

On 9th May, 1859, HORACE GREELEY left New York on his memorable trip across the Plains to California. At that time the various features in such a journey were not as familiar to the public generally as they are now, and his interesting descriptive letters to the *Tribune* had a very wide circulation.

The following extracts from them are sufficient to furnish a comprehensive sketch of this Western tour of the abolition document, the *Tribune* calculated "to advise and incite negroes in this State to rebel and make insurrection." Notwithstanding all this, however, the *Tribune* continued to oppose the schemes of the Southern slaveholders, although in discussing questions connected with slavery, its tone was moderate but determined. A glance at the numerous letters, articles, and other writings of the editor of the *Tribune* about this time, shows the immense work he performed in the interests of human freedom, and against slavery in the South:

#### OUTSKIRTS OF CIVILIZATION.

I believe I have now descended the ladder of artificial life nearly to its lowest round. If the Cheyennes—thirty of whom stopped the last express down on the route we must traverse, and tried to beg or steal from it—should see fit to capture and strip us, we should of course have further experience in the same line; but for the present, the progress I have made during the last fortnight toward the primitive simplicity of human existence, may be roughly noted thus:

May 12th, CHICAGO.—Chocolate and morning newspapers last seen at the breakfast-table.

23d, LEAVENWORTH.—Room-bells and baths make their last appearance.

24th, TOPEKA.—Beefsteak and washbowls (other than tin,) last visible. Barber ditto.

26th, MANHATTAN.—Potatoes and eggs last recognized among the blessings that “brighten as they take their flight.” Chairs ditto.

27th, JUNCTION CITY.—Last visitation of a bootblack, with dissolving views of a board bedroom. Chairs bid us good-bye.

28th, PIPE CREEK.—Benches for seats at meals have disappeared, giving place to bags and boxes.

We (two passengers of a scribbling turn,) write our letters in the express wagon that has borne us by day, and must supply us lodgings for the night.

Thunder and lightning, from both south and west, give strong promise of a shower before morning.

Dubious looks at several holes in the canvas-covering of the wagon.

Our trust is in buoyant hearts and an India rubber blanket.

#### THE BUFFALO.

All day yesterday they darkened the earth around us, often seeming to be drawn up like an army in battle array, on the ridges and adown their slopes a mile or so south of us—often on the north as well.

They are rather shy of the little screens of straggling timber on the creek bottoms—doubtless from their sore experience of Indians lurking therein, to discharge arrows at them as they went down to drink.

If they feed in the grass of the narrow valleys and ravines, they are careful to have a part of the herd on the ridges which overlook them, and with them the surrounding country for miles; and when an alarm is given, they all rush furiously off in the direction which the leaders presume that of safety.

This is what gives us such excellent opportunities for regarding them to the best advantage. They are moving northward, and are still mainly south of our track.

Whenever alarmed, they set off on their awkward but effective canter to the great herds still south, or to haunts with which they are comparatively familiar, and wherein they have hitherto found safety.

Of course, this sends those north of us across our way, often but

a few rods in front of us, even when they had started a mile away. Then a herd will commence running across a hundred rods ahead of us, and, the whole blindly following their leader, we will be close upon them before the last will have cleared the track.

Of course, they sometimes stop and tack, or seeing us, sheer off and cross farther ahead, or split into two lines; but the general impulse, when alarmed, is to follow blindly and at full speed, seeming not to inquire or consider from what quarter danger is to be apprehended.

What strikes the stranger with most amazement, is their immense numbers. I know a million is a great many, but I am confident we saw that number yesterday. Certainly, all we saw could not have stood on ten square miles of ground. Often the country for miles on either hand seemed quite black with them.

The soil is rich, and well matted with their favorite grass. Yet it is all (except a very little, on the creek bottoms, near to timber,) eaten down like an overtaxed sheep-pasture in a dry August.

Consider that we have traversed more than one hundred miles in width since we first struck them, and that for most of this distance the buffalo have been constantly in sight, and that they continue for some twenty-five miles farther on—this being the breadth of their present range, which has a length of perhaps a thousand miles, and you have some approach to an idea of their countless millions.

I doubt whether the domesticated horned cattle of the United States equal the numbers, while they must fall considerably short in weight, of these wild ones.

Margaret Fuller long ago observed that the Illinois prairies seemed to repel the idea of being new to civilized life and industry; that they, with their borders of trees and belts of timber, reminded the traveler rather of the parks and spacious fields of an old country like England; that you were constantly on the involuntary lookout for the chateaux, or at least the humbler farm-houses, which should diversify such a scene.

True as this is or was in Illinois, the resemblance is far more striking here; where the grass is all so closely pastured, and the cattle are seen in such vast herds on every ridge.

The timber, too, aids the resemblance; seeming to have been reduced to the last degree consistent with the wants of a growing country, and to have been left only on the steep creek banks where grass would not grow. It is hard to realize that this is the centre of a region of wilderness and solitude, so far as the labors of civil-



ized men are concerned—that the first wagon passed through it some two months ago.

But the utter absence of houses or buildings of any kind, and our unabridged, unworked road, winding on its way for hundreds of miles, without a track other than of buffalo intersecting or leading away from it on either hand, brings us back to the reality.

I shall pass lightly over the hunting exploits of our party. A good many shots have been fired—of course not by me; even were I in the habit of making war on wild nature's children, I would as soon think of shooting my neighbor's oxen as those great clumsy, harmless creatures. If they were scarce, I might comprehend the idea of hunting them for sport; here, they are so abundant that you might as well hunt your neighbor's geese.

And, while there have been several shots fired by our party at point-blank distance, I have reason for my hope that no buffalo has experienced any personal inconvenience therefrom.

#### MISHAP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Two evenings since, just as we were nearing Station 17, where we were to stop for the night, my fellow passenger and I had a jocular discussion on the gullies into which we were so frequently plunged, to our personal discomfort.

He premised that it was a consolation that the sides of these gullies could not be worse than perpendicular; to which I replied with the assertion that they could be and were; for instance, where a gully, in addition to its perpendicular descent, had an inclination of forty-five degrees or so to one side the track.

Just then a violent lurch of the wagon to one side, then to the other, in descending one of these jolts, enforced my position. Two minutes later, as we were about to descend the steep bank of the creek intervale, the mules acting perversely, my friend stepped out to take them by the head, leaving me alone in the wagon.

Just then we began to descend the steep pitch, the driver pulling up with all his might, when the left rein of the leaders broke, and the team was in a moment sheered out of the road and ran diagonally down the pitch. In a second the wagon went over, hitting the ground a most spiteful blow. I, of course, went over with it; and when I rose to my feet, as soon as possible, considerably bewildered and disheveled, the mules had been disengaged by the upset, and were making good time across the prairie, while the driver, considerably hurt, was getting out from under the carriage to limp after them.

I had a slight cut on my left cheek, and a worse one below the left knee, with a pretty smart concussion generally but not a bone started nor a tendon strained, and I walked away to the station as firmly as ever, leaving the superintendent and my fellow-passenger to pick up the pieces, and guard the baggage from the Indians, who instantly swarmed about the wreck.

I am sore yet, and a little lame, but three or four day's rest—if I can get it—will make all right.

#### CONGRESSIONAL DOCUMENTS ON THE PLAINS.

Of the seventeen bags on which I have ridden for the last four days, at least sixteen are filled with large bound books, mainly Patent Office Reports, I judge, but all of them undoubtedly works ordered printed at the public cost—*your* cost, reader!—by Congress, and now on the way to certain favored Mormons, franked, (by proxy) "Pub. Doc. *Free* J. M. Bernhisel, M. C." I do not blame Mr. B. for clutching his share of this public plunder, and distributing it so as to increase his own popularity and importance; but I *do* protest against this business of printing books by wholesale at the cost of the whole people, for free distribution to a part only. It is every way wrong and pernicious.

Of the \$190,000 per annum paid for carrying the Salt Lake mail, nine-tenths is absorbed in the cost of carrying these franked documents to people who contribute little or nothing to the support of the government in any way.

Is this fair? Each Patent Office Report will have cost the Treasury four or five dollars by the time it reaches its destination, and will not be valued by the receiver at twenty-five cents.

Why should this business go on? Why not "reform it altogether?" Let Congress print whatever documents are needed for its own information, and leave the people to choose and buy for themselves?

I have spent four days and five nights in close contact with the sharp edges of Mr. Bernhisel's "Pub. Doc.;" have done my very utmost to make them present a smooth, or at least endurable surface; and I am sure there is no slumber to be extracted therefrom unless by reading them—a desperate resort, which no rational person would recommend.

For all practical purposes they might as well—now that the printer has been paid for them—be where I heartily wish they were—in the bottom of the sea.

## INTERVIEW WITH THE MORMON PROPHET.

My friend, Dr. Bernhisel, M. C., took me this afternoon, by appointment, to meet Brigham Young, President of the Mormon Church, who had expressed a willingness to receive me at 2 P. M.

We were very cordially welcomed at the door by the President, who led us into the second-story parlor of the largest of his houses (he has three,) where I was introduced to Heber C. Kimball, General Wells, General Furguson, Albert Carrington, Elias Smith, and several other leading men in the Church, with two full-grown sons of the President.

After some un-important conversation on general topics, I stated that I had come in quest of fuller knowledge respecting the doctrines and policy of the Mormon Church, and would like to ask some questions bearing directly on these, if there were no objections.

President Young avowing his willingness to respond to all pertinent inquiries, the conversation proceeded substantially as follows:

H. G.—Am I to regard Mormonism (so called) as a new religion, or as simply a new development of Christianity?

B. Y.—We hold that there can be no true Christian Church without a priesthood directly commissioned by and in immediate communication with the Son of God and Savior of mankind. Such a church is that of the Latter-Day Saints, called by their enemies Mormons; we know no other that even pretends to have present and direct revelations of God's will.

H. G.—Then I am to understand that you regard all other churches professing to be Christian, as the Church of Rome regards all churches not in communion with itself—as schismatic, heretical, and out of the way of salvation?

B. Y.—Yes; substantially.

H. G.—Apart from this; in what respect do your doctrines differ essentially from those of our orthodox Protestant Churches—the Baptist or Methodist, for example?

B. Y.—We hold the doctrines of Christianity, as revealed in the Old and New Testaments, also in the Book of Mormon, which teaches the same cardinal truths, and those only.

H. G.—Do you believe in the doctrine of the Trinity

B. Y.—We do; but not exactly as it is held by other churches. We believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, as equal, but not identical—nor as one person [being]. We believe in all the Bible teaches on this subject.

H. G.—Do you believe in a personal Devil, a distinct, conscious, spiritual being, whose nature and acts are essentially malignant and evil?

B. Y.—We do.

H. G.—Do you hold the doctrine of eternal punishment?

B. Y.—We do; though perhaps not exactly as other churches do. We believe it as the Bible teaches it.

H. G.—I understand that you regard baptism by immersion as essential.

B. Y.—We do.

H. G.—Do you practice infant baptism?

B. Y.—No.

H. G.—Do you make removal to these valleys obligatory on your converts?

B. Y.—They would consider themselves greatly aggrieved if they were not invited hither. We hold to such a gathering together of God's people as the Bible fortells; and that this is the place, and now is the time appointed for its consummation.

H. G.—The predictions to which you refer have usually, I think, been understood to indicate Jerusalem (or Judea) as the place of such gathering.

B. Y.—Yes, for the Jews; not for others.

H. G.—What is the position of your Church with respect to slavery?

B. Y.—We consider it of Divine institution, and not to be abolished until the curse pronounced on Ham shall have been removed from his descendants.

H. G.—Are any slaves now held in this Territory?

B. Y.—There are.

H. G.—Do your Territorial laws uphold slavery?"

B. Y.—Those laws are printed, you can read for yourself. If slaves are brought here by those who owned them in the States, we do not favor their escape from the service of those owners.

H. G.—Am I to infer that Utah, if admitted as a member of the Federal Union, will be a slave State?

B. Y.—No; she will be a free State.

Slavery here would prove useless and unprofitable. I regard it generally as a curse to the masters. I myself hire many laborers, and pay them fair wages; I could not afford to own them. I can do better than subject myself to an obligation to feed and clothe their families, to provide and care for them in sickness and health. Utah is not adapted to slave labor.

H. G.—Let me now be enlightened with regard more especially to your church polity.

I understand that you require each member to pay over one-tenth of all the produces or earns to the church.

B. Y.—That is a requirement of our faith.

There is no compulsion as to the payment. Each member acts in the premises according to his pleasure, under the dictates of his own conscience.

H. G.—What is done with the proceeds of this tithing?

B. Y.—Part of it is devoted to building temples and other places of worship; part to helping the poor and needy converts on their way to this country; and the largest portion to the support of the poor among the Saints.

H. G.—Is none of it paid to bishops and other dignitaries of the church?

B. Y.—Not one penny. No bishop, no elder, no deacon, or other church officer, receives any compensation for his official services. A bishop is often required to put his hand in his own pocket, and provide therefrom for the poor of his charge; but he never receives anything for his services.

H. G.—How, then, do your ministers live?

B. Y.—By the labor of their own hands, like the first apostles. Every bishop, every elder, may be daily seen at work in the field or the shop, like his neighbors; every minister of the church has his proper calling by which he earns the bread of his family; he who cannot or will not do the church's work for nothing is not wanted in her service; even our lawyers (pointing to General Ferguson and another present, who are the regular lawyers of the church) are paid nothing for their services; I am the only person in the church who has not a regular calling apart from the church's service, and I never received one farthing from her treasury; if I obtain anything from the tithing-house, I am charged with and pay for it, just as any one else would; the clerks in the tithing-store are paid like other clerks, but no one is ever paid for any service pertaining to the ministry.

We think a man who cannot make his living aside from the ministry of Christ unsuited to that office.

I am called rich, and consider myself worth \$250,000; but no dollar of it was ever paid me by the church, or for any service as a minister of the everlasting gospel.

I lost nearly all I had when we were broken up in Missouri, and driven from that State. I was nearly stripped again when Joseph Smith was murdered, and we were driven from Illinois; but noth-

ing was ever made up to me by the church, nor by any one. I believe I know how to acquire property, and how to take care of it.

H. G.—Can you give me any rational explanation of the aversion and hatred with which your people are generally regarded by those among whom they have lived, and with whom they have been brought directly in contact?

B. Y.—No other explanation than is afforded by the crucifixion of Christ and the kindred treatment of God's ministers, prophets, and saints in all ages.

H. G.—I know that a new sect is always descried and traduced; that it is hardly ever deemed respectable to belong to one; that the Baptists, Quakers, Methodists, Universalists, &c., have each in their turn been regarded in the infancy of their sect as the off-scouring of the earth; yet I cannot remember that either of them were ever generally represented and regarded by the older sects of their early days as thieves, robbers, murderers.

B. Y.—If you will consult the contemporary Jewish accounts of the life and acts of Jesus Christ, you will find that he and his disciples were accused of every abominable deed and purpose—robbery and murder included. Such a work is still extant, and may be found by those who seek it.

H. G.—What do you say of the so-called Danites, or Destroying Angels, belonging to your Church?

B. Y.—What do *you* say? I know of no such band, no such persons or organization. I hear of them only in the slanders of our enemies.

H. G.—With regard, then, to the grave question on which your doctrines and practices are avowedly at war with those of the Christian world—that of a plurality of wives—is the system of your Church acceptable to the majority of its women?

B. Y.—They could not be more averse to it than I was when it was first revealed to me as the Divine will. I think they generally accept it, as I do, as the will of God.

H. G.—How general is polygamy among you?

B. Y.—I could not say. Some of these present (heads of the Church,) have each but one wife; others have more; each determines what is his individual duty.

H. G.—What is the largest number of wives belonging to any one man?

B. Y.—I have fifteen; I know no one who has more; but some of those sealed to me are old ladies, whom I regard rather as mothers than wives, but whom I have taken home to cherish and support.

H. G.—Does not the Apostle Paul say that a bishop should be “the husband of one wife?”

B. Y.—So we hold. We do not regard any but a married man as fitted for the office of bishop. But the apostle does not forbid a bishop having more wives than one.

H. G.—Does not Christ say that he who puts away his wife, or marries one whom another has put away, commits adultery?

B. Y.—Yes; and I hold that no man should ever put away a wife except for adultery—not always even for that.

Such is *my* individual view of the matter. I do not always say that wives have never been put away in our Church, but that I do not approve of the practice.

H. G.—How do you regard what is commonly termed the Christian Sabbath?

B. Y.—As a divinely appointed day of rest.

We enjoin all to rest from secular labor on that day. We would have no man enslaved to the Sabbath, but we enjoin all to respect and enjoy it.

#### HIS OPINION OF POLYGAMY.

I have enjoyed opportunities for visiting Mormons, and studying Mormonism in the homes of its votaries, and of discussing with them what the outside world regards as its distinguished feature, in the freedom of friendly, social intercourse.

In one instance, a veteran apostle of the faith, having first introduced to me a worthy matron of fifty-five or sixty—the wife of his youth, and the mother of his grown-up sons—as Mrs. T., soon after introduced a young and winning lady, of perhaps twenty-five summers, in these words: “Here is another Mrs. T.”

This lady is a recent emigrant from our State, of more than average powers of mind and graces of person, who came here with her brother, as a convert, a little over a year ago, and has been the sixth wife of Mr. T. since a few weeks after her arrival.

(The intermediate four wives of Elder T. live on a farm or farms some miles distant.) The manner of the husband was perfectly unconstrained and off-hand, throughout; but I could not well be mistaken in my convictions that both ladies failed to conceal dissatisfaction with their position in the eyes of their visitor and of the world.

They seemed to feel that it needed vindication. Their manner toward each other was most cordial and sisterly—sincerely so, I doubt not—but this is by no means the rule.

A Gentile friend, whose duties require him to travel widely over the Territory, informs me that he has repeatedly stopped with a Bishop, some hundred miles south of this, whose two wives he has never known to address each other, or evince the slightest cordiality during the hours he has spent in their society.

The Bishop's house consists of two rooms; and when my informant stayed there with a Gentile friend, the Bishop being absent, one wife slept in the same apartment with them, rather than in that, occupied by her double. I presume that an extreme case; but the spirit which impels it is not unusual.

I met this evening a large party of young people, consisting in nearly equal numbers of husbands and wives; but no husband was attended by more than one wife, and no gentleman admitted or implied, in our repeated and animated discussions of polygamy, that *he* had more than one wife.

And I was again struck by the circumstance that here, as heretofore, no woman indicated by word or look her approval of any argument in favor of polygamy.

That many women acquiesce in it as an ordinance of God, and have been drilled into a mechanical assent to the logic by which it is upheld, I believe; but that there is not a woman in Utah who does not in her heart wish that God had not ordained it, I am confident.

And quite a number of the young men treat it as a temporary or experimental arrangement, which is to be sustained or put aside as experience shall demonstrate its utility or mischief. One old Mormon farmer, with whom I discussed the matter privately, admitted that it was impossible for a poor working-man to have a well-ordered, well-governed household, where his children had two or more living mothers occupying the same ordinary dwelling.

On the whole, I conclude that polygamy, as it was a graft on the original stock of Mormonism, will be outlived by the root; that there will be a new revelation 'ere many years, whereby the Saints will be admonished to love and cherish the wives they already have, but not to marry any more beyond the natural assignment of one wife to each husband.

I regret that I have found time and opportunity to visit but one of the nineteen common schools of this city. This was thinly attended by children nearly all quite young, and of the most rudimentary attainments. Their phrenological development was, in the average, bad; I say this with freedom, since I have stated that those of the adults, as I noted them in the Tabernacle, were good.



But I am told that idiotic or malformed children are very rare, if not unknown here.

The male Saints emphasize the fact that a majority of the children born here are girls, holding it a proof that Providence smiles on their "peculiar institution;" I, on the contrary, maintain that such is the case in *all* polygamous countries, and proves simply a preponderance of vigor on the part of the mothers over that of the fathers, wherever this result is noted. I presume that a majority of the children of old husbands by young wives in any community are girls.

#### RECEPTION AT SACRAMENTO.

On Sunday the Committee of Arrangements held an informal meeting, and the Committee of Reception detailed to meet him at Folsom, were put in telegraphic communications with the master of ceremonies at Placerville; the result of which was an agreement, on the part of friends of the distinguished stranger in the latter city, to deliver him on Monday afternoon, in good order, and sound condition, by private conveyance, to such of his friends in Sacramento as should be in waiting at Folsom.

J. P. Robinson, Superintendent of the Sacramento Valley Railroad, placed a special train at the service of the Committee, with the freedom of the road to all they should invite to accompany them.

HORACE GREELEY passed the night, or such portion of it as he was allowed to have for himself, at the Cary House, and left Placerville at 11.20 A. M., in company with G. W. Swan of that city, in an open-front, two-horse carriage. At Mud Springs, about one hundred and fifty of the town's people and miners had assembled to greet him, under a banner stretched across the street. GREELEY did not, however, leave his seat; but exchanged salutations with the citizens at the door of the carriage.

On the way down the mountains, Mr. Swan's lively and observant companion noticed with frequent exclamations of wonder the enterprise and labor evinced in mining operations, and the miners apparatus for conveying water; spoke of the barrenness of the hillsides, but thought it strange that the fertile spots in the valleys should be left unoccupied by tillers of the soil after the miners had denuded the hillsides of gold; expressed great surprise, as all newcomers do, at the fine appearance of our cattle, contrasted with the apparent lean and dry pasturage; thought the fruit in the gardens by the roadsides looked astonishingly thrifty; and after some further observations of the same character, and partaking with a good appetite of the dinner served for him and his companion at

Paducah, the head of the great American press sank quietly back in one corner of the carriage, and was prone to indulge in such unrefreshing slumber as a warm day over a dusty and tiresome road can alone inspire.

While the editor of the New York *Tribune* slept, his friends were wide awake in the "City of the Plains."

At 2.30 P. M. the Reception Committee, and about twenty-five or thirty others whom they had invited, stepped into a special car, and, under the convoy of Superintendent Robinson, were soon flying on their road to Folsom.

The Committee reached Folsom in forty minutes by the superintendent's watch, and learned on arriving, that the "man with the white coat" had not yet made his appearance.

The receptionists strolled about the interesting town of Folsom, and, their hospitable ardor communicated to sundry of the inhabitants, the cannon was brought out, and soon a thundering report, which must have wakened GREELEY a mile distant, if he had slept until that time, announced that the friends of the great expected were ready to receive him with open arms.

At a quarter to four, a carriage drawn by a pair of roan-colored ponies drove at a pretty smart pace down the main street, and straight up to the depot.

By this time most of the Committee had wandered off in the vicinity of the bridge, so that when the proprietor of a little old glazed traveling-bag, marked "H. GREELEY, 154 Nassau street, New York, 1855," a very rusty and well-worn *white coat*, a still rustier and still more worn and faded blue cotton umbrella, together with a roll of blankets, were deposited from the carriage, there was no one present of the Committee to take him by the hand.

The crowd about the depot, however, closed in so densely that GREELEY was fain to make for the first open door that presented itself. This unfortunately happened to be the bar-room attached to the ticket-office; and here some of the Committee found him, with his back turned defiantly against the sturdy rows of bottles and decanters, talking informally with some friends who had been beforehand; and here the Committee seized their quest, and with considerable trepidation hurried him across to the hotel over the freight depot, followed by a large and increasing crowd. GREELEY was escorted to an upper room, where J. McClatchy, on behalf of the Committee, found opportunity to welcome him in set phrase, in about the following language.

“Mr. GREELEY: This Committee, chosen by the citizens of Sacramento, without regard to party, have waited upon you to bid you welcome to the capital of the State. The people of our city have long looked upon you as one of the noblest friends of California. They desire to show their appreciation of your labors in its behalf by giving you a cordial welcome. Arrangements have been made in our city to receive you and make your stay agreeable, and we are ready, at your leisure to escort you to the friends that are waiting your coming.

In their name, and in the name of this, their Committee, I welcome you to our city.”

Mr. GREELEY replied very nearly as follows:

“I should have been glad if I could have had my choice, to have avoided a formal reception, because it looks like parade, and gives an idea of seeking for glory, which is not a part of my plan in coming to California.

I shall be happy, however, to go with you, and to-night I would like to say something about the Pacific Railroad.

I am at your service, gentlemen, this evening, but I've got my business affairs to attend to afterwards.

I have not yet seen my letters; they are waiting for me in your city. I have other places to visit, and wish to see all I can, and meet all the friends I can, here and elsewhere.”

These remarks were delivered in the peculiar off-hand manner of the great reformer, and in the high key, and slender and wavering tones which are characteristic of his public speaking.

When he had finished, there was a little pause, as though each of the Committee was cogitating what next was to be done, when GREELEY broke in with the bluntness so often ascribed to him, “Well, I'm ready to go when you are.”

O. C. Wheeler, Secretary of the State Agricultural Society, now extended an invitation to him to accompany the visiting Committee on their rounds of visits among the farms and orchards of the State, setting out next week, which invitation GREELEY thought he would accept, but must take it under consideration.

After several persons had been introduced, GREELEY was escorted back to the depot, followed by “all Folsom for four miles back,” as one of the crowd declared.

Near the ticket-office, having signified to the Committee that he would like to say something to the people, Mr. Mooney of the Folsom Express enjoined silence, and GREELEY said:

“FELLOW CITIZENS: I know very well that occasions like this are not such as a person should choose for the purpose of

making a speech, and I do not wish to be regarded as having come among you for speech-making. I have come to your far-off land as an American comes to visit Americans. I don't have time to read books, and I want to learn what I can of the men and country. I have come to see by practical observation. I want to see the land which, during the last ten years, has furnished gold enough to check, if it could not entirely overcome, the tide of reverse following the commercial extravagance of the East.

One of the objects of my visit had been to see what it is practicable to accomplish for the Pacific Railroad. [Cheers.]

I know that great difficulties and obstacles lie in the way, but I also know that every addition of wealth and population on this side lessens those difficulties—every one hundred thousand souls you receive into your State, increases, not the necessity, for that has all along existed, but the imminence of that necessity, so to speak. It is a work which must be done in our day, and, if we live the ordinary lives of men, we shall see it accomplished. Every wave of emigration to your shores will beat down an obstacle.

I entreat you then, fellow-citizens, to go on and draw around you the means for this great fulfillment of the noble plan. Let us build up an American Republic, not as now, the two sides of a great desert, but let us make it a concentrated and harmonious whole. Those who come to join you here should not pursue the journey as now, wearily, sadly, and by slow degrees, over these great Plains. We must work with all our energies for the prosperity of the Pacific Railroad. [Cheers.]

I thank you for the manner in which you have welcomed me, and I shall return home to labor with increased vigor for the road, and for the success of the Union."

This short speech was greeted with hearty applause by over one hundred and fifty persons, who had assembled to catch a sight of the flaxen locks and benevolent face of HORACE GREELEY. At its close he was conducted into the car, and the Committee and their guest were soon on their way to this city, at a rattling pace.

The Committee of arrangements had prepared seven carriages to be in waiting at the depot, on the arrival of the car containing their guest. A telegraph dispatch announced the moment of his departure from Folsom. In less time than it had taken to go out, the whistle was heard announcing that the train was coming down the levee.

As the car approached the city, the Committee, who had up to this time been acting without much concert or regularity, found a rare subject for a concurrence of speech, at least, in GREELEY'S

old white coat and umbrella. Some of the ragged parts of the coat were converted into little mementoes by the more enterprising members of the Committee.

It was about five o'clock when the train reached the depot. GREELEY was handed into a carriage, accompanied by the Committee, distributed through the other vehicles, and was driven to the St. George Hotel, where rooms have been in keeping for him several days. In the parlor of this hotel a large crowd soon began to gather, and H. L. Nichols, President of the Board of Supervisors, making his appearance, with other members of the general Committee, was introduced to their guest, by D. Muker.

Dr. Nichols then made the following address :

“MR. GREELEY: It is with pleasure, sir, that, on behalf of the citizens of Sacramento, I welcome you to our city. It is probable that but few of us have had the honor of your personal acquaintance; but, sir, you are not unknown to us. You are known to us as you are known to the world at large; but *more particularly* are you known to us as the *true friend* of California, and as such we are ever proud to acknowledge you.

We thank you that you have taken sufficient interest in our welfare to leave your home in the great metropolis of the East, and wend your way across the Plains and rugged mountains that separate us, to visit us in our Western home. We trust that while you travel through our State you may not be disappointed with the progress which our citizens have made during the short time allowed them.

Perhaps you may be aware, sir, that the place which you now behold as the city of Sacramento, was but little more than ten years ago a vast plain, with here and there a few cloth tents, which were occupied by the hardy pioneers of the State.

We to-day, in size, claim to be the second city on the Pacific coast; our inhabitants number not less than 15,000; we have a property valuation of nearly \$10,000,000; we have erected comfortable dwellings for our families, and houses for places of business; reared numerous, and ample churches dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, and established schools for the education of our children—in fact, we enjoy most of the blessings that our sister cities in the East may lay claim to.

The hospitalities of this our city, I extend to you, and trust that during your sojourn here we may be enabled to make your stay pleasant and agreeable, so that when you return to your home in the East, and may have occasion to refer in memory to the few

days spent with us, your feelings may be rather of pleasure than of regret.

Now, sir, permit me again, in my own behalf of my fellow-citizens, to bid you a hearty and cordial welcome to the city of the Plains—the capital city of the Golden State.”

The address was followed by a round of applause, after which Mr. GREELEY spoke as follows:

Mr. CHAIRMAN:—It was observed by a great Southern statesman that the American Revolution was not that abnormal thing which we were disposed to think it. The Colony that stepped ashore on Plymouth Rock were no longer a Colony, but a State, from that hour. It is thus that American genius and American cultivation go before, and improvise the arts and a nation's polity. Ten years ago you were here familiar with hangings and mob law. I was in London, and I will remember the remark of a British nobleman, that your course was the proper working out of the old English law.

Men must obey the voice of the community, which is the law, in all cases; and, if they do not, they must suffer the penalty of their offending equally in orderly as well as in disorderly states of government.

The progress you have made in carrying out your principles of government successfully, is your highest triumph. Better than your gold or your thrift is the fact that here is a population, made up of New Englanders, men of the South, foreign-born, natives of China and almost every part of the globe, which gradually, through periods of disorder, you have reduced to the best forms of enlightenment, crystallizing them, so to speak, in a perfect and durable shape. I do think this is better than gold, for *that* the savages can dig.

Your schools, your churches, and your obedience to the laws, are your greatest wealth. And the secret of your success is, that labor here meets its just reward. California labor rejoices in that assurance.

I heard them talk of the “want of capital” in California. I do not think capital is necessary. When people want labor, and can get it, it is better than capital. [Applause.]

Your gold product gives assurance that the labor will always find this reward. At the same time, your gold gives an impulse to civilization, and I think it is safe to promise that your State will increase until it becomes the most populous in the Union. [Applause.] I came this long way not to see California alone. I wanted to see those interesting spaces where the most primitive

forms of life can be viewed and contrasted within the borders of our own Republic with the highest civilization. I wish to study men as I can see them in their cabins, and to improve by observation what I have been denied acquiring through books and the essays of wise men. I would gladly have come to your city as any stranger, satisfied with meeting here and there an old acquaintance, and so passed along without formality and public attention. I was aware that I knew some among you, but I had no idea of meeting so many old friends. And though I would have been glad to avoid a reception, still I cannot refuse to meet you in such a way as you think proper.

Gentlemen, I thank you for your kindness. I have done. [Applause.]

A large number of citizens, at the conclusion of his speech, were introduced to Mr. GREELEY. All who have known him in the East, remark that he has never appeared so hearty and well as at present. He looked somewhat jaded and dusty from his long ride, but showed no signs of weariness.

The crowd left him at 5 1-2, and he was not disturbed until he was waited upon to accompany a portion of the Committee to a very handsome dinner. About twenty guests sat down at 6 1-2, and, after dispatching the meal in a business-like way, GREELEY was permitted to retire, and make ready for the evening's address. From the rapidity with which this was done, it is fair to presume that he had only to get his hat.

A few minutes after eight he was on his way to Benton's Church. At the church he delivered a very able and telling speech upon the "Pacific Railroad."

#### COMMENTS OF THE SACRAMENTO UNION.

GREELEY has come and gone. He was here a little short of thirteen hours, during which time he held an informal levee, made a reception speech, partook of a special dinner, delivered an address, saw something of the city, opened and read his letters, partly arranged the programme of his journey through the State, and took a sufficient night's rest to enable him to be up at five the next morning and take his seat in the stage which left the next hour for Grass Valley, a journey of between sixty and seventy miles over a wearisome mountain road.

This dispatch is characteristic of the man. His prompt, business-like method, and his skill in crowding events into a narrow compass, not less than his facility of compressing facts and arguments in a short, off-hand speech would commend him to popular admira-

ration in this country, if he had no other qualities to support his fame. His brief personal intercourse with our citizens while here, and his practical suggestions on the Pacific Railroad, accompanied by the earnest and forcible manner of their delivery, have made a favorable impression in the community. At Folsom, where he was received by the Committee sent from this city, and where he volunteered a short address, the crowd were at first sensibly moved to attempt a little good-humored joking at the quaint personal appearance of the philosopher and his old style of oratory; but before he had finished his second or third sentence, their attention was very earnestly on the speaker, and he was interrupted as well as complimented at the close, by hearty cheering.

This good opinion appears to extend to all classes, if we except the ultra Southern politicians; and a general wish is felt to hear further from this editor, who writes for, and is believed by 220,000 "subscribers," and who has taken the field in person and in our midst, a Peter the Hermit in enthusiasm for the Pacific Railroad.

While this "abolition editor," this "wretched fanatic," according to that moderate Lecompton organ, the *San Francisco Herald*, is appealing to our national sympathies on this railroad question, declaring that it is not a question of localities; that, whether it runs to New York, or to San Antonio, Texas, (the favorite route of the *San Francisco Herald*,) it would be all the same; the contrast presented by our Democratic Senator and Congressmen, who are now addressing the people, is peculiarly striking.

The one, strong in honest purpose, and full of nervous energy pressing the need of this road, and the duty of our citizens toward the government; the others not deigning to give even an explanation of their views and the policy of thousands of our countrymen in the East.

Neither the views nor the personal influence of our Lecompton delegates to the next Congress will be of any practical benefit to the road, admitting (which we do not) that they are its sincere and disinterested friends.

The notable circumstance that the editor of the *Tribune* is endeavoring to arouse the country in behalf of a Pacific Railroad, immediately on his arrival at the end of his long journey, almost before he has brushed the dust of travel from his garments, will carry greater weight with it in the East than all Gwin has ever said, or can say, in Congress. It will be personal testimony in favor of the enterprise of the strongest kind.



## IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

The night was clear and bright, as all summer nights in this region are; the atmosphere cool, but not really cold; the moon had risen before seven o'clock, and was shedding so much light as to bother us in our forest path, where the shadow of a standing pine looked exceedingly like the substance of a fallen one, and many semblances were unreal and misleading. The safest course was to give your horse a full rein, and trust to his sagacity or self-love for keeping the trail.

As we descended by zig-zags the north face of the all but perpendicular mountain, our moonlight soon left us, or was present only by reflection from the opposite cliff. Soon the trail became at once so steep, so rough, and so tortuous, that we all dismounted; but my attempt at walking proved a miserable failure. I had been riding with a bad Mexican stirrup, which barely admitted the toes of my left foot, and continual pressure on these had sprained and swelled them so that walking was positive torture. I persisted in the attempt till my companions insisted on my remounting; and thus floundering slowly to the bottom.

By steady effort we descended the three miles (4,000 feet perpendicular) in two hours, and stood at midnight by the rushing, roaring waters of the Mercede.

That first full, deliberate gaze up the opposite height! can I ever forget it? The valley is here scarcely half a mile wide, while its northern wall of mainly naked, perpendicular granite is at least 4,000 feet high, probably more. But the modicum of moonlight that fell into this awful gorge, gave to that precipice a vagueness of outline, an indefinite vastness, a ghostly and wierd spirituality. Had the mountain spoken to me in audible voice, or began to lean over with the purpose of burying me beneath its crushing mass, I should hardly have been surprised. Its whiteness, thrown into bold relief by the patches of trees or shrubs, which fringed or flecked it wherever a few handfuls of its moss, slowly decomposed to earth, could contrive to hold on, continually suggested the presence of snow, which suggestion, with difficulty reputed, was at once renewed. And looking up the valley, we saw just such mountain precipices, barely separated by intervening water-courses (mainly dry at this season) of inconsiderable depth, and only receding sufficiently to make room for a very narrow meadow enclosing the river, to the farthest limit of vision.

We discussed the propriety of camping directly at the foot of the

pass, but decided against it, because of the inadequacy of the grass at this point for our tired, hungry beasts, and resolved to push on to the nearest of the two houses in the valley, which was said to be four miles distant. To my dying day I shall remember that weary, interminable ride up the valley.

We had been on foot since daylight; it was now past midnight; all were nearly used up, and I in torture from over eleven hours' steady riding on the hardest trotting horse in America. Yet we pressed on and on, through clumps of trees, and bits of forest, and patches of meadow, and over hillocks of mountain *debris*, mainly granite boulders of every size, often nearly as round as cannonballs, forming all but perpendicular banks to the capricious torrent that brought them hither—those stupendous precipices on either side glaring down upon us all the while. How many times our heavy eyes—I mean those of my San Francisco friend and my own—were lighted up by visions of that intensely desired cabin, visions which seemed distinct and unmistakable, but which, alas! a nearer view proved to be made up of moonlight and shadow, rock and tree, into which they faded one after another. It seemed at length that we should never reach the cabin, and my wavering mind recalled elfish German stories of the wild huntsman, and of men who, having accepted invitations to a midnight chase, found on their return that said chase had been prolonged till all their relatives and friends were dead, and no one could be induced to recognize or recollect them. Gladly could I have thrown myself recklessly from the saddle and lain where I fell till morning, but this would never answer, and we kept steadily on :

“Time and the hour wear out the longest day.”

At length the *real* cabin—one made of posts and beams and whipsawed boards, instead of rock, and shadow, and moonshine—was reached, and we all eagerly dismounted, turning out our weary steeds into abundant grass, and stirring up the astonished landlord, who had never before received guests at that unusual hour. (It was after 1 A. M.) He made us welcome, however, to his best accommodations, which would have found us lenient critics even had they been worse, and I crept into my rude but clean bed so soon as possible, while the rest awaited the preparation of some refreshment for the inner man.

There was never a dainty that could have tempted me to eat at that hour. I am told that none ever before traveled from Bear Valley to the Yosemite in one day—I am confident no greenhorns ever did. The distance can hardly exceed thirty miles by an air

line; but only a bird could traverse that line; while, by way of Mariposa and the South Fork, it must be fully sixty miles, with a rise and fall of not less than 20,000 feet.

The *Fall* of the Yosemite, so called, is a humbug. It is not the Merced River that makes this fall, but a mere tributary trout-brook, which pitches in from the north by a barely once broken descent of 2,600 feet, while the Merced enters the valley at its eastern extremity, over the falls of 600 and 250 feet. But a river thrice as large as the Merced at this season would be utterly dwarfed by all the other accessories of this prodigious chasm. Only a Mississippi or a Niagara could be adequate to their exactions.

I readily concede that a hundred times the present amount of water may roll down the Yosemite fall in the months of May and June, when the snows are melting from the central ranges of the Sierra Nevada, which bound this abyss on the East; but this would not add a fraction to the wonder of this vivid exemplification of the Divine power and majesty.

At present, the little streams that leap down the Yosemite, and is all but shattered to mist by the amazing descent, looks more like a tape-line let down from the cloud-capped height to measure the depth of the abyss.

The Yosemite *Valley* (or gorge) is the most unique and majestic of nature's marvels; but the Yosemite *Fall* is of little account. Were it absent, the valley would not be perceptibly less worthy of a fatiguing visit.

We traversed the valley from end to end next day, but an accumulation of details on such a subject only serves to confuse and blunt the observer's powers of perception and appreciation.

Perhaps the visitor who should be content with a long look into the abyss from the most convenient height, without having the toil of a descent, would be wiser than all of us; and yet that first glance upward from the foot will long haunt me as more impressive than any look downward from the summit could be.

I shall not multiply details, not waste paper in noting all the foolish names which foolish people have given to different peaks or turrets. Just think of two giant stone towers or pillars, which rise a thousand feet above the towering cliff which forms their base, being styled "The Two Sisters!"

Could anything be more maladroit and lackadaisical?

"The Dome" is a high, round, naked peak, which rises between the Merced and its little tributary from the inmost recesses of the Sierra Nevada already instanced, and which towers to an altitude

of over five thousand feet above the waters of its base. Picture to yourself a perpendicular wall of bare granite, nearly or quite a mile high.

Yet there are some dozen or score of peaks in all; ranging from three thousand to five thousand feet above the valley, and a biscuit, tossed from any of them would strike very near its base, and its fragments go bounding and falling still farther.

I certainly miss here the glaciers of Chamouni; but I know no single wonder of nature on earth which can claim a superiority over the Yosemite. Just dream yourself for one hour in a chasm nearly ten miles long, with egress for birds and water out either extremity, and none elsewhere save at three points, up the face of precipices from three thousand to four thousand feet high, the chasm scarcely more than a mile wide at any point, and tapering to a mere gorge or canyon at either end, with walls of mainly naked and perpendicular white granite, from three thousand to five thousand feet high, so that looking up to the sky from it is like looking out of an unfathomable profound, and you will have some conception of the Yosemite.

We dined at two o'clock, and then rode leisly down the valley, gazing by daylight at the wonders we had previously passed in the night. The spectacle was immense; but I still think the moonlight view the more impressive.

#### AT SAN FRANCISCO.

Mr. GREELEY was heartily welcomed at San Francisco, and displayed his usual good sense and taste in responding to the public feeling. The following is taken from the *Bulletin* of that city, descriptive of his appearance at a public meeting:

The Grand Pacific Railroad mass meeting, which took place on the evening of 17th August, in front of the Oriental, on the occasion of the public appearance in San Francisco of the Hon. HORACE GREELEY, was an imposing demonstration, and in all respects a decided success. By 7 1-2 o'clock the people had collected in vast numbers, and the plaza and street in front of the hotel were crowded. There must have been, at a fair computation, five thousand people present; and all manifested much interest in the great object for which the meeting was called, and in the man who was to address them.

The Oriental Hotel was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion. Between the pillars of the veranda were hung many Japanese lanterns, and the balustrades were filled with lamps.

As it was known many ladies would be present, seats were placed on the balcony for them; and long before the speaker commenced, these, and the windows and rooms opening upon them, were filled.

Among the ladies of the balcony, A. J. King, the stock-broker, happened to be espied by the crowd, and loud cries "Put him out," "How's your toenails," and other such expressions were heard, and for some time the audience was very boisterous at the notorious broker's expense. This, however, was before the meeting organized.

At eight o'clock, Ira P. Rankin stepped forward upon the platform, and nominated a president and officers of the meeting.

As soon as the meeting was organized, Mr. GREELEY made his appearance upon the stand which had been erected in front of the hotel, and was raised about six feet above the street.

His appearance was greeted with prolonged cheers. Colonel Crockett stepped forward for the purpose of introducing the speaker; but the crowd was so anxious to see and hear Mr. GREELEY, that for a few minutes he could not be heard. The more distant portions of the assembly cried, "We cannot see Mr. GREELEY," "Take the balcony," "We want to see him." Colonel Crockett replied that Mr. GREELEY protested that he could not be heard from the balcony. The crowd seemed determined that they would see the speaker, and hurrahed and vociferated until the President stated that Mr. GREELEY would compromise by standing on the table. At this proposition there was great applause, and order being restored, after a few words of introduction by the President of the meeting, Mr. GREELEY mounted the table and stood up before the people, at which there were again hearty and repeated cheers. Several firemen's torches were so disposed on the stand as to throw their light upon him.

The personal appearance of Mr. GREELEY is familiar to many of our readers. He is above the medium height, rather thin, and has a slight stoop. His head is bald, with the exception of light flaxen locks at the sides and back. Though nearly fifty years of age, there are no wrinkles in his face; on the contrary, his features, except for his baldness, would indicate quite a young man. There is a peculiar brightness in his eyes, and the general expression of his face, is mildness and benignity.

His dress, last evening, after drawing off his drab overcoat (from which the mountaineers cut off all the buttons), was plain black, with a light neckcloth. The famous white hat had been exchanged for one of dun-colored wool.

His late journey across the Plains, although it fatigued him much, has made him weigh more than ordinarily, and has given him a fresh and hale appearance.

“Remember, my friends,” said he, at the close of an agricultural address, “Remember that the end of all true agricultural, as well as of effort in other directions, is the growth and perfection of the human race.

Vain is all other progress unless the human race progresses in knowledge, in industry, in temperance, and in virtue; and when this end is attained, no other need be despaired of.

Let us remember this, and in all our fairs, in our gatherings, ask: Have the people around us grown in knowledge? Are our schools, our people better educated, more intelligent, more virtuous than they were thirty or ten years ago?

If they are, we may rejoice and feel confident that agriculture and all other useful arts will go forward hand in hand.

To the Mechanic’s Institute of San Francisco he said:

The new idea of our time is founded upon a better understanding of the law of God and humanity. It recognizes all useful labor as essentially laudible and honorable—the greater honor where there is the greater proficiency. The digger who makes the thousandth part of a canal is not of honor equal to the scientific engineer who fully accomplishes the work of its construction. More honor with greater intelligence, but honor to each in his degree, but the larger honor is due to him who accomplishes the greater result.

Simply manual labor can never achieve the highest reward, nor command the greatest regard. Hand and head must work together. To accomplish great results the laborer must be intelligent and educated.

In this country, the price of labor is comparatively high, and yet it is a question whether it is not, on the whole, cheaper in the end than elsewhere. Nicholas Bibble, and other distinguished thinkers upon the subject, asserted that American labor at a higher price was cheaper than the labor of Spain or most other countries at almost nominal rates.

In building the bed of a railroad, for instance, it is found cheaper with American labor, or labor under their guidance and direction, than with any other. This is proved by the fact that railroads can

be built in America at one-sixth part of the cost of construction than in Italy, and I believe, in Ireland also.

Labor, as it becomes better educated, will also become more effective, and when it receives its double reward it will be more profitable.

From these extracts it will be seen that Mr. GREELEY's visit to California was made a public benefit. In his speeches he urged forward the cause of industry and intelligence, and the great profit of the Pacific R. R., and when he adverted to politics it was in earnest advocacy of liberty, as against slavery and patriotism, as opposed to the selfish and ambitious schemes of the Southern politicians. Bold-spoken champion of the people and human rights, he sought to do practical good wherever he went—even on a trip of pleasure.

He returned to New York by way of Panama, reaching there late in September, after an absence of five months.

#### THE WAR AND ITS SCENES.

The National Convention of the Republican party held at Chicago May 16, 1860, nominated Abraham Lincoln of Illinois for the Presidency; and it is not misrepresenting the influence of Mr. GREELEY to say that, had it not been for his opposition, W. H. Seward of New York would have been the nominee.

He attended the Convention by special appointment as a delegate—by substitution—from Oregon, and did not support Mr. Seward because, as he expressed it, he considered his nomination “unadvisable and unsafe.” His choice was Judge Edward Bates of Missouri. “I deem him,” he said, “the man whose election would, while securing the devotion of the Territories to free labor, conciliate and calm the slave States in view of a Republican ascendancy. But more than all I felt that the nomination of Judge Bates would have given a basis and impetus to the emancipation cause in Missouri, which would nevermore have been arrested. And now, where all the world is raining boquets on the successful nominee, so that if he were not a very tall man, he

might stand a chance to be smothered under them—when thousands are rushing to bore him out of house and home and snowing him white with letters, and trying to plaster him all over with their advertising placards. I, who knew and esteemed him ten years ago, reiterate that I think Judge Bates, to whom I never spoke nor wrote, would have been the wiser choice.”

It was violently contended that Mr. GREELEY had been influenced by personal motives in his opposition to Mr. Seward; but this was emphatically denied by him and in the heated controversy that ensued on the matter and which we have not space to describe, he defended his course with such irresistible force, that even his enemies did not persist in the charge. His subsequent action furnished additional reputation; for he heartily approved, editorially of the selection of Mr. Seward for the State Department. It has never been seriously charged against the editor of the *Tribune* that he was in any cause an office-seeker, or sought in any way to utilize the great influence he commanded for his personal benefit. If such a charge had ever been made, his conduct at this time would disprove it; for it is unquestioned, that he was, practically, offered the Postmaster Generalship under Lincoln, but distinctly refused it in advance through his friend, the Honorable Schuyler Colfax.

The terrible outbreak which followed the election of Lincoln, and which, notwithstanding its long, gloomy and threatening preface of embittered controversy on the slave question, burst upon the North like a thunder clap, is of too recent a date to need any particular description here. HORACE GREELEY found it difficult to realize that the Southern leaders really intended actual war; but the editorials of the *Tribune* clearly indicate that he appreciated the critical and dangerous task before the new administration. The rumored secession of the Southern States was discussed, and he plainly expressed the view that “If seven or eight contiguous States shall present themselves authentically at Washington, saying: ‘we hate the Federal Union; we have withdrawn from it; we give you the choice between acquiescing in our secession, and arranging amicably all incidental questions on the one



hand, and attempting to subdue us on the other'—we could not stand up for coercion for subjugation, for we do not think it would be just. We hold the right of self-government sacred; even when invoked in behalf of those who deny it to others. So much for the question of principle!" He demanded however, that proof—absolute proof—should be presented; that the Southern States really desired to separate themselves from the Union, and denied that a body of furious leaders were accredited exponents of the popular wish.

The cannon fired on Fort Sumter, however, dissipated all delusions. War became terribly revealed as an inexorable necessity, and then Abraham Lincoln became as determined as he had before been incredulous, and HORACE GREELEY also, notwithstanding his native benevolence and horror of bloodshed, concentrated his powers in support of the government. He advocated the strongest and most prompt measures, and his earnest words of encouragement rung through the nation.

The much abused paragraphs "Forward to Richmond," were kept standing in the *Tribune* without his orders; but when the dreadful reverse of Bull Run plunged the nation in fright and lamentation, he did not attempt to evade the responsibility. "The war-cry," he said, "did not originate with me; but it is just what should have been uttered, and the words should have been translated into deeds. Instead of energy, vigor, promptness, daring, decision, we had in our councils weakness, irresolution, hesitation, delay; and when at last our hastily collected forces after being demoralized by weeks of idleness and dissipation, were sent forward, they advanced on separate lines under different commanders; thus enabling the enemy to concentrate all his forces in Virginia against a single corps of ours, defeating and stampeding it at Bull Run; while other Union volunteers aggregating nearly twice its strength, lay idle and useless near Harper's Ferry, in and about Washington and at Fortress Monroe."

These words, however, were written in after years; but it must be said that the reverse of the National arms nearly cost Mr. GREELEY his life. He was attacked by brain fever while seeking

retirement for a few days on his farm, and for nearly six weeks was confined to his bed, and dangerously ill.

In August, 1862, he addressed the President through the *Tribune*, in a letter entitled "The Prayer of Twenty Millions;" urging the President to give efficacy to the law which freed all slaves coming within the Northern lines, and to enforce the confiscation act—and to this letter Mr. Lincoln replied publicly in a letter stating his purposes according to his view of official duty and indicating that his great and ruling object was to "save the Union," and that everything was to be in subordination to this—even the freedom of the slaves. Mr. GREELEY replied in a letter of unusual eloquence and force, demonstrating that to effectually prosecute the war, the freedom of the loyal slaves must be recognized.

This letter was dated New York, August 24, 1862; and twenty-nine days after its publication, the Proclamation of Emancipation was promulgated. To what extent he hastened its issue, so far as Mr. Lincoln was concerned, we do not know; but certain it is that he helped forward the developments that led to this great result, more than any one man in America.

Mr. GREELEY was intensely earnest in urging the prosecution of the war; but he was yet anxious for any honorable peace which would leave the integrity of the Union untouched, and slavery forever abolished.

During 1863, particularly all good men yearned for a termination of the awful strife; and it was this patriotic and benevolent desire that drew him into the celebrated peace negotiations; which, if they proved fruitless, yet illustrate his earnestness, and have become historical. His first effort is indicated in the following letter, which was written privately to W. C. Jewitt, and was published by the latter without the consent of its author:

NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1863.

W. C. Jewett, Esq., Washington, D. C.:—

DEAR SIR:—In whatever you may do to restore peace to our distracted country, bear these things in mind:

1. Whatever action is taken must be between the government of

the United States and the accredited authorities of the Confederates. There must be no negotiations or conditions between unofficial persons. All you can do is to render authorized negotiations possible by opening a way for them.

2. In such negotiations our government cannot act without a trusted though informal assurance that the Confederates have taken the initiative.

The rupture originated by them; they must evince a preliminary willingness to make peace; and, on being assured that this is reciprocated, they must initiate the formal proposition.

3. If arbitration shall be resorted to, these conditions must be respected:

First—The arbiter must be a power which has evinced no partiality or unfriendliness to either party.

Second—One that has no interest in the partition or downfall of our country.

Third—One that does not desire the failure of the Republican principle in government.

Great Britain and France are necessarily excluded by their having virtually confessed their wishes that we should be divided; and Louis Napoleon has an especial interest in proving republics impracticable. For if the Republican is a legitimate, beneficent form of government, what must be the verdict of history on the destroyer of the French Republic.

You will find, I think, no hearty supporter of the Union who will agree that our government shall act in the premises, except on a frank, open proposition from the Confederates, proposing arbitration by a friendly power or powers. I consider no man a friend of the Union who makes a parade of peace propositions or peace agitations prior to such action.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY

As suggested in this letter, Mr. Jewett made efforts to ascertain the disposition of the Rebel leaders towards peace, and to what terms they would consent, but without satisfactory result.

In July, 1864, Mr. GREELEY, after fresh correspondence with Mr. Jewett, addressed the following letter to President Lincoln:

## HORACE GREELEY TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

NEW YORK, July 7, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR:—I venture to enclose you a letter and telegraphic dispatch that I received yesterday from our irrepressible friend, Colorado Jewett, at Niagara Falls.

I think they deserve attention. Of course, I do not endorse Jewett's positive averment that his friends of the Falls have "full powers" from J. D. [Jefferson Davis], though I do not doubt that he thinks they have. I let that statement stand as simply evidencing the anxiety of the Confederates everywhere for peace. So much is beyond doubt.

And, therefore, I venture to remind you that our bleeding, bankrupt, almost dying country, also longs for peace—shudders at the prospect of fresh conscriptions, of future wholesale devastations, and of new rivers of human blood; and a wide-spread conviction that the government and its prominent supporters are not anxious for peace, and do not improve proffered opportunities to achieve it, is doing great harm now, and is morally certain, unless removed, to do far greater in the approaching elections.

It is not enough that we anxiously desire a true and lasting peace; we ought to demonstrate and establish the truth beyond cavil.

The fact that A. H. Stevens was not permitted a year ago to visit and confer with the authorities at Washington, has done harm; which the tone of the late National Convention at Baltimore is not calculated to counteract.

I entreat you, in your own time and manner, to submit overtures for pacification to the Southern insurgents, which the impartial must pronounce frank and generous. If only with a view to the momentous election soon to occur in North Carolina, and of the draft to be enforced in the Free States, this should be done at once. I would give the safe-conduct required by the Rebel envoys at Niagara, upon their parole to avoid observation, and to refrain from all communication with their sympathizers in the loyal States; but you may see reasons for declining it.

But whether through them or otherwise, do not, I entreat you, fail to make the Southern people comprehend that you, and all of us, are anxious for peace, and prepared to grant liberal terms. I venture to suggest the following:

## PLAN OF ADJUSTMENT.

1. The Union is restored, and declared perpetual.
2. Slavery is utterly and forever abolished throughout the same.
3. A complete amnesty for all political offences, with a restoration of all the inhabitants of each State to all the privileges of citizens of the United States.
4. The Union to pay four hundred million dollars (\$400,000,000), in five per cent. United States stock, to the late slave States, loyal and secession alike, to be apportioned *pro rata*, according to their slave population respectively, by the census of 1860, in compensation for the losses of their loyal citizens by the abolition of slavery. Each State to be entitled to its quota upon the ratification by its legislature of this adjustment. The bonds to be at the absolute disposal of the legislature aforesaid.
5. The said slave States to be entitled henceforth to representation in the House on the basis of their total, instead of their Federal population, the whole now being free.
6. A national convention to be assembled so soon as may be, to ratify this adjustment, and make such changes in the Constitution as may be deemed advisable.

Mr. President, I fear you do not realize how intently the people desire any peace consistent with the national integrity and honor, and how joyously they would hail its achievement, and bless its authors.

With United States stocks worth but forty cents in gold per dollar, and drafting about to commence on the third million of Union soldiers, can this be wondered at?

I do not say that a just peace is now attainable, though I believe it to be so. But I do say that a frank offer by you to the insurgents, of terms which the impartial world say ought to be accepted, will, at the worst, prove an immense and sorely needed advantage to the national cause. It may save us from a Northern insurrection.

Yours truly,

HORACE GREELEY.

*To Hon. A. Lincoln, President, Washington, D. C. :*

P. S.—Even though it should be deemed unadvisable to make an offer of terms to the Rebels, I insist that, in any possible case, it is desirable that any offer they may be disposed to make should be received, and either accepted or rejected.

I beg you to invite those now at Niagara to exhibit their credentials, and submit their ultimatum. H. G.

At the request of the President, Mr. GREELEY visited Niagara Falls, to personally confer with the assumed Confederate Commissioners, when the following correspondence took place :

GEORGE N. SANDERS TO HORACE GREELEY.

[Private and confidential.]

CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, }  
CANADA WEST, July 12, 1864. }

DEAR SIR :—I am authorized to say that the Honorable Clement C. Clay of Alabama, Professor James P. Holcombe of Virginia, and George N. Sanders of Dixie, are ready and willing to go at once to Washington, upon complete and unqualified protection being given either by the President or Secretary of War.

Let the permission include the three names and one other.

Very respectfully,

GEORGE N. SANDERS.

HORACE GREELEY TO MESSRS. CLEMENT C. CLAY, AND OTHERS.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., July 17, 1864.

GENTLEMEN :—I am informed that you are duly accredited from Richmond, as the bearers of proposition looking to the establishment of peace ; that you desire to visit Washington in the fulfillment of your mission, and that you further desire that Mr. George N. Sanders shall accompany you.

If my information be thus far substantially correct, I am authorized by the President of the United States to tender you his safe-conduct on the journey proposed, and to accompany you at the earliest time that will be agreeable to you.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

*To Messrs. Clement C. Clay, Jacob Thompson and James P. Holcombe, Clifton House, C. W.*

MESSRS. CLAY AND HOLCOMBE TO HORACE GREELEY.

CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, }  
July 18, 1864. }

SIR :—We have the honor to acknowledge your favor on the 17th

instant, which would have been answered on yesterday, but for the absence of Mr. Clay.

The safe-conduct of the President of the United States has been tendered us, we regret to state, under some misapprehension of facts.

We have not been accredited to him from Richmond, as the bearers of propositions looking to the establishment of peace.

We are, however, in the confidential employment of our government, and are entirely familiar with its wishes and opinions on that subject; and we feel authorized to declare that, if the circumstances disclosed in this correspondence were communicated to Richmond, we would be at once invested with the authority to which you refer, or other gentlemen clothed with full powers, would be immediately sent to Washington, with the view of hastening a consummation so much to be desired, and terminating at the earliest possible moment the calamities of the war.

We respectfully solicit, through your intervention, a safe conduct to Washington, and thence by any route which may be designated, through your lines to Richmond.

We would be gratified if Mr. George N. Sanders was embraced in this privilege.

Permit us, in conclusion, to acknowledge our obligations to you for the interest you have manifested in the furtherance of our wishes, and to express the hope that, in any event, you will afford us the opportunity of tendering them in person before you leave the Falls.

We remain very respectfully, &c.,

C. C. CLAY, JR.

J. P. HOLCOMBE.

P. S.—It is proper to add that Mr. Thompson is not here, and has not been staying with us since our sojourn in Canada.

HORACE GREELEY TO MESSRS. CLAY AND HOLCOMBE.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, NIAGARA, }  
N. Y., July 18, 1864. }

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of yours of this date, by the hand of Mr. W. C. Jewett.

The state of facts therein presented being materially different from that which was understood to exist by the President, when he entrusted me with the safe-conduct required, it seems to me on every account advisable that I should communicate with him by

telegraph, and solicit fresh instructions, which I shall at once proceed to do.

I hope to be able to transmit the result this afternoon, and, at all events, I shall do so at the earliest moment.

Yours truly,

HORACE GREELEY.

*To Messrs. Clement C. Clay and James P. Holcombe, Clifton House, C. W.*

MESSRS. CLAY AND HOLCOMBE TO HORACE GREELEY.

CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, }  
July 18, 1864. }

*To the Hon. H. Greeley, Niagara Falls, N. Y.:*

SIR:—We have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of this date, by the hands of Colonel Jewett, and will await the further answer which you purpose to send to us.

We are very respectfully, &c.,

C. C. CLAY, JR.,  
JAMES P. HOLCOMBE.

HORACE GREELEY TO MESSRS. CLAY AND HOLCOMBE.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, NIAGARA FALLS, }  
N. Y., July 19, 1864. }

GENTLEMEN:—At a late hour last evening (too late for communication with you), I received a dispatch informing me that further instructions left Washington last evening, which must reach me, if there be no interruption, at noon to-morrow. Should you decide to await their arrival, I feel confident that they will enable me to answer definitely your note of yesterday morning.

Regretting a delay, which I am sure will be regarded as unavoidable on my part,

I remain, yours truly,

HORACE GREELEY.

*To the Honorable Messrs. C. C. Clay Jr., and J. P. Holcombe, Clifton House, Niagara, C. W.*

MESSRS. CLAY AND HOLCOMBE TO HORACE GREELEY.

CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, }  
July 19, 1864. }

SIR:—Colonel Jewett has just handed us your note of this date, in which you state that further instructions from Washington



will reach you by noon to-morrow, if there be no interruption. One, or possibly both of us, may be obliged to leave the Falls to-day, but will return in time to receive the communication which you promise to-morrow.

We remain truly yours, &c.,

JAMES P. HOLCOMBE.

C. C. CLAY, JR.

*To the Honorable Horace Greeley, now at the International Hotel.*

MESSRS. CLAY AND HOLCOMBE TO M. C. JEWETT.

CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, }  
Wednesday, July 20, 1864. }

*Colonel M. C. Jewett, Cataract House, Niagara Falls :*

SIR:—We are in receipt of your note, admonishing us of the departure of the Hon. HORACE GREELEY from the Falls; that he regrets the sad termination of the initiatory steps taken for peace, in consequence of the change made by the President in his instructions to convey commissioners to Washington, for negotiations, unconditionally, and that Mr. GREELEY will be pleased to receive any answer we may have to make through you.

We avail ourselves of this offer to enclose a letter to Mr. GREELEY, which you will oblige us by delivering. We cannot take leave of you without expressing our thanks for your courtesy and kind offices as the intermediary through whom our correspondence with Mr. GREELEY has been conducted, and assuring you that we are, very respectfully,

Your obedient servants,

C. C. CLAY, JR.

JAMES P. HOLCOMBE.

MESSRS. CLAY AND HOLCOMBE TO HORACE GREELEY.

NIAGARA FALLS, CLIFTON HOUSE, }  
July 21, 1864. }

*To the Hon. Horace Greeley :*

SIR:—The paper handed to Mr. Holcombe on yesterday, in your presence, by Mayor Hay, A. A. G., as an answer to the application in our note of the 18th instant, is couched in the following terms :

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., }  
 July 18, 1864. }

*To whom it may concern :*

Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which comes by and with an authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the Executive Government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms, on other substantial and collateral points, and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe conduct both ways.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The application to which we refer was elicited by your letter of the 17th instant, in which you inform Mr. Jacob Thompson and ourselves that you were authorized by the President of the United States to tender us his safe-conduct, on the hypothesis that we were "duly accredited from Richmond as bearers of propositions looking to the establishment of peace," and desired a visit to Washington in the fulfillment of this mission.

This assertion, to which we then gave and still do, entire credence, was accepted by us as the evidence of an unexpected but most gratifying change in the policy of the President—a change which we felt authorized to hope might terminate in the conclusion of a peace mutually just, honorable and advantageous to the North and to the South, exacting but that condition, but that we should be "duly accredited from Richmond as bearers of propositions looking to the establishment of peace."

Thus proffering a basis for conference as comprehensive as we could desire, it seemed to us that the President opened a door which had previously been closed against the Confederate States for a full interchange of sentiments, free discussion of conflicting opinions, and untrammelled effort to remove all causes of controversy by liberal negotiations.

We, indeed, could not claim the benefit of a safe-conduct which has been extended to us in a character we had no right to assume, and had never effected to possess ; but the uniform declarations of our Executive and Congress, and then thrice repeated and as often repulsed attempts to open negotiations, furnish a sufficient pledge to us that this conciliatory manifestation on the part of the President of the United States, would be met by them in a temper of equal magnanimity.

We had, therefore, no hesitation in declaring that if this correspondence was communicated to the President of the Confederate States, he would promptly embrace the opportunity presented for seeking a peaceful solution of this unhappy strife.

We feel confident that you must share our profound regret that the spirit which dictated the first step toward peace, had not continued to animate the councils of your President.

Had the Representatives of the two governments met to consider this question, the most momentous ever submitted to human Statesmanship, in a temper of becoming moderation and equality, followed, as their deliberations would have been, by the prayers and benedictions of every patriot and Christian on the habitable globe, who is there so bold as to pronounce that the frightful waste of individual happiness and public prosperity which is daily saddening the universal heart, might not have been terminated, or if the desolation and carnage of war must still be endured through weary years of blood and suffering, that there might not at least have been infused into its conduct something more of the spirit which softens and partially redeems its brutalities?

Instead of the safe-conduct which we solicited, and which your first letter gave us every reason to suppose would be extended for the purpose of initiating a negotiation, in which neither government would compromise its rights or its dignity, a document has been presented which provokes as much indignation as surprise. It bears no feature of resemblance to that which was originally offered, and is unlike any paper which ever before emanated from the constitutional executive of a free people.

Addressed "to whom it may concern," it precludes negotiations, and prescribes in advance the terms and conditions of peace. It returns to the original policy of "no bargaining, no negotiations, no truces with Rebels except to bury their dead, until every man shall have laid down his arms, submitted to the government, and sued for mercy."

Whatever may be the explanation of this sudden and entire change in the views of the President, of this rude withdrawal of a courteous overture for negotiation at the moment it was likely to be accepted, of this emphatic recall of words of peace just uttered, and fresh blasts of war to the bitter end, we leave for the speculation of those who have the means of inclination to penetrate the mysteries of his cabinet, or fathom the caprice of his imperial will. It is enough for us to say that we have no use whatever for the paper which has been placed in our hands.

We could not transmit it to the President of the Confederate States without offering him an indignity, dishonoring ourselves, and incurring the well-merited scorn of our countrymen.

While an ardent desire for peace forbade the people of the Confederate States, we rejoice to believe that there are few, if any, among them who would purchase it at the expense of liberty, honor and self-respect.

If it can be secured only by their submission to terms of conquest, the generation is yet unborn which will witness its restitution.

If there be any military autocrat in the North who is entitled to proffer the conditions of this manifesto, there is none in the South authorized to entertain them.

Those who control our armies are the servants of the people—not their masters; and they have no more inclination, than they have the right, to subvert the social institutions of the sovereign States, to overthrow their established constitutions, and to barter away their priceless heritage of self-government. This correspondence will not, however, we trust, prove wholly barren of good result.

If there is any citizen of the Confederate States who has clung to a hope that peace was possible with this administration of the Federal government, it will strip from his eyes the last film of such delusion; or if there be any whose hearts have grown faint under the suffering and agony of this bloody struggle, it will inspire them with fresh energy to endure and brave whatever may yet be requisite to preserve to themselves and their children all that gives dignity and value to life or hope, and consolation to death.

And if there be any patriots or Christians in your land, who shrink appalled from the illimitable vista of private misery and public calamity which stretches before them, we pray that in their bosoms a resolution may be quickened to recall the abused authority, and vindicate the outraged civilization of their country.

For the solicitude you have manifested to inaugurate a movement which contemplates results the most noble and humane, we return our sincere thanks, and are most respectfully and truly your obedient servants,

C. C. CLAY, JR.

JAMES P. HOLCOMBE.

The negotiations thus closed as perhaps might have been expected, but Mr. GREELEY's efforts were properly appreciated throughout the country as sincere and patriotic, and they at last

had the good result of enabling the people generally to understand that there was but one road to the end of hostilities.

In a brief sketch of this character we cannot further pursue the scenes of the war. The insane denunciations of the *Tribune* and its editor by the New York *Herald*, during the first years of the war, and its malignant efforts to represent Mr. GREELEY as responsible for the strife of the national condition by his agitation against slavery, were probably the principal causes of the attempt to destroy the *Tribune* Office during the draft riots of July 1863. A mob attacked the building, and sacked the rooms on the lower story, and had Mr. GREELEY fallen into their hands it is almost certain that his life would have been instantly sacrificed. Fortunately, an accidental alarm spread a panic among the assailants, and drove them off before more serious damage was inflicted, and the arrival of the police prevented further mischief.

In 1863 Mr. GREELEY commenced his excellent history of the war, which was finished in 1865. It was dedicated to "John Bright, British commoner and Christian statesman, etc."

When the war closed, and the comfort of a glorious peace came to the heart of our wearied and convulsed nation, HORACE GREELEY became as prominent in his generosity towards the vanquished, as he had been in his stern advocacy of crushing rebellion. His plan of reconstruction, it has been well said, might be summed in four words: Universal Amnesty, Impartial Suffrage; and towards this end he devoted the influence of the *Tribune*, and his own weight as a public speaker. At a later date, he gave a distinguished mark of his benevolent principles by the bailing of Jefferson Davis; thus restoring him to liberty after two years' imprisonment at Fortress Monroe.

In May, 1867, he went to Richmond for this purpose, and signed the bail-bond of \$100,000, for the ex-Confederate chief; although this act subsequently raised a storm of abuse against him among the more extreme classes of Republicans in the Eastern and Western States. The bond had twenty signatures, and among them were John Minor Botts, Augustus Schell, Gerrett Smith and Cornelius Vanderbilt and others. It was not through any lack of

security that HORACE GREELEY was solicited to sign the bond ; but because the counsel for Mr. Davis believed it eminently desirable that some names should be attached of Northern men who had been prominent opponents of the rebellion. This act by Mr. GREELEY was highly applauded in the Southern press, and exercised a beneficial influence on the mind of the people in the Southern States, as it illustrated the magnanimity of their conquerors. Its effect was deepened by the excellent speech delivered by Mr. GREELEY at the African church in Richmond, during his visit.

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It was not our purpose in preparing a sketch of the life and career of HORACE GREELEY to attempt to group the details of an elaborate biography. We are aware that the friends of this distinguished personage may detect omissions in our hurried work ; but we think we have given sufficient to enable the reader to acquire a comprehensive knowledge of his most useful and progressive life. As a mere narrative of facts, it is strangely suggestive and interesting ; and enables us to understand the man in all his admirable traits of character and extraordinary intellectual gifts as he now stands prominent among the distinguished men of the American nation.

We have conducted this sketch, so far as important events are concerned, up to a recent date, that further particulars are unnecessary. Since his speech at Richmond, the succeeding events in Mr. GREELEY'S " Busy Life," have been many and interesting ; but they are so fresh in the public mind, that recapitulation is unnecessary. By his lectures and public addresses, at various points and on various occasions throughout the country, he has become more widely known—if that were possible—than before ; and there is not a man in the United States to-day, more generally respected and esteemed. Perhaps the best proof of this is the fact that without any intrigues or political combinations on his part, his name is now prominent among the number mentioned as the probable next President of the United States. This is an honor—it would be an honor, were he to be chosen Chief Magis-

trate of the nation—but it would not equal the honor now shed upon him by the career already accomplished. The man who lifts himself from obscurity and poverty into fame and fortune—who bears a stainless character through the busiest scenes of public and political life, for nearly half a century, and unites with this the grandest and most vital services to his country and humanity, can gain no additional distinction by any gift the people can confer. Such a man is HORACE GREELEY.

#### SIXTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

On the 3d of February last, 1872, Mr. Alvin J. Johnson of New York gave Mr. GREELEY a reception in honor of his long and highly appreciated labors. Many friends of Mr. GREELEY were invited, and the occasion was in every way complimentary to the distinction which the editor of the *Tribune* has gained, and the high regard in which he is held by his friends. The character of the reception can easily be inferred from the notices of the New York city press, as follows :

#### HORACE GREELEY'S SIXTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Last evening an unique entertainment was given at the house of Mr. Alvin J. Johnson, No. 323 West Fifty-seventh st., on the occasion of the sixty-first birthday of the veteran editor of the *Tribune*, HORACE GREELEY. One of the largest and most remarkable companies of men and women of letters that has ever been held in New York was present, representing nearly every profession, and including some of the most notable men and women in the country. It was naturally composed mainly of Mr. GREELEY'S personal friends, but these comprise an extended circle, and all parts of the Union were represented in the assemblage.

Early in the evening an elegant dinner was partaken of by a select few of Mr. GREELEY'S friends, including Mr. Johnson, Mr. Cleveland, Mr. George Ripley, the Rev. Dr. Chapin, Prof. Guyot, Prof. Youmans, Prof. Seeley, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, F. B. Carpenter, most of these gentlemen being accompanied by their wives.

At about 9 o'clock the rest of the company began to arrive, and remained until midnight. Several hundred persons were present,

and the ample parlors were soon crowded with animated talkers. The mantels and every other available spot were covered with rare flowers, whose exquisite fragrance filled the air. Several performers supplied instrumental music, while Miss Emma Abbott, the admirable soprano of Mr. Chapin's church, and Miss Margaret Cleveland, niece of Mr. GREELEY, sang several solos with much taste. Mr. GREELEY received the congratulations of his many friends with natural pleasure; and was, of course, the lion of the evening.

Among the many noted persons present the names of only a few can be recalled, as follows: The Press was well represented by Murat Halstead of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, Sam Bowles of the *Springfield Republican*, ex-Gov. Hawley of the *Hartford Courant*, with Whitelaw Reed, Oliver Johnson, George Ripley, Sam Sinclair, and others of the *Tribune*; Professor Eggleston, D. O. C. Townley, Mr. S. R. Wells and others. Judges Pierrepont and Fithian appeared for the bench, while Elliott C. Cowdorm, Gen. Sigel, Hon. Thomas Acton, Gen. Merritt, Marshall O. Roberts, and other well known gentlemen were present.

Among men of letters were Col. Church, Richard H. Stoddard, John Elderkin, Mr. Squier, and Prof. Hitchcock; while the three humorists, Mark Twain, Bret Harte and John Hay were also present.

Science was present in the persons of President Barnard, Prof. Youmans, and Prof. Guyot. Among women writers were Mrs. Calhoun-Runkle, Mrs. Bullard, Mary L. Booth, Mrs. Towle and Mrs. Dr. Field.

The Rev. Dr. Chapin, Dr. Field, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, and the Rev. Mr. Sweetser appeared for the pulpit; Mr. Edward Creswick represented the drama, Frank Carpenter art, and Anna Dickinson the platform.

Taken as a whole, the entertainment was a great success, and was enjoyed by every one present.—*New York World*, Feb. 4.

A reception was given, last evening, at the residence of A. J. Johnson, esq., in Fifty-seventh st., to Hon. HORACE GREELEY, on the completion of his sixty-first birthday. The reception was preceded by an elaborate dinner, at which the guests, besides Mr. GREELEY and his hosts, were Rev. Drs. Chapin and Frothingham, George Ripley, esq., F. B. Carpenter, the artist; J. F. Cleveland, esq., Prof. E. L. Youmans, Arnold Gayot, Roswell D. Hitchcock, J. Thomas, J. H. Seelye of Amherst College, and Mr. Oliver Johnson, all of these gentlemen being accompanied by their wives, and Mr. Cleveland by his daughter. The party had scarcely left the



table before the guests began to arrive. A large number of invitations had been issued, each card containing a fine steel engraving of Mr. GREELEY, and a fac-simile of his characteristic autograph. Nearly all who were invited responded in person. There was scarcely a social set, scarcely a political or professional interest in the Metropolis, which was not fully represented. There was no one there who knew everybody else, but they all knew the guest of the evening, and all seemed glad to do him honor. It was long after the time appointed for the close of the reception before the last guests reluctantly retired, with good wishes for the great journalist.—*New York Times*.

DR. GREELEY'S BIRTHDAY—A BRILLIANT HONOR OF OUR LATER  
FRANKLIN—MR. ALVIN JOHNSON'S CELEBRATION—THE  
VETERAN EDITOR'S RECEPTION—FIFTY-SEVENTH  
STREET BLOCKED WITH CARRIAGES—A RE-  
MARKABLE ENTERTAINMENT.

Saturday was Dr. GREELEY'S 61st birthday. Dr. GREELEY boards with Mr. Alvin J. Johnson, the well known map publisher, at 323 West Fifty-seventh street. In honor of the Doctor's birthday, Mr. Johnson issued cards for a reception. These cards were decorated with an exquisite steel engraving of Dr. GREELEY, and a fac-simile of his signature.

The reception proper was between the hours of 9 and 11 P. M. At 6 P. M. an elegant dinner was served to Dr. GREELEY and a select circle of his friends. Among these were Mr. Oliver Johnson, Dr. George Ripley, the Hon. John Cleveland, the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, F. B. Carpenter, Profs. Guyot, Youmans and Seeley. The most of these gentlemen were accompanied by their wives.

The dinner was a plain one. No wines were served. The beef-steaks were not dressed with mushrooms. There were no Roman punches, and no quail frizzed with foolscap. It was a substantial dinner served to substantial men and women.

#### THE RECEPTION.

At 9:30 in front of 323 Fifty-seventh street was jammed with carriages. Such a jam has probably never been seen in this city. The night was very cold and the snow was very deep. A canvas funnel had been run from the door of 323 to the edge of the sidewalk. The sidewalk and the steps of the mansion were carpeted. The guests alighted at the entrance to the funnel. A police officer con-

ducted them to the door, where they were received by a colored gentleman in full costume, who directed them to the ladies' and gentlemen's dressing rooms. The parlors on the second floor were set aside for the exclusive use of the ladies. The gentlemen were assigned to the parlors on the third floor. Dr. GREELEY received his friends in the parlors on the first floor. The parlors were festooned with flowers and evergreens. Beautiful pictures hung on the walls. Among these was an exquisite portrait of Dr. GREELEY. It was bordered with evergreens, and topped with an immense triangle of white flowers. A red star was in the centre of the triangle, and at its base was the following :

1811.

1872.

A large basket of flowers swung from the ceiling between the folding doors. A musical gentleman presided at the piano in the back parlor. At his side sat a violinist. At stated intervals sweet strains of melody floated through the parlors.

Dr. GREELEY stood at the door of the front parlor leading into the hall. Mrs. Johnson was at his right, and Mr. Johnson at his left. The Doctor received his guests with more than his usual suavity, and introduced them to his kind host and hostess. At 10 o'clock the parlors were perfectly packed. Among the guests who were struggling in the crowd, a *Sun* reporter noticed ex-Governor Hawley of Connecticut, ex-Governor Morgan and wife of New York, Gen. Franz Sigel, ex-Police Commissioner Thos. C. Acton, the beetle-browed Mark Twain, who has accused Mr. GREELEY of swearing whenever he shaved himself, Mr. John Hay, the Hon. Murat Halstead of Cincinnati, who seemed like a singed cat in a garret, Miss Anna E. Dickinson and Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Bayliss of the *Iron Age*, Mr. June of the *World*, Elliot C. Cowdin, Alderman Rooney, Gen. Merritt, Marshall O. Roberts, the Hon. Samuel Bowles, Mrs. Samuel Sinclair and her husband, the Hon. Thomas N. Rooker, Col. Church, the Hon. Samuel R. Wells, Mary L. Booth, Col. A. J. H. Duganne, Eli Priggins of the *Commercial*, and many other politicians and gentlemen.

One of the most interesting events of the evening was the singing of Miss Emma Abbott, the beautiful soprano of Dr. Chapin's church. She sang in the back parlor. Her first selection was from "La Fille du Regiment." She sang it sweetly and with much

spirit. Universal applause followed her effort. It was apparently not appreciated by Dr. GREELEY, who stood at her side. He requested as a personal favor that she would sing "Auld Lang Syne." She sang it. Dr. GREELEY stood partly facing her. He wore a delicate bouquet in the buttonhole of his dress coat, and bore a magnificent nosegay in his left hand. Miss Abbott sang the song with deep feeling. It touched the good Doctor's heart. He forgot that he was in the midst of a gay company, and kept his eyes upon his nosegay, whispering the words of the song to himself, and keeping time with his head while Miss Abbott sang. The sweet singer dropped her white kid glove. Dr. GREELEY did not see it. It was picked up by a young gentleman with diamond studs and a small black moustache, who returned it to Miss Abbott at the end of the song. When the fair singer reached the line,

An' gies a hand o' thine,

her feelings overcame her. Advancing a step, she proffered her right hand to Dr. GREELEY, who, for one moment, seemed at a loss what to do—for a moment only—and then seized Miss Abbott's hand, shook it heartily, and stopped whispering the words of the song.

During the singing the inattentive loungers in the front parlor chattered nonsense. They made so much noise that ex-Gov. Morgan, who was apparently deep affected, raised his towering form and waved his hands toward the thoughtless chatterers, saying, "Sh—sh—sh!"

Miss Abbott's song was heartily cheered, and by no one more than by Dr. GREELEY. At the conclusion of the song Miss Anna Dickinson, who was dressed in yellow silk, with a black lace *fichu*, shook hands with Dr. GREELEY, and talked with him long and earnestly.

Lunch was announced at 10:30. It was spread in the front basement. The table was covered with frosted cake and bon-bons. Coffee and chocolate were served. A colored gentleman had charge of the urn. The repast was unique, but *comme il faut*. Everybody was pleased.

It was midnight when the last guest shook the good and great Dr. GREELEY by the hand, and asked the colored waiter to summon his hack.—*New York Sun*.

THE SAGE OF CHAPPAQUA—HORACE GREELEY'S SIXTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY—A BRILLIANT GATHERING IN HONOR OF THE CHIEF EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE."

On Saturday evening a large number of people accepted, with pleasure, the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Johnson, of Fifty-seventh street, to celebrate the 61st birthday of HORACE GREELEY.

The cards which called together these people, were most handsomely gotten up. Each bore a fine steel engraving of Mr. GREELEY, and a *fac simile* of his famous autograph, and will doubtless serve long as a memento of so interesting an occasion. The reception was preceded by an elaborate dinner, given by Mr. Johnson, at whose home Mr. GREELEY has spent a great part of the last year, and was partaken of by Professors Guyot, Seelye, J. Thomas Roswell, D. Hitchcock, Dr. Chapin, Mr. Frothingham, F. B. Carpenter, Oliver Johnson, John F. Cleveland, and their wives.

The drawing-room was transformed into a garden of exotics. Rustic baskets swung among trailing vines from arches and doorways; the branching chandeliers were hidden under riotous tendrils and delicate leaves; the mantels blossomed like gay parterres; every nook and corner held some fragrant memoirs of summer; and on a side table was an exquisite basket of flowers, bearing in the centre the initial "G," formed of red flowers in a setting of tuberoses—a gift to Mr. GREELEY from an appreciative florist. Most conspicuous of these floral decorations was that framing Mr. Carpenter's portrait of Mr. GREELEY, which hung on the wall, surrounded by delicate greens, interspersed with scarlet flowers, and surmounted by a piece of floral architecture, inclosing in a frame of white camelias and tuberoses a purple star, under which were the dates "1811-1872" in scarlet. On the other side of the door, by the same artist, was the portrait of Alice Cary, whose benignant face and tender eyes looked lovingly down from the framework of lines and flowers upon the friends among whom she once moved a welcome presence, and on that other lifelong friend in whose honor they were assembled.

Mr. GREELEY, the central sun of the occasion, beamed graciously upon the company which revolved around him, each one anxious to do honor to his white hairs and his worthy career. In one corner, General P. H. Jones, Judge Pierrepont, Marshall O. Roberts, Judge Frithian and Moses Grinnell were endeavoring to discern the signs of the times in the political horizon. In another, Samuel Bowles, George Ripley, and Murat Halstead were discussing the

perils of journalism. Before the mirror, President Barnard and the scientifics found a nut to crack. D. D. T. Moore and Gen. Franz Sigel, on whose brow time has delved its parallels, are bowing before a group of ladies. Governor Morgan's tall form and Dr. Chapin's fine presence move through the crowd, adding to it additional lustre; and C. B. Frothingham, with sinuous grace, glides to the side of Mrs. Sinclair, in whom youth and beauty seem perpetual, to bask in her bright sunny smiles. Mrs. Lucia Calhoun Runkle, whose rare womanliness shines through every feature, is in animated conversation with Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard, while Mr. Runkle engages in repartee with the sprightly Miss Nellie Hutchinson. Suddenly there was a hush in the room—Miss Emma Abbott is going to sing; the circle widens, and this wild bird from the prairies, with its saucy note singing into pathos, steps forth, and commences "Auld Lang Syne." As she throws her whole soul into the music, Mr. GREELEY, so childlike and bland, bent upon the floor, murmurs the words to himself, then looks up radiantly, as "With here's a hand my trusty fren," the little songstress grasps his hand, and the piquant face smilingly seeks his own, when the delighted spectators break into applause, and the busy hum recommences. George Ripley is here, the centre of a laughing group. Wm. Creswick, the tragedian, discourses with Mrs. J. F. Cleveland and Miss Kate Sinclair. Thomas N. Rooker, of the *Tribune*, and his wife are engaged with Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert. Dr. Sims, the physician of Eugenia, passes with a lady on each arm. Frank Leslie occupies a *tete-a-tete* with Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and her daughter. Ludlow Patton and Abby Hutchinson, with her sweet expressive face, moves from friend to friend, and Jennie June and Mary L. Booth bend their heads together, discussing—shall we dare imagine it—the fashions. Edward Eggleston's craggy head towers above the crowd with his little wife hanging on his arm. Henry M. Field compares notes with Dr. Titus Coan, while his wife chats with Richard H. Stoddard. Samuel Sinclair, Jr. essays in vain to promenade with the young and fresh Miss Carpenter, daughter of the artist. But, hark! The silence falls again, and Miss Margaret Cleveland sings a little air to which every one listens attentively. Hunting in couples are Charles F. Wingate, "Carlfried," and D. O'C. Townley of the *Mail*, Amos J. Cummings, of the *Sun*, sports about playfully, and Dr. Fuller-Walker is, I am afraid, flirting. The galaxy of *Tribune* beauties, including Whitelaw Reid and Colonel John Hay, shine resplendently in immaculate bosoms, black ties, and a simple rosebud on their breasts. Eli Perkins is everywhere hunting "statistics." Supper is announced, and while its dainties are eagerly availed of by the older portion

of the company, the younger are sufficiently frivolous to find pleasure in "Les Lanciers," the galop and waltz.

Who? Bret Harte? There he was, sure enough, leaning against the door, talking to—whom? Mark Twain! Let us draw a veil. Emotion so deep cannot be ruthlessly exposed. Star among all the women shines Anna Dickinson, before whom old men bowed their gray heads with respect and admiration, and around whom young men hover, essaying to touch the hem of her garments.

The handsomest present are L. B. Carpenter and David G. Croly. The funniest men and greatest lions Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and John Hay; of course excepting in our menagerie HORACE GREELEY, who was the old lion of all. As now approached

"The witching hour of night  
When churchyards yawn."

—or what inspires more airs to Saturday night's revelling, such at least as were here engaged,—the approach of Sunday morning, before twelve, the guests were bidding adieu to their hospitable hosts. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, in whose kind care they left Mr. GREELEY, and by midnight the last participant in one of the most distinguished receptions ever in New York, had departed.

There were no speeches or formality of any kind, but a number of letters were read, including the following:

LETTERS FROM GEO. W. CURTIS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 28, 1872.

DEAR SIR:—I am very much obliged by your kind invitation to meet Mr. GREELEY upon his 61st birthday, and I am very sorry that my engagements here will deprive me of that pleasure.

Mr. GREELEY'S life has been passed in warm controversy of many kinds, and with many persons, but there was probably never so much difference with a man accompanied by so little personal illwill toward him. The anniversary which you celebrate is the fit time to recall his great services to liberty and civilization in America; and the men and brethren who will heartily acknowledge them are the great multitude of his fellow-citizens.

Although it may be his 61st birthday, we must not yet speak of his old age, for the man whom temperance and the cardinal virtues befriend will be a youth at three score and ten.

Very faithfully yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

## LETTER FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ARLBORO' HOTEL, BOSTON, }  
 Jan. 30, 1872. }

DEAR SIR:—I am truly sorry that I cannot be with you on the interesting occasion your note refers to. I have known HORACE GREELEY for more than thirty years. I have sometimes differed with him on public questions, but have never distrusted him, or for a moment doubted his faithfulness to his convictions. That on the whole he has been one of our greatest benefactors I have no doubt. His *Tribune* has been a liberal educator. By example and precept he has taught lessons of temperance, self-reliance, industry, frugality and charity. He has uniformly taken the part of the poor, the suffering and enslaved. Wishing him many more years of honorable usefulness, and thanking you for thinking of me in connection with the proposed tribute of respect on the occasion of his birthday, I am very truly your friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

## LETTER FROM O. W. HOLMES.

BOSTON, Jan. 31, 1872.

Dr. and Mrs. Holmes regret that it is not in their power to accept the polite invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson for Saturday evening. It would be a great pleasure to meet them and their honored guest on an occasion so full of interest. Mr. GREELEY has reached a "grand climacteric" of deserved reputation, if not quite up to that epoch in years. He has made himself felt in journalism as one of the great powers of the time, and added a manly element to the thought of the people among whom he has passed a life of varied activity. If he has ever erred it has been in pursuit of an ideal object which it is better to miss than not to aim at. His vigor and courage, joined to the thorough humanity of his nature, are so generally recognized as worthy of all honor that if Mr. and Mrs. Johnson should invite all the friends who would be glad to pay their respects to him it would have to be an open-air meeting, where the warm hearts of a great multitude would find themselves doing battle with the cold winds of February, as Mr. GREELEY'S enthusiasm has fought against the coldness and indifference of a world which he has helped to make warmer, truer, and better than he found it.

## LETTER FROM SECRETARY FISH.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2, 1872.

*Hon. Horace Greeley, New York:*

MY DEAR MR. GREELEY:—Although unable to accept a kind invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Johnson to join them in celebrating your 61st birthday, to-morrow, in New York, I may be allowed to tender to you my sincere congratulations on the anniversary, and very cordially to wish you many returns of the day, and to hope your future years may be as happy as those of the past have been active and useful. Believe me, very faithfully yours,

HAMILTON FISH.

## LETTER FROM PRESIDENT HOPKINS.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Jan. 29, 1872.

MR. AND MRS. A. J. JOHNSON:—Please accept the thanks of Mr. Hopkins and myself for your invitation to be present at your house on the evening of Saturday, the 3d of February, to meet the Hon. HORACE GREELEY.

You do well to honor Mr. GREELEY. He has honored in many ways the institutions under which alone he could have come to be what he is. We should join you most heartily if my duties did not require my presence here.

Very respectfully yours,

MARK HOPKINS.

Besides the above, there were also letters read from Prof. E. Hitchcock, Prof. H. C. Fisher, Prof. Charles Davies, Rhoda E. White, Ray Palmer, Garrit Smith, and J. H. Barrett of the Cincinnati *Times* and *Chronicle*.



## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

## THE DEATH OF A. D. RICHARDSON—A CARD.

MAY 2, 1870.

Certain journals having seen fit to censure the employment of what they term "private counsel" in the prosecution of the Macfarland case, and to connect my name therewith, I feel impelled to state the facts as they are, which I was forbidden to do upon the witness-stand.

Daniel Macfarland is on trial for the murder of Albert D. Richardson. His defense is insanity—the only defense possible in view of the conceded facts. Of the merits of that defense, I was not called to pronounce as a witness, and I have nothing to say in any other capacity. I trust the jury impaneled will render a true verdict thereon, in the light of all the evidence that may be adduced. I have not the faintest wish that they should regard it with levity or unfavorable prejudice. Esteeming the hanging of sane men a mistake, I should contemplate the hanging of one insane with horror. And whether his loss of reason was impelled by truth or falsehood makes no difference in the eye of the law.

My interest in this case centers not in the living, but the dead. Albert D. Richardson was my friend. I have traveled and camped with him when we were almost alone upon the vast solitudes of the Plains, and knew him as brave, generous and noble. I never heard any one breathe a whisper to his discredit until this trouble rose. That he could be guilty of seducing a wife from her husband, is contrary to all I ever knew or believed of him. That he could deliberately resolve to install a woman known to him as lewd and wanton as the mother of his children, is to me utterly incredible. I am sure that the truth which underlies this tragedy has not yet been told: at all events is not generally understood.

Richardson is dead. He cannot speak for himself. His memory must be vindicated by the efforts of his surviving friends or not at all. And those efforts must be put forth under great disadvantages. The other story has possession of the public ear. Powerful influences and interests are enlisted in its support. Every scoundrel who looks upon woman merely as an instrument of his lust, and never aided one in distress except with intent to make her his prey, rushes instinctively to the conclusion that Richard-

son was a seducer. He wants no evidence of this but such as he finds in his own breast. And every one accustomed to look on a wife merely as a species of property, whereof the title cannot be alienated by abuse any more than if she were a horse or a dog, naturally inclines to the same verdict.

Anxious only that the whole truth in the premises should be developed, and that my deceased friend's memory should be vindicated from unjust aspersion, I called on the District Attorney, a few days before that appointed for the commencement of this trial, to ask him if he desired any aid in performing the duty assigned him by law. I had not before seen Mr. Garvin since we were fellow members of the constitutional convention, and had not communicated with him in any manner. In answer to my inquiry, he said he preferred to have an able counsellor associated with him in the prosecution, and named Mr. Edwards Pierrepont as such counsellor. I called on Mr. Pierrepont accordingly; but he was obliged to try important cases for the government throughout April, and could not assign that public duty to another. I reported that decision to Mr. Garvin, who soon afterward sent me word that he wished Judge Noah Davis as his associate. I had not suggested either name to Mr. Garvin, nor, indeed, any other. I then called at Judge Davis's office, and, not finding him, stated the districts attorney's wish to his partner (Judge Henry E. Davies), who assured me that, if possible, Mr. Garvin's request should be obeyed.

Such is the history of my agency in this matter. I acted in behalf of Mr. Richardson's friends, and at the suggestion of one of them residing in his native State. I am sure he would have gladly done as much and more for me had it been my fate to be first assassinated, then unjustly covered with obloquy, and his to survive me. If my efforts shall have contributed, as I now feel confident they will have done, to vindicate his memory from some part of the wrong which has been done it. I shall rejoice, whatever may be the fate of his destroyer.

HORACE GREELEY.

#### MR. GREELEY'S RELIGIOUS FAITH.

NEW YORK, March 22, 1871.

A week or two ago Mr. Walter Magonigle, writing from Pittsburg to the *Golden Age*, concerning Mr. GREELEY'S contribution to this paper, entitled, "Reason in Religion," hoped that the author would, in a subsequent article, explain more fully his views of

the rank and function of Jesus Christ—or in other words that Mr. GREELEY would state definitely whether or not he held “the orthodox or Evangelical notion of Christ’s divinity, as contradistinguished from the Unitarian view of his humanity.” Mr. Magonigle, who wrote from the extreme orthodox point of view, said, “To me the most interesting of the many problems connected with the Christian religion is the early, but still current question, ‘What think ye of Christ?’” And he added, “The answer which Mr. GREELEY or any other great man, would give to this question, would awaken a lively interest in my mind.” We take for granted that not only Mr. Magonigle, but many other persons will read with a lively interest the following statement by Mr. GREELEY, concerning certain points of his religious faith.

*To the Editor of the Golden Age :*

SIR :—I regret that my statement of religious faith, in your first issue, proves unsatisfactory to one of your correspondents. One of his strangest objections to it seems to be the fact that “a free religionist of the Concord type, ’ professed a willingness to accept it. Let us see if that objection may not be overcome.

I stated that I regarded Jesus of Nazareth as “Son of God and Savior of mankind.” Mr. Magonigle demurs to this that it “leaves untouched the great problem whether, in being man, he was or was not also more than a man.” That difficulty did not previously occur to my mind. I certainly meant, in making my statement, to set forth my belief that “the Son of God” was more than a man, though less than the self-existent Author of the Universe.

If I use terms that are equivocal and ambiguous, the Evangelists have misled me. When Jesus asked his disciples, “Whom do you say that I am?” Simon Peter answering, said, “Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God.” Whereupon Jesus blessed Peter, “because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee; but my Father, who is in heaven.” (Matt. xvi. 15-17.) John declares that this Gospel is written, “that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that, believing you may have life in his name.” (John xx 31.) And Philip, when asked to make profession of his faith, said, “I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God (Acts viii 37), and was thereupon received into the primitive church. I think later Christians have erred in attempting to make a better creed than this, which satisfied Peter, John and Philip, and was especially approved and blessed by Jesus Christ himself. (Matt. xvi. 17-20.)

I decline to elaborate this creed, which seems to me to be too simple to need elucidation, and too clear to justify a charge of ambiguity, since Jesus and his Apostles approved it. I must deem it sufficient, even though it should not satisfy Mr. Magonigle. I wish neither to add nor subtract, and no document ever seemed to me to stand less in need of a glossary. To my mind, it very plainly affirms that Jesus is less than God, yet more than man; and, so far from regretting that I may be deemed unable to show precisely why and how he is so, I rest content with what is revealed until it shall please God to reveal more.

Mr. Magonigle sees fit to say that "Mr. GREELEY does not believe in the orthodox doctrine of future punishment." So much the worse for that doctrine. I believe in the Bible doctrine of future punishment; and while I am aware that many passages of scripture, often quoted as teaching that doctrine, refer to events occurring in this world, I hold that punishment for the sins of this life may, and often does, extend into the world beyond the grave. In fact, I believe that God's government is and must be "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever;" and that wherever sin has existed, does exist, or shall exist, there will punishment be inflicted. And, as many close this life impenitent and steeped in sin, I can not doubt that they receive punishment in a future state of being.—*Golden Age.*

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

#### HABITS OF HORACE GREELEY.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE, }  
New York, May 31, 1871. }

DEAR SIR:—I know of nothing in my habits that deserves public attention. I was formerly called a "Grahamite," that is, I rarely ate meat; and it is still my conviction that meat should be eaten very sparingly. I eat, however, like other folks, not having time to make myself disagreeable to everybody by insisting on special food wherever I go, since I travel much and eat in many places in the course of a year.

I ceased to drink distilled liquors January 1, 1824, when I was not yet quite thirteen years old. I occasionally drank beer four or five years thereafter, when I abandoned that also. I cannot remember that I ever more than tasted wine.

I stopped drinking coffee about 1834, because it made my hand tremble.

I did not drink tea for a quarter of a century, ending in 1861, when I had brain fever and was very ill. My doctor insisted that I should drink either claret or tea, and I chose the tea, which (black) I have generally used since, though not uniformly.

My favorite exercise is trimming up trees in a forest with an axe, cutting out underbrush, &c. I wish I could take more of it, but my farm is distant and my family scattered. I sometimes lift weights at the Lifting Cure. I have only lifted 265 pounds since I became sixty years old, February 3d last.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

J. A. BEECHER, Esq., Trenton, N. J.

A CARD.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2, 1870.

*To the Electors of the IXth, XVth, and XVIIth Wards :*

FELLOW CITIZENS :—I am advised that I have been unanimously agreed upon as a candidate for your suffrages by two wholly independent nominating conventions, by which it has not been found practicable to unite upon any one else. Up to a late hour, I had hoped that a different result would be attained ; but this is no longer probable. That I have nowise sought the position thus assigned me, you already know ; but I cheerfully accept it. Infirm health, if no other consideration, must preclude my going among you to solicit your suffrages, and I shall make no novel professions or pledges in the hope of thereby commending myself to your favor. Wishing you to understand distinctly that any one who may seek to promote my election by personal attacks upon or abusive tirades against my competitor will thereby subject himself to my most emphatic rebuke and reprehension, I will only add that, should it be your pleasure that I represent you in the next Congress, I will do so to the best of my ability.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

HORACE GREELEY AND THE PRESIDENCY.

LEAVENWORTH CITY, Kan., April 29.

*The Hon. Horace Greeley :*

DEAR SIR :—Your many friends in Kansas desire to have your views in relation to your name being brought before the next National Republican Convention in 1872 for nomination for Presi-

dent. Without any disrespect to Gen. Grant, we believe that no living American statesman has the claims of yourself for President. Very respectfully, your friend,

WM. LARIMER.

—*Leavenworth, Kansas, Times, May 28.*

NEW YORK, TRIBUNE OFFICE, May 4.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have yours of the 29th, asking pointed questions with regard to our political future. I must respond in great haste. I trust never henceforth to be an aspirant for any office or political position whatever; but I fully purpose, also, never to decline any duty or responsibility which my political friends shall see fit to devolve upon me, and of which I shall be able to fulfill the obligations without neglecting older or more imperative duties. I have not yet formed a decided opinion as to the man who ought to be our next Republican candidate for President, but it seems to me advisable that he should be a steadfast, consistent believer in the good old Whig doctrine of One Presidential Term.

HORACE GREELEY.

ADDRESS OF MR. GREELEY AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE  
FRANKLIN STATUE, ON PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS AND TYPOGRAPHIC PROFESSION:—A statue of Franklin was suggested by one of our craft as appropriate to be inaugurated in this great city, which has become the emporium of American journalism and of American book-publishing. It seems to him desirable and proper that the printers and publishers of the city of New York should testify their regard for the man whom we all esteem as a patriot, a sage, and the chief honor of our calling, by presenting some visible embodiment of him to the admiration and appreciation of our fellow citizens. This suggestion was made to Capt. Albert DeGroot, who, as he says, in acknowledgment of the many favors he has received from the press of the city, resolved himself to be the originator of this statue, and thus the benefactor of our calling. Capt. DeGroot conferred with Mr. Ernst Plassmann, a distinguished sculptor of our city, and employed him to put his idea into enduring material. Plassmann made first a smaller model of the figure of Franklin, which he submitted for weeks to the judgment of capable and judicious critics of art. It was then cast in a larger mold and again submitted to the criticism of the judicious and the capable; and from their suggestions, correcting and improving his own idea, was made the final model of which

you now see the enduring representative before you. Having thus prepared the model, he proceeded to have it cast in bronze, and soon found that there was not in America proper facilities for casting a statue so majestic as this. A new building was provided, and from this new building has been completed and presented this statue, which now in his behalf I am enabled to present to you, gentlemen of the Press, and of the typographic art. [Applause.]

I rejoice that this work is, like its subject, purely American. It may be that European art is able at this stage to have produced a better one—though I think not. [Laughter.] But, at all events, the production of this, is our warrant for believing, that if better statues can be created, we have by this example—by this achievement—prepared our countrymen to produce them in a future not distant. [Applause.] I rejoice, fellow-citizens, that, while presenting an American statue of an American philosopher, the gift of a public-spirited American citizen, we have been assisted to-day in inaugurating this statue by that eminent American discoverer, who to-day is the nearest resemblance to the great and patriotic citizen, whose memory we all honor. I rejoice that Prof. Morse—born in that very city of Boston, within rifle-shot of Franklin's birth-place, and the year after Franklin died, and who seems to have been raised up by Providence to be the continuer of that great work of which Franklin was the beginner—I rejoice that he has been spared to meet with us on this interesting occasion. This man seems to me to be the proper successor of Franklin; the one taught the world how to tame the lightning, and the other has taught us how to render it most useful as a messenger of intelligence across continents and oceans; so that to-day, by the invention of Morse, the whole world is placed in instantaneous communication, and any interesting event is flashed as by the lightning from one end of the habitable globe to the other. So I may say, fellow-citizens, in honor of Franklin, and I may also say in honor of Morse, I present, in behalf of Capt. DeGroot, this statue of our great exemplar to our intelligent and, I trust, appreciative profession.

ADDRESS BY MR. GREELEY AT THE BANQUET.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—If I were required to say for which of Franklin's achievements he deserved most and best of mankind, I should award the palm to his autobiography—so frank, so sunny, so irradiated by a brave, blithe, hearty humanity. For if our fathers had not—largely by the aid of his counsel, his

labors, his sacrifices—achieved their independence at the first effort, they would have tried it again and again until they *did* achieve it; if he had not made his immortal discovery of the identity of lectricity with the lightning, that truth would nevertheless have at length been demonstrated; but if he had not so modestly and sweetly told us how to wrestle with poverty and compel opportunity, I do not know who beside would or could have done it so well. There is not to-day, there will not be in this nor in the next century, a friendless, humble orphan, working hard for naked daily bread, and glad to improve his leisure hours in the corner of a garret, whom that biography will not cheer and strengthen to fight the battle of life buoyantly and manfully. I wish some human Tract Society would present a copy of it to every poor lad in the United States.

But I must not detain you. Let me sum up the character of Franklin in the fewest words that will serve me. I love and revere him as a journeyman printer, who was frugal and didn't drink; a *parvenu* who rose from want to competence, from obscurity to fame, without losing his head; a statesman who did not crucify mankind with long-winded documents or speeches; a diplomatist who did not intrigue; a philosopher who never loved, and an office-holder who didn't steal. So regarding him, I respond to your sentiment with "Honor to the memory of Franklin."

## POLITICAL DISCUSSION.

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Pending the presidential campaign—1872—Mr. GREELEY, for the purpose of stimulating the people to throw off the bondage of political conventions, published three significant editorials in the *Tribune* as follows:

"SAYS THE SPIDER TO THE FLY."

The facts that the Editor of this Journal did not attend the late meeting of the Republican National Committee at Washington, and did not sign the call issued therefrom for a National Convention to meet in Philadelphia in June next, have been widely commented on. The letter in which Mr. GREELEY declined to sign that call has been called for by several journals, but not given. He kept no copy of it, and cannot recall its language; but Mr. W. E. Chan-



der, to whom it was addressed, is fully authorized to give a copy to any one who may see fit to ask him for it.

And now a few words on the general subject :

It may surprise many to be told that National Nominating Conventions are of modern origin. The founders of our Republic, the men who made and ratified the Federal Constitution, contrived to get on without them. A Pennsylvania Dutchman is said to have excused his inability to answer a question as to his course at the pending election, by stating that "The man who tells us how to vote has not been around this Fall." Our fathers appear to have been left in that benighted condition throughout the twenty years which immediately followed the formation of our "more perfect Union." Considering their lack of our larger and more abundant newspapers, our overland and under-water telegraphs, and our admirable provision for providing them with ready-made candidates, they got on surprisingly well, however; the Presidents they thus elected have been George Washington, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson.

At length the dominant party, then known as Republican, devised the expedient of a caucus of its Members of Congress to designate candidates for the highest Federal offices. As we recollect, the first of these assembled to designate a Vice-President only—George Clinton, to run with President Jefferson in 1804, vice Aaron Burr, fallen from grace. The thin end of the wedge having thus been inserted, candidates for President also were afterward presented—the caucus dutifully naming for the higher office whomsoever the outgoing President had chosen as his Secretary of State.

In 1824, there was a New Departure. William H. Crawford, of Georgia, then Secretary of the Treasury, who had just missed a nomination eight years previously in place of James Monroe (a man of quite inferior capacity), was now presented by the caucus for President, with Albert Gallatin, of Pennsylvania, for Vice-President.

The masses revolted. So long as the Federal party had remained embodied, they had supported—not without occasional grumbling—the Republican caucus candidates; now that the Federalists had dropped out of the arena, they saw no reason for being restricted to the caucus programme. Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Tennessee, and several other States which had hitherto swallowed the caucus nominees without a grimace, now gave them no countenance whatever. Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun and John Quincy Adams—the two former Republican mem-

bers of Congress; the two latter Republican members of President Monroe's Cabinet—became candidates for President in defiance of the caucus. Mr. Calhoun finally withdrew, and received the votes of nearly all the anti-caucus men for Vice-President, whereby he was overwhelmingly elected. The others ran the race through; Gen. Jackson receiving the electoral votes of most of the Southern and Western States; Mr. Adams those of all the Eastern States; Mr. Clay being supported by Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri, and a few of the New York Electors; Mr. Crawford having the votes of Virginia, 2 of the 3 votes of Delaware (an inveterately Federal State), Georgia, and a few of the New York votes. This sent the election to the House of Representatives, wherein Jackson, Adams and Crawford (the three highest in the electoral colleges) were the only constitutional candidates. Mr. Clay and his supporters here cast their votes for Mr. Adams and elected him—he having the votes of 13 States, while 7 voted for Jackson and 4 for Crawford.

That result gave a death-blow to caucuses of Members of Congress to nominate candidates to be supported by the People. Mr. Adams and Gen. Jackson were the rival candidates for President at the next election, but they were the nominees of no Congress caucus and no National Convention.

In 1836, the Jackson Democratic party held the first National Convention. Its object was to concentrate the party upon Martin Van Buren for President—he being obnoxious to a considerable part of it. Pennsylvania had in 1832 refused him her votes for Vice-President, casting them for William Wilkins. Several States neglected or refused to send delegates to this first National Convention; Among them Gen. Jackson's own Tennessee; but a steam-doctor named Rucker, hailing from Tennessee, happened to be in Baltimore at the time; so he was caught up and transmitted into a delegation from his State.

No rival National Convention was held; but the Whigs of the Free States generally supported Gen. William Henry Harrison, of Ohio, for President, with Francis Granger, of New York, for Vice-President. Those of the South voted for Hugh L. White, of Tennessee, for President, with John Tyler, of Virginia, for Vice-President. South Carolina voted for W. P. Magnum, and North Carolina for Van Buren. Massachusetts voted alone for Daniel Webster for President. Van Buren was chosen President—New York and Pennsylvania voting for him—but Richard M. Johnson, Vice-President on the same ticket, failed to secure a majority of Electors—Virginia refusing him her votes, because of his alleged pro-

clivity to amalgamation. The Senate, however, elected him by 33 votes to 16 for Francis Granger (only the highest two being here eligible.)

—More of this in our next.—*Feb.* 20, 1872.

#### MORE ABOUT PRESIDENT-MAKING MACHINERY.

In December, 1839, the first National Convention ever held by the Whig party assembled at Harrisburg, Pa. How it was called, we do not remember; there was no pre-existing National Committee or other organization. About two hundred delegates attended, including ex-Governors of eight or ten States—among them James Barbour (who presided) and John Tyler, of Virginia, Joseph Vance, of Ohio, and Thomas Metcalf, of Kentucky. Gov. Ritner and ex-Gov. Shultze, of Pa., were, if not members, deeply interested spectators. The Convention was at least three days in making a nomination. A plurality of its members wanted to nominate for President, Henry Clay, whom three-fourths of the party preferred for that office; the greater number of delegates, fearing that Mr. Clay, if nominated, could not be elected, voted for Gen. Harrison or Gen. Scott, and ultimately united on the former, giving him the nomination. Ex-Gov. Tyler, of Virginia, who was a zealous supporter of Clay, was nominated for Vice-President. The Whig ticket for 1840 was thus made up of the candidate for President spontaneously supported by the Northern Whigs in 1836, with the candidate of the Southern Whigs in that year for Vice-President. This was unquestionably the strongest combination that could have been made, as the event proved. No platform or declaration of principles was put forth. The Democrats met some months later at Baltimore, and renominated Van Buren and Johnson. After an animated, ringing canvass, Harrison and Tyler were chosen by 234 Electoral Votes to 60—only seven States (including Virginia, the birth-place of Harrison and Tyler, Clay and Gen. Scott) casting their votes for Van Buren.

In 1844, a Whig National Convention assembled at Baltimore, May 1, and unanimously nominated Henry Clay for President. Theo. Frelinghuysen was, after a spirited contest, nominated for Vice-President. The Convention unanimously pronounced for Protection to Home Industry and against the re-election of a President while in office.

The Democratic Convention met in the same city some weeks afterward. A majority of the delegates thereto had been elected to re-nominate Van Buren, and voted for him on the first ballot,

after adopting a rule which required a concurrence of two-thirds of the delegates to make a nomination. They gradually fell away from Van Buren to Cass, Buchanan and others, until at length James K. Polk, of Tennessee, was proposed and speedily nominated. Silas Wright, of New York, was nominated for Vice-President, but promptly declined, when George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, was presented in his stead.

After a most spirited and energetic canvass, Polk and Dallas were elected, having carried Pennsylvania, New York and Louisiana by very small majorities—secured, as the Whigs asserted and believed, by fraudulent votes. A change of New York alone would have elected Clay.

In 1848, the Democrats nominated Gen. Lewis Cass, of Michigan, for President, with William O. Butler, of Kentucky, for Vice-President.

The Whig Convention met this year in Philadelphia. No candidate had at first a majority, but Gen. Zachary Taylor, of Louisiana, had a plurality, which ultimately grew into a majority and nominated him. Millard Fillmore, of New York, was nominated for Vice-President. This ticket was elected by the support of New York and Pennsylvania, Ohio and every other State north-west of the Ohio river going for Cass. Van Buren and C. Francis Adams were supported by the "Free Soil" party, which thus contributed to the defeat of Cass and Butler.

In 1852, the Whigs again held a Convention at Baltimore, and, after a good many ballots, nominated Gen. Winfield Scott for President over Millard Fillmore (incumbent since Gen. Taylor's death) and Daniel Webster. William A. Graham, of North Carolina was nominated for Vice-President.

The Democrats nominated Gen. Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, for President, and the Hon. William R. King, of Alabama, for Vice-President. This ticket was triumphantly elected; the Free-Soilers supporting John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, for President, and thus divided the vote of several Free States, without choosing any Electors. Gen. Scott was supported by the States Massachusetts, Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee only—all the rest for Pierce.

In 1856, the Democrats nominated James Buchanan for President over Franklin Pierce (incumbent) and Stephen A. Douglas. John C. Breckinridge, of Ky., was their man for Vice-President. The "Republicans" nominated John C. Fremont for President, with William L. Dayton, of New Jersey, for Vice-President. The "Americans" ran Millard Fillmore for President with Andrew J.

Donelson, of Tenn., for Vice President, polling a considerable vote in a majority of the States, but carrying Maryland only. Buchanan and Breckinridge were elected, but Fremont and Dayton carried 11 States, giving them 114 Electoral Votes. Of course none of these were Slave States.

In 1860, the Republicans met at Chicago and, after an animated struggle, nominated Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, for President, with Hannibal Hamlin, of Main, for Vice. President, though William H. Seward, of New York, had the highest vote for President on the first ballot.

The Democrats held their Convention this year at Charleston, S. C., but quarreled savagely and adjourned to Baltimore, being unable to concentrate a two-thirds vote upon any one. At Baltimore, Stephen A. Douglas was nominated for President by the larger division, with Benj. Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, for Vice. Fitzpatrick declined, and Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia, was substituted. The more Southern wing of the Democracy nominated John C. Breckinridge, for President, with Joseph Lane, of Oregon, for Vice. The "Americans" of 1856 now declared themselves a "Union" party and presented John Bell, of Tennessee, for President, with Edward Everett, of Mass., for Vice-President. All three of the factions opposed to the Republicans coalesced on a common Electoral ticket in New York, and less completely in other States, but Lincoln and Hamlin were elected, receiving all the Electoral Votes of the Free States but three of the seven cast by New Jersey. Douglas obtained those three and Missouri's 9—12 in all. Bell had those of Virginia, Breckinridge those of all the other Slave States but Missouri.

In 1864, the Republicans convened at Baltimore and renominated President Lincoln, with Andrew Johnson (War Democrat) of Tennessee, for Vice-President. The Democrats went to Chicago, and there nominated Gen. Geo. B. McClellan for President, with Geo. W. Pendleton, of Ohio, for Vice. The States then in revolt not voting, Lincoln carried all the rest except New Jersey, Kentucky, and Delaware.

In 1868, the Republicans met again at Chicago, and there nominated Gen. Ulysses S. Grant for President with Schuyler Colfax for Vice. The Democrats met in New York, and put up Horatio Seymour for President with Gen. Francis P. Blair of Missouri for Vice. These candidates received the votes of New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Georgia, Louisiana, and Oregon, but were badly beaten. The States of Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas, being not yet fully reconstructed, did not vote.

—We have some comments to make on the foregoing facts, which we must reserve till our next.—*Feb. 21st, 1872.*

#### PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS CONCLUDED.

It has been objected to National Conventions, as it was to caucuses of Congress before them, that they are usurpations. Orators have triumphantly asked to be shown any warrant in the Federal Constitution for holding them. It were as reasonable to ask for a clause in that instrument authoring the spanning of oceans by telegraphic cables. Caucuses and Conventions of this class are simply voluntary assemblages of people for certain purposes, avowed or otherwise, as the case may be. They have no legal or binding authority, and pretend to none. If you choose to subscribe to the platform, and vote for the candidates of one of them, you may; if you prefer to support the candidates and spurn the platform, or to approve generally the principles avowed, and *not* vote for the candidates, that course is open to you. The nominating convention at best puts up a guide-board, whose directions you are at perfect liberty to consult or ignore, heed or disregard.

It is undoubtedly true that either caucus or convention increases the weight of the great States in our National councils. New York and Pennsylvania, when they choose to coalesce, can all but dictate the nomination of their favorite for President, and secure his election. We believe they have never yet been overborne, when acting together, in a Presidential canvass. Joined by Ohio, they must prove quite irresistible. So it is obvious that the power of the Federal Government is augmented by the holding of National Conventions to select candidates for the Presidency. Some may regret, while others will rejoice over this; the fact remaining unaffected by their hopes or fears.

When party lines are tightly drawn and great principles or even interests are at stake, the nominating convention or caucus will naturally be authoritative—commanding; when a lull in political controversy occurs, through the virtual settlement or decadence of such issues, then the masses will be likely to revolt, as they did in 1824. Nominations by delegated bodies are at best an evil, sometimes to be endured in preference to the evils thereby precluded. Had it been possible to adhere to the design of the founders of the Republic, by choosing in each State its proportion of the Presidential Electors from among the ablest, wisest, worthiest citizens, and having them assemble, deliberate, compare preferences, weigh each other's suggestions, and then vote for the two fittest men residing

in different States, whereof he who should receive most votes throughout the Union should be President, he who received next to the largest number Vice-President, that would have continued to be an excellent system, as, in the infancy of the Union, it proved. The power which the Constitution intended to vest in the Electors has been transferred to caucuses and nominating conventions, State and Federal—unwisely, if you will, but it seems irrevocably. The best course still open is that of independent, earnest, manly criticism and revision by the people of the acts and decisions of whatever body or bodies shall henceforth assume to provide them with ready-made candidates, whether for Federal or for State offices. Treat all nominations simply as suggestions, to be followed or resisted as your own judgment shall dictate. A caucus of Members of Congress formerly made (in effect) both President and Vice-President: that power was abused, and the people set their heel upon it. National Conventions will doubtless in good time travel the same road and encounter a kindred fate. Meantime, hear and heed all proper suggestions of candidates, then vote exactly as your own unfettered judgment shall dictate.—*Feb. 22, 1872.*

#### ORGANS AND THEIR MUSIC

We have noticed some discussion in other journals as to the merits, or rather the stannchness, of the *Tribune* as a party organ—whether it has been, or may confidently be expected to be, “reliable,” to use a word of dubious propriety. We desire to help the negative in this controversy.

The *Tribune* was designed to be something quite different from a party organ, as organs go in this country. It was meant to discuss political as well as other questions of general interest with entire freedom and frankness—to commend whatever its Editor should believe to be right, and condemn whatever appeared to him wrong, without regard to the party affiliations of the doer. It was intended to be as independent of office-holding and of office-seeking control as the *Times* (London) or any of the great European journals, none of which ever subserved a party with the docility (not to say servility) often exhibited on this side of the Atlantic.

But, soon after the establishment of this journal, the country was plunged into a controversy respecting the contrasted merits of Protection and Free Trade; and the Editor—an ardent, devoted Protectionist from boyhood—rushed instinctively into the thickest of the fight. It was not in his nature to do otherwise.

When Henry Clay was superseded by Gen. Taylor in 1848, in a Convention which laid Free Soil on the table, the *Tribune* did not behave like a good party organ. It told truth that the party did not relish, and did not hurry itself in taking ground for Gen. Taylor. A good many people liked it less for this; but we believe they respected it more.

Again in 1852, when Gen. Scott was nominated for President on a Slavery-Compromise platform, it accepted the candidate, but emphatically spurned the platform. A good party organ would have swallowed the platform at the first gulp, and pretended to like it.

In 1854, there was a New Departure. A startling and temporarily successful effort was made to open to Slavery territory which had been solemnly consecrated to Free Labor. Again the *Tribune* stepped to the front, and did its best in opposition to what it deemed a perfidious crime, till that issue was forever settled.

Still, it did not earn the reputation of a staunch, "reliable" party organ. When the Republicans of Illinois undertook to turn Stephen A. Douglas out of the Senate in 1858, just after his magnificent and successful fight against binding Kansas over to Slavery under the fraudulent Lecompton Constitution, the *Tribune* thought they were wrong, and, thinking, said so. A genuine party organ would not have thought at all, or thinking so, would have said the opposite.

Again in 1860, the Republican Legislature of our State passed several bills for Horse Railroads in our city, collectively known as "the Gridiron." The *Tribune* was not content with opposing those bills to the utmost; it paraded the names of those whose votes passed the lot, and exhorted its readers to beat any of them who should presume to stand for re-election. Several of them were beaten in consequence, and the party machinery considerably deranged. That is not the sort of music expected from party organs.

Enough for this time. It is plain that they are right who insist that the *Tribune* is not a "reliable" party organ. We presume it never was; but, if it ever has been, we are determined that it shall not be hereafter.—*March 1, '72.*

The appearance of the above articles in the *Tribune*, called out a wide discussion in the public press of the country, the character of which is indicated by a few extracts, as follows :



## THE USE AND ABUSE OF CONVENTIONS—NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

MR. GREELEY, in his recent articles on the system of selecting Presidents by National Conventions, points out its novelty in point of time, and predicts that it will, at some time, be abolished. The National Convention, as opposed to the Congressional caucus, was a Democratic idea. It was started by the Democratic party in 1836, and reluctantly fallen into by the Whig party four years later. It was popular with the Democratic masses, because it flattered them with the notion that it transferred the power of nominating a President from the few and gave it to the many—a catchword that never failed to raise the “hip, hip, hurrahs” of the unterrified, from Jackson’s time to Buchanan’s.

The unterrified never seemed to discover that it is a numerical impossibility for forty millions of people to meet in one assemblage, and thus carry out the idea of “the many” nominating a candidate. Failing to perceive this, they forgot that, if two or three hundred delegates in a Convention nominated a President, he was as really nominated by “the few” as if a similar number of Congressmen nominated him, or as if the Electoral Colleges voted without any nomination. Under the pretence, therefore, of transferring the power of choice from the few to the many, it was taken from the few who were intended by the Constitution and empowered by its letter to make it, and was transferred to a number equally “few,” but who are chosen without any of the forms of law; who purport only to represent one political party, and are, in fact, never voted for by one-tenth of the voters of that party; who act without an oath of any official responsibility, and who may sell their votes, secretly or openly, without violating any law whatever.

Under pretence of taking the selection of the Presidential candidate from the “few” and giving it to the “many,” the “few” irresponsible, unsworn, and unofficial politicians, who meet in a Convention, determine, out of forty millions of people, who shall be voted for, and leave to the “many” the privilege of voting for him or nobody. The power and participation of the people in the choice is far less than it would be if no Convention were held and no nomination made. For, in that case, the whole people would vote for the electors, who, according to their own discretion, choose the President. But, under the Convention system, only a few of the voters of one party ever vote for delegates to the Convention that makes the nomination, the mass of the voters of that

party not attending, and all the voters of the other party or parties being excluded. While the "many" do not participate in electing delegates to the Convention, or in its deliberations or or choice, neither can they, under the Convention system, have any power on election day to choose the President. For the Conventions have already limited the choice to two candidates, and of these the "many" must vote for one or the other, and these are generally so identified with certain principles or measures that the voter believing in the principles of one party has his last vestige of choice taken away, and must vote for the nominee of the Convention of that party. As to men, therefore, he has no more choice than Louis Napoleon gave his subjects—to vote for him or for nobody.

Now, while, under any representative system, forty millions of people can only choose a candidate for the Presidency by delegated votes, the difference between the Convention and the Electoral College intended by the Constitution is, that in the latter the delegated votes would be cast by men whom the whole people had a chance to vote for, and whom the majority did vote for; while, under the Convention system, they would be cast by men whom only one political party are permitted to vote for, and for whom, in fact, very few of that party ever voted. Certainly, the "many" are far better represented under the Electoral College system, as devised by the framers of the Constitution, than under the Convention system, substituted thirty years ago by Van Buren and Company.

Another evil of the convention system is, that no amount of ballot-stuffing, fraudulent or forcible voting, or buying and selling of votes, either in the primaries or political Conventions of any grade, is punishable by law. There have been Conventions for nominating candidates for Congress wherein as high at \$50,000 have been spent in buying votes for one nomination. Corruption has for fifty years been gradually creeping upward from the lower haunts of politics to the higher. Several recent National Conventions have been disgraced by it. Our State Conventions are frequently afflicted with it. If our national nominating system continues, it cannot be long before the great capitalists, railroads, and other corporations will be found buying up whole States, like sheep in the shambles, and all the more disgracefully because the law cannot punish it as a crime.

We are not sure that it would be wise to attempt at present to abolish the Convention system, but we think in at least well to discuss whether the spirit of the constitution is not perpetually

trampled on by that system. The question will be asked, conceding the evils of the convention system, how is it to be assailed? The first step would be to run an electoral ticket in every State, pledged to vote independently, according to the constitution, for such men as the electors deemed best qualified to hold the offices of President and Vice President of the United States. The advantage of this system would be, that the electors who would thus be chosen would be men of weight, character, and reputation, most of whom would know personally much about the Presidential candidates for whom they are voting, and acting under a sense of official responsibility, they would be less open to corruption. Of course, any change of this kind is remote; but it is well to recall the fact that the first practice of the country after the adoption of the constitution was diametrically opposed to the present system.—*Chicago Tribune, Feb. 28.*

#### SWEEPING AWAY PARTY TACTICS.

All argument against National Conventions for making Presidential nominations is an argument against all party conventions, all party caucussing—all methods, in fact, of organizing and uniting the action of political parties. It is plain enough that parties cannot exist without these agencies of concentration in some form, either democratically evolved from within themselves, or established over them by the usurpation of self-constituted leaders.—*Buffalo Express.*

#### THE ONLY WAY TO ESCAPE POLITICAL TYRANNY.

“Mr. GREELEY’s position and doctrine seem to us to be fraught with hopes of salutary results to the country. It will serve to break the organized power of a most corrupt party, and through independence of action make it possible to inaugurate progress and true reform. It may lead, however, to a higher standard of political action, and to the destruction of that tyranny of party managers which, with the aid of money, patronage and reckless legislation, has been so odious during the past twelve years.”—*Buffalo Courier.*

#### UNAUTHORIZED BY THE PEOPLE.

Thus the practical election of President is done by machinery entirely unknown to the law, the agents in which are unauthorized by the Constitution, act without the sanction of an oath or

official responsibility, and among whom bribery is not punishable. Indeed the Presidential Elector who should to-day substitute his personal convictions for the nomination of a Convention, and thus acted in the true spirit and intent of his oath and of the Constitution, would probably be deemed a greater recreant and traitor than if he had plotted the overthrow of the Government.—*Chicago Tribune*.

#### CANDIDATES RESPONSIBLE TO WIRE-PULLERS AND NOT TO THE PEOPLE.

In an elective system like our own, political parties are a necessity. But the party implies organization, and consent not only to certain principles, but in the action for giving them effect. This, again, requires no little concession of individual preference, and an absolute submission to the will of the party majority in all matters not vitally connected with one's moral convictions. Especially is it a breach of faith and fealty for a politician, having gone before a party convention to secure a nomination for himself or his favorite candidate, and failed, to bolt on personal grounds the nomination actually made. In entering a political nominating convention, there is an implied contract between all parties to it to abide the result.—*Cleveland Leader*.

#### THE GAG SHOULD NOT BE TOLERATED.

Without toleration of conflicting opinion and action, without a generous consideration of the preferences of men who have stood by the party from its organization, the success of the party will be greatly endangered. The party lash cannot be successfully used over Republicans, nor will the gag be tolerated. These things may be used for a time without defeating the party, but they will prove the inevitable ruin of it in the end. The power of public patronage may accomplish wonders for a time, but there is a very large element in the Republican party that cares not for office or official favor, and when once aroused will sweep such things away as rubbish when compared with the success of principles and a wise policy.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

#### THE SACRED RIGHT OF BOLTING.

Mr. GREELEY has been printing a series of interesting articles in the *Tribune* on national conventions for nominating candidates for the Presidency. He gives a history of the manner in which

Presidential nominations have been made from the beginning—at first by common consent, then by Congressional caucuses, and since 1836 by national conventions, and leaves the impression that he considers that the country has now outgrown the Convention plan and ought to have something better. A great many persons, we apprehend, will share Mr. GREELEY'S disgust at nominating conventions, whether national or on a smaller scale, but nobody has yet offered us anything superior. Even Mr. GREELEY furnishes no suggestion on this point, and it is likely that nominating conventions will be held for a good many years yet. If they make bad nominations there always remains to the individual the sacred right of bolting.—*Springfield Republican*.

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#### THE ONE TERM PRINCIPLE.

Realizing that ambition is an impelling principle in human nature, which, in the main, knows no law of justice or honor, and is indifferent to the welfare of the people, when power is possible; wise statesmen in all ages of the world, have warned their countrymen against the unscrupulous efforts of ambitious rulers, and sought, by positive laws, to restrain their reckless efforts for the ascendancy.

Knowing the temptations which the presidency of this Republic affords to satiate the ambition of selfish men; many good and great statesmen have earnestly contended that the office of the President should be restricted to one term.

At the head of these unselfish and earnest advocates of the "One Term Principle" stands Mr. GREELEY. His recent discussion of the subject, has truly made him the champion of the cause, and endeared him to the American people for the high ground he has taken. His principal argument on the subject is herewith presented. It will be found full of interest as well as thoroughly convincing to every American patriot.

A very earnest and growing solicitude for Civil Service Reform pervades the more intelligent and thoughtful minority of our countrymen. Its praises are seldom sounded in the grog-shops;

its merits are not appreciated by the lower order of ward and cross-roads politicians. Many of these apprehend from its triumph a diminution of their personal consequence; and not wholly without reason. The packers and managers of county and district conventions also dislike it; they do not see how they are to pay for services required and rendered, if that Reform shall ever be really effected. To those, on the other hand, who seek first good government, through capable, efficient and frugal public servants, the agitation of this Reform is a bow of promise, and its achievement would be hailed with unalloyed and heartfelt satisfaction.

What does this Reform contemplate?

Primarily, the selection for offices of those best fitted therefor, and whose intelligent and faithful discharge of their duties may be confidently anticipated. At present, we are all aware that fitness is and must be a secondary, if not even remoter, consideration. A President or Governor, who was nominated because it was calculated that he would run well, having been duly (or *unduly*) elected, is at once overwhelmed with applications for the offices at his disposal. Each aspirant presents an inventory of his "claims," backed by a quire or so of certificates and recommendations, written or signed under moral duress, by men who barely know him, or who know him too well to write or sign with a good conscience. Some recommend him because he has relatives or friends who must not be alienated; others because they hope to use him in the future. The longest recommendations attest, not the aspirant's merits, but his assiduity and his impudence in button-holing and boring. They are duly forwarded to the Executive Chief whose choice they are to influence; and he—unable to appoint every one—either defers to the longest roll of signatures, or to the wish of the Representative of the District in Congress, if he be of the right stripe, or of some local magnate, if he is not, and makes a hap-hazard selection. Not once in twenty times is superior fitness either exacted or regarded.

How much better is this than the absurdity of hereditary legislators? If our Federal and local functionaries were chosen by lot, would they average worse than they do now?

That "The King can do no wrong," if taken literally, is irrational. If understood to mean only that he is elevated above all temptation to misrule—that his doing wrong would argue moral if not mental insanity—that he cannot be *presumed* to have acted within his prerogative under the sway of any unworthy motive—then the maxim becomes intelligible. The justification of royalty is its alleged tendency to place the chief ruler of a nation above

all temptation to regard and pursue his own interest at the expense of the public weal.

#### THE BEGINNINGS OF PRESIDENTIAL PATRONAGE.

In the infancy of our country, the Presidents of Congress were first servants of the Republic, but with next to no patronage and very little power. No one can give the names of those Presidents, any more than of the last half dozen chiefs of the Swiss Confederation. Of each class it may be said that they

“Come like shadows, so depart.”

The Federal Constitution made a great change. The President, elected by the people for four years, surrounded by able assistants, who soon became (though not by that instrument's direction,) his Cabinet, and authorized to nominate most of the civil as well as the military and naval officers of the Union, rapidly grew in power and consequence. It was not, however, until Jefferson had—not without apologies and protestations—clearly enunciated the principle that every civil subordinate was liable to removal at the President's discretion, though for no higher than partisan considerations, that the power of that functionary suddenly swelled to gigantic and threatening dimensions. Mr. Jefferson made few removals for politics' sake; but he asserted the principle, and practiced upon it sufficiently to admonish the great body of his functionaries that the sword over their heads hung suspended by a hair. Jackson, twenty-eight years later, pushed the doctrine to its legitimate results. Under this rule, every post-master, tide-waiter, deputy marshal, etc., became a mere tool, to be discarded and replaced as the ambition or the caprice of his lord and master should dictate. The Senate, when asked to approve a nominee, had no business to inquire into his predecessor's removal, or to seek the President's reasons therefor: it could rightfully consider only the competency of the proposed successor, and confirm or reject him thereupon.

By this time, the growth of the country, and the still more rapid expansion of Federal patronage, had so increased the power of the President that, under the Jacksonian interpretation, his office was one of more than regal power. No British sovereign of the last half-century could strain his prerogative as Jackson did, without losing his crown, if not his head.

## THE EVIL THAT MEN DO LIVES AFTER THEM.

Jackson, after a stormy reign of eight years, gave place to the mild-mannered, plausible Van Buren, who was very soon deserted by the popular tide which had usually borne his predecessors on its top-most wave, and was badly beaten in his canvass for a second term. But the Whigs, who succeeded to power, were alike unable and unwilling to return to the salutary rule of Washington and the Adamses, who regarded none but the immediate counselors of the Chief Executive as subject to removal from office, except for a reason which commended itself to good men of all parties alike. To displace an efficient and worthy collector or postmaster because of his perverse politics, would have seemed to Washington a sheer impossibility.

## TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE SPOILS.

But those who had for twelve years endured and writhed under the scorpion whip of Jacksonism would not consent to be still excluded from office after they had overthrown their persecutors. The "bloody instructions" which they had been taught, they were eager to commend in turn to their instructors. So a general sweep of the Jacksonian incumbents was decreed; and, though somewhat modified by the speedy death of President Harrison, was in good part executed. Thenceforward to this hour "to the victors belong the spoils of the vanquished" has been the oft disavowed but practically accepted rule of whichever party was uppermost under whatever administration. Its fruits are widespread in capacity, inefficiency, dishonesty, and peculation. A postmaster—not to be too exacting—ought to know how to read; which some do, while others do not. All will admit that such ability is desirable in his vocation; but the one who lacks it is the most efficient partisan, and has done the most toward the President's election, his "claims" cannot be well overborne. Will not his services be wanted four years hence? And how are they to be retained if his "claims" are postponed to those of one who can read, but has no skill in manipulating voters or votes?

Civil Service Reform means the selection of the fittest man for office instead of the most effective (or noisy) politicians of the dominant party. That is the gist of the matter. It is right, and should prevail. How can this end be secured?

## GEN. JACKSON URGED THE ONE-TERM PRINCIPLE.

When Gen. Jackson, after his failure in 1824, became the candi-



date for President of the three parties or factions which had worn his colors, those of Crawford, and those of Calhoun, respectively, in the preceding scrub-race, his supporters were vociferous in commanding the limitation of a President's service to one term. They argued that this was the very time to establish the principle, when the Adamses, father and son, had held the office eight years between them. They gave out that "that Roman Republican" (Jackson) would consent to serve but a single term. And, accordingly, in his first annual message (Dec. 8, 1829), he said:

I would, therefore, recommend such an amendment of the constitution as may remove all intermediate agency in the election of President and Vice-President. The mode may be so regulated as to preserve to each State its present relative weight in the election; and a failure in the first attempt may be provided for by confining the second to the choice between the two highest candidates. In connection with such an amendment, it would seem advisable to limit the service of the chief magistrate to the single term of either four or six years. If, however, it should not be adopted, it is worthy of consideration whether a provision disqualifying for office the representatives in Congress on whom such an election may have devolved, would not be proper."

[NOTE.—This latter proposition may be presumed to have been leveled at Mr. Clay and some other Representatives by whose votes in the House John Quincy Adams was made President in 1825; but it reflects equally on Edward Livingston and others, who voted for Mr. Jefferson in 1801, and were appointed by him to important and desirable positions.]

In his next Annual Message (Dec. 7, 1830), he said:

It was a leading object with the framers of the constitution to keep as separate as possible the action of the legislative and executive branches of the government. To secure this object, nothing is more essential than to preserve the former from the temptations of private interest, and therefore so to direct the patronage of the latter as not to permit such temptations to be offered. Experience abundantly demonstrates that every precaution in this respect is a valuable safeguard of liberty, and one which my reflections upon the tendencies of our system incline me to think should be made still stronger. It was for this reason that, in connection with an amendment of the constitution removing all intermediate agency in the choice of the President, I recommend some restrictions upon the re-eligibility of that officer, and upon the tenure of officers generally. The reason still exists; and I renew the recommendation with an increased confidence that its adoption will strengthen those checks by which the constitution designed to secure the independence of each department of government, and promote the healthful and equitable administration of all the truths which it has created. The agent most likely to contravene this design of the constitution is the chief magistrate. In order, particularly, that this appointment may, as far as possible, be placed beyond the reach of any improper influences; in order that he may approach the solemn responsibilities of the highest office in the gift of a free people uncommitted to any other course than the strict line of constitutional duty; and that the securities for this independence may be rendered as strong as the nature of

power and the weakness of its possessor will admit. I cannot too earnestly invite your attention to the property of promoting such amendment of the constitution as will render him ineligible after one term of service."

Again, in his third annual message (Dec. 6, 1731), he said:

I have heretofore recommended amendments of the Federal constitution giving the election of President and Vice-President to the people, and limited the service of the former to a single term. So important do I consider these changes in our fundamental law, that I cannot, in accordance with my sense of duty, omit to press them upon the consideration of a new Congress. For my views more at large, as well in relation to these points as to the disqualification of members of Congress to receive an office from a President in whose election they have had an official agency, which I proposed as a substitute, I refer you to my former messages."

The XXIst Congress having convened, Dec. 8th, 1829, the speaker appointed the following select committee under the resolve of Mr. McDuffie relative to the elections and qualifications of President of the United States:

Messrs. McDuffie of S. C., Haynes of Ga., Carson of N. C., Lea of Tenn., Martindale of N. Y., Stephens of Pa., and Hughes, of N. J.

No report appears to have been made till next year, when the committee was reconstituted as follows:

Messrs. McDuffie, Coke of Va., Sanford of N. Y., Stephens, Hughes, Green of Pa., and Rencher of N. C.

Dec. 22, 1830, Mr. McDuffie from the aforesaid committee, reported the following joint resolution:

*Resolved*, That the following amendment of the constitution of the United States be proposed to the several States, to be valid, to all intents and purposes, as part of said constitution when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the said States, viz:

*No person shall be hereafter eligible to the office of President of the United States who shall have been previously elected to the said office, and who shall have accepted the same or exercised the powers thereof."*

March 5, 1831; Mr. McDuffie moved a suspension of the rule to enable him to move that the House do now go into committee of the Whole, (on the resolve to amend the constitution relative to elections of President, it was understood) says *Niles' Register*; but there were not two-thirds in the affirmative; so the motion did not prevail.

#### A HALT FOLLOWED BY NEW EFFORT.

Did not, because the reform proposed had struck a sunken rock while under full headway, and been brought to a dead halt.

Jacksonism—then at the zenith of its power—had discovered that the proposition reported by Mr. McDuffie would, if seasonably adopted and ratified, forbid the re-election of its chief—would, if in full progress toward adoption furnish at least a moral argument against that chief's re-election. Hence, the *Globe* (which had superseded Duff Green's *Telegraph* as the metropolitan organ of the dominant party) denounced it vehemently as an attempt to give a *retrospective* operation to the reform proposed, and called on all sincere Jacksonians to oppose and defeat it: so they did.

Gen. Jackson having been re-elected, the swiftly succeeding agitation caused by South Carolina's attempt to nullify the existing Tariff, followed by that caused by the President's removal of the Public Deposits from the United States Bank, absorbed for two or three years the public interest in politics. That agitation having measurably subsided, the amendment of the Federal Constitution with reference to the election of President again claimed the attention of the House, which referred it to a Select Committee whereof the Hon. Geo. R. Gilmer, of Georgia, was Chairman. Jan. 31, 1835, Mr. Gilmer from this Committee reported a proposition of Constitutional Amendment, whereof the first section is as follows:

“No person who shall have been elected President of the United States shall be again eligible to that office.”

[Sec. 2 contemplates the choice of President by a direct vote of the people of each State, a majority of whom shall decide for whom the number of votes whereto that State is entitled shall be cast without the interposition of Electors. If there be no choice at the first trial, they shall vote again, their choice being restricted to the two candidates having the highest and next highest vote on the former.

Sec. 3 provides that no Member of Congress shall be appointed to any Federal office during the term for which he was elected, nor for six months after its expiration.]

After a few approving remarks from the Hon. Jesse Speight, of North Carolina, this proposition of amendment was, on Mr. Gilmer's motion, referred to a Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, which seems never to have found time to consider it.

#### DEFEATS CONSEQUENT UPON ATTEMPTING TO RE-ELECT PRESIDENTS

The Whigs in due time took up the One-Term principle, and Mr. Clay expressly gave it his powerful support. He failed to achieve the Presidency, and did not succeed in engrafting that principle on the Federal Constitution; but Van Buren, who was

first chosen in 1836 by a decided majority, was left, in a meager minority at the close of his canvass for a second term. He tried again in 1844, and was badly beaten in the National Convention of his party by James K. Polk, of Tennessee, who, though then elected, declined even to seek a second term. Gen. Taylor, who succeeded him, died early in the second year of his term; and Millard Fillmore, who, being Vice-President, succeeded him, was beaten by Gen. Scott in the Whig National Convention of 1852. Gen. Franklin Pierce, whom the Democrats then elected, tried to be renominated in 1856, but was beaten in Convention by James Buchanan, who did not seek a renomination, knowing well that such quest would be vain. Mr. Lincoln, who was then chosen by the Republicans, *was* re-elected by them in 1864; the civil war then in progress impelling many to support him in deference to the law that discourages the swapping of horses while in the act of crossing a raging torrent. Mr. Lincoln thus constitutes the sole exception to the failure of so many efforts to re-elect a President since 1832. Meantime, those efforts have undoubtedly cost some signal defeats to either party. Had Mr. Van Buren gracefully retired at the close of his first term, his party might very probably have avoided their stunning defeat in 1840; had Fillmore done likewise in 1852, the Whig party might have been defeated, but could not have been crushed by its defeat in the triumph of Pierce that year. Time and again, since the Federal disaster of 1800, has first one, then the other party, run or tried to run a President for a second term; for a quarter of a century, these efforts proved successful; of late, they have very generally proved disastrous. "Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

#### THE PRINCIPLE APPLIED TO OTHER OFFICES.

That the change has been real, and based neither upon personal nor partisan considerations, is evinced by the gradual adoption of the contested principle in other yet kindred spheres. Witness the post of Governor, which was formerly filled in nearly or quite every State without restriction on this head; whereas at this time, in the States of New Jersey, Virginia, Georgia, Indiana, Illinois, South Carolina, and Kentucky, a Governor is not eligible to re-election while in office or for the term succeeding that for which he was elected; in Arkansas, Texas, and Oregon, he may serve but eight years out of any twelve; in Maine, North Carolina, Alabama, and Mississippi, he may serve but four years out of any six; in Pennsylvania, six years out of any nine; in Tennessee, six years out of any eight. The intent in each case (however imperfectly

developed,) is to check if not overbear the tendency to use patronage for the indefinite perpetuation of power.

So with the cognate post of Sheriff—one which often requires many deputies, who are apt to be young, active men, of strong physique and on intimate terms with the people, over whom they exercise much influence. Hence, the Constitution of our own State thus provides for the emergency :

“ Sheriffs, Clerks of Counties, &c., shall be chosen by the electors of the different Counties once in every three years, and as often as vacancies shall happen. *Sheriffs* shall hold no other office, and shall be ineligible for the next three years after the termination of their offices.”

In the first Constitution of our State, framed at Kingston in 1777, it was provided that

“ The Sheriffs and Coroners shall be annually appointed ; and no person shall be capable of holding either of the said offices *more than four years successively.*”

The Constitutions of Alabama, Delaware, Illinois, Kansas, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, each contain a provision substantially identical with the above. Those of several other States allow a Sheriff to be re-elected once, but not to serve more than four in any consecutive six years. New Jersey elects Sheriffs annually, but one can only be elected thrice in succession. Practically, he is allowed to hold three years, though chosen annually, and is thereafter ineligible for the next three years.

‘ IT IS RIGHT TO BE TAUGHT BY AN ENEMY.’”

Simply as an evidence of the drift of opinion among those who had thoughtfully watched for years the practical working of our Federal Government, it may be added that the Constitution framed for and adopted by the Southern Confederacy included this provision :

“ ART. II., SEC. 1. The Executive power shall be vested in a President of the Confederate States of America. He and the Vice-President shall hold their offices for the term of six years ; but the President shall not be re-eligible.”

How soon, if ever, a similar provision shall be engrafted on the Federal Constitution, it were rash to predict. It is not essential to the success of the reform contemplated that it should ever be. All that is needed is an intelligent, earnest, wide-spread conviction that the practice of re-electing a chief magistrate while in office is fraught with evil and peril—that it distracts the attention from the proper cares and duties of his station, and impels him to consider not who are fittest and most worthy to fill the offices in his gift,

but what choice will be most likely to improve his chances of re-nomination. Here is the right man for a Justice of our Supreme Court who has no influential clique at his back ; here is a rival who is neither so capable nor so worthy, but whose friends control the party machinery in a populous State, and can send delegates to the approaching National Convention either for or against the incumbent of the White House : who that knows average human nature can doubt that the less fit aspirant has the better prospect of obtaining that Justiceship ? And this instance may stand for a thousand.

We shall yet achieve a Civil Service Reform. Nay ; we *must*. Office-seeking is our National vice, divesting our workshops of apprentices and our farms of half the intelligent, energetic, aspiring youth who ought to make our Agriculture of the next thirty years exhibit a series of brilliant advances and improvements upon all that preceded it. But vainly shall we hope for such reform through the lopping off of branches while the root of the Upas remains intact and vital. That root is the re-election while in office of Presidents, Governors and other dispensers of vast patronage, with their consequent temptation to use that patronage in aid of their own continuance in power.

#### THE WHIG DOCTRINE OF ONE PRESIDENTIAL TERM.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Dec. 16, 1871.

*To the Editor of the Tribune :*

SIR:—If not encroaching too much on your time, I should be very thankful for a reply to this question—“ *What is ‘the good old Whig doctrine of one Presidential Term?’* ” The question is being agitated among us, and any light upon it will be thankfully received.

Yours,

A. C. RICKETTS.

#### RESPONSE BY THE TRIBUNE.

If our correspondent has understood us as teaching that Whigs *only* upheld the One Term principle, he mistook us. We have already quoted extensively from Gen. Jackson, George McDuffie, and other eminent Democrats, in favor of that principle. We believe no other disputed proposition ever received such general assent from the experienced and eminent statesmen of our country, without distinction of party, as this—*It is not right that any one, while wielding the vast power and patronage of the Presi-*

*dency, shall be a candidate for that or any other office.* That this was Gen. Grant's opinion, prior to his election in 1868, we have conclusive proof. But our friend asks with regard to "the *Whig doctrine*," and we answer accordingly.

The first Whig National Convention ever held assembled at Harrisburg, Pa., early in December, 1839, and was attended by the most eminent and honored chiefs of that party. Eight of its Vice-Presidents had been governors of their respective States, while a large proportion were or had been Embassadors, Senators, Representatives in Congress, &c. This convention nominated Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison of Ohio for President, with John Tyler of Virginia for Vice-President. It framed no "platform" (as the modern term is); but the convictions of the party were so fixed and well-known that Gen. Harrison, in accepting its nomination for President, placed himself squarely on record as follows:

I deem it proper at this time to renew the assurances, heretofore frequently made, that, should I be elected to the Presidency, I will under no circumstances consent to be a candidate for a second term."

In this letter of acceptance, Gen. Harrison refers for a fuller exposition of his principles to one he had some time before written to the Hon. Harmar Denny of Pittsburgh, Pa. In that letter, he says:

Among the principles proper to be adopted by any Executive sincerely desiring to restore the administration to its original simplicity and purity, I deem the following of importance:

I. *To confine his services to a single term.*

Again, in his speech at Dayton, Ohio, September 10, 1840, Gen. Harrison said:

*If the privilege of being President of the United States had been limited to one term, the incumbent would devote all his time to the public interest, and there would be no cause to misrule the country.* I shall not animadvert on the conduct of the present administration, lest you may, in that case, conceive that I am aiming at the Presidency, to use it for selfish purposes. I should be an interested witness if I entered into that subject. But I pledge myself before heaven and earth, if elected President of the United States, *to lay down at the end of the term, faithfully, that high trust at the feet of the people.*

Henry Clay declared himself to the same effect, not once only, but repeatedly, persistently. In his speech to the companions of his childhood, at Taylorsville, Hanover county, Va., June 27, 1840, he said:

With a view, therefore, to the fundamental character of the government itself, and especially of the executive branch, it seems to me that, either by amendments of the constitution when they are necessary, or by remedial legislation, when the object falls within the scope of the powers of Congress, there should be,

1st. A provision to render a person ineligible to the office of President of the United States after a service of one term.

Much observation and deliberate reflection have satisfied me that too much of the time, the thoughts, and the exertions of the incumbent, are occupied during the first term in securing his re-election. The public business, consequently suffers; and measures are proposed or executed with less regard to the general prosperity than to their influence upon the approaching election. If the limitation to one term existed, the President would be exclusively devoted to the discharge of his public duties; and he would endeavor to signalize his administration by the beneficence and wisdom of its measures.

But this, some will say, was while a political opponent was President, and he wanted to defeat his re-election. But Mr. Clay held to the principle after Van Buren's defeat as firmly as before. Witness the following letter :

ASHLAND, Sept. 13, 1842.

DEAR SIR:—I received your favor, communicating the patriotic purposes and views of the young men of Philadelphia, and I take pleasure, in compliance with your request, in stating some of the principal objects which, I suppose, engage the common desire and the common exertion of the Whig party to bring about, in the government of the United States. These are :

A sound National Currency, regulated by the will and authority of the nation.

An adequate Revenue, with fair protection to American Industry.

Just restraints on the Executive, embracing a further restriction on the exercise of the *Veto*.

A faithful administration of the Public Domain, with an Equitable Distribution of the proceeds of the sales of it among the States.

An Honest and Economical administration of the General Government, leaving Public Officers perfect freedom of thought, and of the Right of Suffrage; but with suitable Restraints against improper Interference in Elections.

An amendment of the Constitution, *limiting the incumbent of the Presidential office to a Single Term.*

These objects attained, I think that we should cease to be afflicted with bad administration of the government. I am respectfully your friend and obedient servant,

HENRY CLAY.

Mr. Jacob Strattan.



The second Whig National Convention assembled in Baltimore May 1, 1844—John M. Clayton of Delaware presiding—and *unanimously* nominated Henry Clay for President. Theodore Frelinghuysen was nominated for Vice-President. That convention, with one voice,

*Resolved*, That in presenting to the country the names of Henry Clay for President, and Theodore Frelinghuysen for Vice-President, this convention is actuated by the conviction that all the great principles of Whig party—principles inseparable from the public honor and prosperity—will be maintained and advanced by the election of these candidates.

*Resolved*, That these principles may be summed up as comprising a well-regulated national currency—a tariff for revenue to defray the necessary expenses of the government, and discriminating with the special reference to the protection of the domestic labor of the country—the distribution of the proceeds from the sales of the public lands—a *Single Term for the Presidency*—a reform of executive usurpations—and generally such an administration of the affairs of the country as shall impart to every branch of the public service the greatest practicable efficiency, controlled by a well-regulated and wise economy.

At a great mass meeting of Whigs held in Monument Square that evening, and addressed by Daniel Webster and others it was

*“Resolved*, That the practical restriction of the Veto power which has grown by repeated encroachments into a mighty engine of Executive Despotism, *the limitation of a President to a single term*, the retrenchment of our national expenditures by every practicable means; the reform of the now glaring abuses and corruptions growing out of an unworthy bestowal of Executive patronage, and the general reduction of burdens and increase of benefits resulting to the people from the existence and operations of the Federal Government, are objects for which the Whig party *will unceasingly strive until their efforts are crowned with a signal and triumphant success.*

On the 17th of Sept., 1840 an immense gathering of Whigs—not less than Fifty Thousand—assembled in Young Men’s Convention at Syracuse. Nearly all the eminent and honored Whigs of the State were there, with Hon. James Wilson of N. H., and many more distinguished outsiders. The Hon. Francis Granger presided. The Address was reported by HORACE GREELEY, and enthusiastically responded to. It opens as follows:

“Fifty thousand of your brethren, this day assembled in Convention at Syracuse, respectfully submit to you a summary of the considerations which induce them to oppose the re-election of Martin Van Buren to the Presidency of the United States. They

ask you as Freeman and Brothers, having a common interest in the welfare of our common country, to give these considerations that weight to which your enlightened judgment shall deem them entitled. They ask you, if you deem them valid, to unite your efforts with ours in rendering that opposition triumphant and effective.

“We oppose the re-election of Marttu Van Buren, because we believe experience has demonstrated that the re-eligibility of a President while in office is calculated to impair his usefulness, pervert his talents, and alarmingly increase the power and influence of his station. An office-seeking President, unless he be one of those rare characters which raise above personal and party considerations, must always exert a fatal influence over the freedom of political opinion and action among the thousands who hold lucrative places subject to his pleasure. Gratitude for past favor, the fear of instant displacement, and the hope of future advancement, will inevitably combine the great mass of Federal office-holders into a drilled cohort of Executive upholders—a Prætorian band of apologists and advocates of the great Dispenser of Patronage and his measures. No matter how flagrant may be the usurpation he commits or the abuse he connives at, he is sure of at least *one* ardent companion in every village—of one hundred in every principal city, and of thousands constantly traversing the whole length of the country and mingling undistinguished with its citizens. The history of the last ten years abundantly and strikingly illustrates this truth. This advantage given to power in every collision with opposing public sentiment, is too strong for the purity if not for the perpetuity of Republican institutions. Long before that monstrous political code which regards the trusts of the People as the ‘Spoils of the Vanquished’ and the booty of the Victors in our party contests had been matured and promulgated, the danger to our Liberties had attracted the anxious regard of our Country’s most cherished Statesmen and Patriots. Mr. Jefferson, more than fifty years ago, pronounced the re-eligibility of the President a fatal defect in our system. Gen. Jackson was elected to the Chief Magistracy under strong promises and pledges on the part of his friends, with an earnest desire and expectation on that of the People, that he would establish the great principle for which we are now contending. He failed to satisfy that expectation, however, and the evil which was once theoretical and distant, is now alarmingly practical and imminent. But happily the REMEDY is at hand. The People have now the assurance of one who never deceived or betrayed them, that a verdict now given against Presidential office-seeking shall be rendered effectual and final.”

—The doctrine thus enunciated came from the heart. The writer believed it then, with all his soul, and of course believes it still. Some one once professed faith in it have fallen away; but he has seen no reason to swerve from the position thus deliberately taken. He might quote from hundreds more in support of its correctness, but prefers that the truth shall bear its own weight

rather than be bolstered up by a wilderness of authorities. Was he right in 1840? If he was, he is not wrong now.

## ONE TERM.

The Washington *Chronicle* prints in solemn silence Mr. Sumner's proposal that the Federal Constitution shall be so amended that no President shall, after 1873, be eligible to re-election. That journal has not wont to be so reticent. Four years have not yet passed since it demonstrated earnestly, persistently, in favor of One Presidential Term. Witness the following leader from its issue of June 3, 1868 :

## ONLY ONE TERM.

A difficult question to settle was the term of the Presidential office in the Convention of 1789. Several prominent members changed sides upon it during the discussion. Many of the views of those who desired the President to be eligible for re-election have not been realized. Most of the objections urged against eligibility have been realized. Its dangerous effect upon executive officers and the administration of the Government was observed and commented on by De Tocqueville in 1835, and, in his 'Democracy in America,' he pronounced it the incurable disease, sapping the vitals of our Republic. He said, with sadness and too much truth, that the personal interests of the President became superior to his sense of official duty, and that everything was subordinate to them. He wondered how the architects of the Federal system, who had managed to preserve so fair a balance of power through the organization of the three departments of the Government, should have been short-sighted enough to render their whole work insecure by making the President eligible to a re-election. We wonder, too, for it has incontestably done more to destroy the constitutional balance and weaken our institutions than any other inherent defect of our system, or perhaps all others combined. From the first, it has induced Executive activity, not in the administrative duty assigned to the office of President by the Constitution, but in leading legislation, in indicating and forcing the internal and external policy of the Government. From the very beginning, we have been in trouble with what were called "Administration measures." Presidents have constantly gone beyond the modest, but all-sufficient, limits prescribed for them in the Constitution, of

giving Congress information of the state of the Union and recommending to their consideration such measures as they shall judge necessary and expedient, and have restored to all the pressure which the vast means and patronage of the Government has placed in their hands. The result has been a magnifying of the Presidential office as the center of all honor and power, and a consequent decrease of respect for the other branches of Government.

We are glad to perceive that Gen. Grant, the Republican nominee for the Presidency, has so succinctly stated his views of the office which he is destined to fill. He regards it as a "*purely administrative office,*" and says he will have "*no policy of his own to enforce against the people's will.*" This is a constitutional view of the Presidential office, and one which, in its practical influence, cannot fail to secure harmonious co-operation between the different departments of the Government and peace to the country. We most heartily echo the sentiment expressed in the last line of our candidate's letter: "*Let us have peace.*" To obtain this, it is of the first importance that the President should be satisfied with performing the duty assigned to him by the Constitution—that of administering the laws, not making them, nor sitting in judgment upon them. He has neither legislative nor judicial powers, and when he attempts to substitute proclamations for the authority of law, as Andrew Johnson did in his restoration policy, or to substitute his opinion in place of law, as he did in the case of Mr. Stanton, the President trenches upon the powers granted to other departments. *There is a constant temptation to do this, so long as a President may be re-elected.* He desires to be popular and attain the credit for all the measures enacted during his term, which suit the popular taste. Hence the constant interference of the Executive in the legislation of Congress and his efforts to enforce a policy of his own. *What the country needs for pacification is a President without a policy. Such a one we shall have in Gen. Grant. He is, moreover, an advocate of the One-Term principle,* as conducting toward the proper administration of the law—a principle with which so many prominent Republicans have identified themselves that it may be accepted as an article of party faith. Senators Wade and Sumner have each amendments to the Constitution pending before the Senate, restricting the Presidency to a single term, and on Saturday last the Hon. James M. Ashley of Ohio introduced two amendments to the Constitution into the House of Representatives for the same purpose, and with the further view of electing the President by a direct vote of the people,

abolishing the office of Vice-President, and providing a more satisfactory method of general election.

These amendments he sustains in an elaborate argument, indicating thorough research and perfect mastery of his subject. There was a time in our history when reputations for statesmanship were established by so able an elucidation of the results to flow from a measure of such importance. Many of his views will be novel and striking to those who have not reflected upon the subject; but they are evidently drawn from the resource of a large experience in the practical workings of existing governmental machinery.

—Will the *Chronicle* be good enough to tell us what it thinks of the above doctrine *now*?

#### ONE PRESIDENTIAL TERM.

The fact that Mr. George Wilkes, in his *Spirit of the Times*, insists on the restriction of each President to a single term, is cited by some as an evidence of dissatisfaction on his part with the distribution of Federal patronage. “O! Wilkes is one of the soreheads!” is the cry; “he wanted something from Gen. Grant, and didn’t get it: of course he goes for one term!” To show how fallacious and unjust this assumption is, we—having had no communication with Mr. Wilkes for a year past—copy *verbatim* the leading editorial from his *Spirit* of Nov. 28, 1868—three weeks after the People had voted that Gen. Grant should be President, but before the Electors had convened to make the choice—as follows:

#### GRANT AND THE ONE-TERM PRINCIPLE.

We learn from the Washington correspondence of the *Tribune*, with a gratification which is almost personal, that Gen. Grant is about to enroll himself at the head of American statesmen by recommending the one-term principle in his inaugural address. Washington and Jackson, after having enjoyed two terms of the Presidential office, retired from the chair with the solemn and earnest appeal to the country to limit their successors to one. The more disinterested and self-sacrificing honor is reserved for Grant to enter upon his first term with the recommendation on his lips that he himself, as well as his successors, should be limited by the Constitution to one term only. None could doubt the purity of

such an appeal. Few will demur to its wisdom and necessity. The bane of Presidents has been the monarchical grasping toward a future term. This selfish interest has blurred the judgments of men who had been thought the clearest and ablest, and stained the honor of some who had seemed pure. As a rule, this "vaulting ambition has o'erleaped itself," and the President, in the hopes of a second term, has been led like Johnson into those very combinations which have not only made a second term impossible, but have well nigh cut short the first.

Nothing strengthens our confidence in Gen. Grant's peculiar fitness for the Presidency more than the convictions he has already expressed in an unofficial manner, in favor of limiting Presidents to one term. Though we have pressed this principle zealously in the columns of the *Spirit* for many years, our ambition is not to ride a hobby, but to redeem the first office of the Republic from personal and selfish motives—to rescue its vast powers from perversion to the insignificant and base end of promoting the re-election of its incumbent. Whatever reasons weighed upon the minds of Washington and Jackson in the infancy of the Republic, have acquired four-fold force with its expansion into its present empire.

The President now appoints 41,000 officers, and distributes a direct patronage of nearly one hundred and fifty millions of dollars per annum, and an indirect and collateral patronage still greater. His power over legislation is constitutionally equal to that of two-thirds of that of both Houses of Congress, and through his influence over the appropriations of that body, and the administration of the revenues and the laws, and the distribution of the contracts by various departments, the stream of wealth, power, and place which flows through his hands to others, is as great as was ever controlled by Napoleon or the Cæsars. His influence over the Southern States must be for several years like that of the hero of Marengo and Austerlitz over the conquered kingdoms of Europe. The motive of the President, whether patriotic or personal, is the secret spring which moves this vast human mechanism for good or evil. If his motive is patriotic and disinterested, a spirit of integrity breaths through the entire body politic, quickening it from inertia, and cleansing it from corruption. If his spirit be one of self-seeking and personal gain, whether in abject baseness he grasps at money, or in stern ambition he strike for power, all the channels of official influence, like so many nerves, tingle with the thrill of his sordid nature and reek with rotteness. Everywhere unprincipled parasites and flatterers step into office over the heads of honest men, and compensate themselves for the

reputations they sacrifice in holding office under a corrupt administration by preying on the revenues and the people until they seem more like vultures than the administration which appoints them. We have greater confidence in the personal power and will of Gen. Grant to withstand and overrule these influences than in that of any other person now living who could be subjected to them. But constitutions should be adapted to secure the best results from the average of selfish and ambitious human nature. Those which depend on an unfailling supply of patriotism may meet spasmodic success, but must ultimately break down. We concede, too, that other influences beside the "one-term principle" should supplement and aid it. Our civil and diplomatic service should be graded like our military service, so that all should reach the higher positions thoroughly prepared by experience gained in the lower, and promotion should attend upon merit and not accident. Our present Civil Service is an utterly disorganized maze, which needs nothing so much as the mind of a military organizer to reduce it to order. "I remove you," said Grant to Gen. Warren, after Five Forks, "because you do not organize; you have no faith in your Division Generals. I gave you an order which one of them should execute, and you execute it yourself. While you, in command of one division, are thus getting whipped for want of re-enforcements, your other divisions are lying idle for want of a corps commander." Just the same lack of organization is at work in the Treasury Department. While Secretary McCulloch is investigating a seizure case in New York City, which he can trust neither the Collector of the port to settle, the District Attorney to try, nor the United States Courts to decide, the harpies are everywhere robbing the revenues, and so making confusion worse confounded that the acutest moralist could not distinguish the honest servant of the Government from the thief. To prevent the 41,000 office-holders of the Government from acting upon a tacit agreement with the President that they will extend his term if he will continue theirs, and to prevent the entire patronage of the President's office from being used as a corruption-fund to secure his re-election, by removing all who oppose his policy, and by appointing sycophants and toadies in their stead, we need not only the limitation of the President to one term, but we need such a Civil Service bill as shall render the Civil Service an honorable profession. "I hold," said a genial and clever officer of the Government, a few days ago, "that our only claim to the respect of worthy people lies in their knowledge that when we accept an office with a paltry salary of \$3,000, we do not hold our services at that base figure, but that we intend to make \$15,000 a year out of it."

As he entered upon a like salary, insolvent a few years ago, has lived up thrice his salary ever since, and now owns a \$30,000 mansion and is highly respected, especially by the Treasury Department, his view of the matter is doubtless correct. But Gen. Grant, backed by the one-term principle and the Civil Service bill, will change all that.

—We ask those who are now deriding the One-Term principle as got up for the occasion, to ponder well the considerations above set forth. Those of us who have held fast that principle for more than thirty years must be allowed to hold it still.—  
*Dec. 11, 1871.*

#### GRANT—FORNEY—ONE TERM.

Col. Forney's statement through the *Sunday Chronicle*, (Washington,) of the successive confederates between himself, Col. Rawlins, and others, through which Gen. Grant was formally brought forward (Nov. 7, 1867,) as a candidate for the Presidency, seems to us indicative of a lapse of memory on Col. F's part, either now or very soon after those remarkable conferences. Let us requote the most salient paragraphs of Col. Forney's letter:

“When Rawlins came back from Gen. Grant with the editorial [nominating him], he told us, with great emphasis, “Gen. Grant does not want to be President. He thinks the Republican party may need him, and he believes, as their candidate, he can be elected and re-elected; but,” said Rawlins, “what is to become of him after his second Presidential term? What, indeed, during his administration? He is receiving from seventeen to twenty thousand dollars a year as General of the Armies of the Republic—a life-salary. To go into the Presidency, at \$25,000 a year, for eight years, is, perhaps, to gain more fame; but what is to become of him at the end of his Presidency? He is not a politician. He does not aspire to the place. Eight years from the fourth of March, 1869, he will be about fifty-six years old. Of course, he must spend his salary as President. England, with her Wellington, her Nelson, and her other heroes on land and sea, has never hesitated to enrich and ennoble them through all their posterity. Such a policy is in accordance with the character of the English Government; but in our country, the man who fights for and saves the Republic would be a beggar if he depended upon political office; and, mark it, if Grant takes anything from the rich, whose vast



fortunes he has saved; after he is President, he will be accused as the willing recipient of gifts.

“Just now, when Gen. Grant is struggling out of the first term of the Presidency and struggling into the second, I thought it might not be out of place to revive this incident. Thus it will be seen that Gen. Grant not only desired to remain President for two terms, but it was only on the assurance of his friends that he should be re-elected that he accepted the office at all.”

COMMENTS BY THE TRIBUNE.

Col. Forney must have forgotten, when he wrote the above, the successive editorials in his *Chronicle* during the weeks immediately preceding Gen. Grant's formal presentment at Chicago (June, 1868,) as the Republican candidate for President, wherein the One-Term principle was strongly commended, and his journal committed thereto as absolutely as words could bind it. Those articles, we are well assured, were seen by Gen. Grant—in some instances, before their publication—and were understood by their author to receive his approbation.—*Feb. 27.*

He (De Tocqueville) wondered how the architects of the federal system, who had managed to preserve so fair a balance of power through the organization of the three departments of the Government, should have been short-sighted enough to render their whole work insecure, by making the President eligible to re-election. We wonder, too, for it has incontestably done more to destroy the constitutional balance, and weaken our institutions, than any other inherent defect of our system, or, perhaps, all others combined.

What the country needs for pacification is a President without a policy. Such a one we shall have in Gen. Grant. He is, moreover, an advocate of the One-Term principle, as conducing toward the proper administration of the law—a principle with which so many prominent Republicans have identified themselves that it may be accepted as an article of party faith. Senators Wade and Sumner have each amendments to the constitution pending before the Senate restricting the Presidency to a single term, and on Saturday last the Hon. James M. Ashley of Ohio introduced two amendments to the constitution into the House of Representatives for the same purpose, and with the further view of electing the President by a direct vote of the people, abolishing the office of Vice-President, and providing a more satisfactory method of general election.—*Washington Chronicle, June 3, 1868.*

Let not Congress adjourn without passing the One-Term amendment to the constitution. There has never been so favorable an opportunity. All parties are in favor of it. The present incumbent of the Presidential office has no inducement to oppose it. Nobody's sensibilities can be offended by it. It cannot be charged

as a party movement intended to head off an obnoxious President. *Gen. Grant is in favor of it.* The party which supports Gen. Grant demands it, and, above all else, public morality calls for it. Let us never again witness the utter debasement of the Presidential office by the efforts of the incumbent to secure a second term. The second term makes the first a period of chicanery. It is the fertile germ of "Executive Policy," and brings forth a fearful crop of treachery and lies.

It is the fomentor of divisions between the department, and the inducer of executive usurpations. It is a constant peril to the liberties of the country. Not a man or a party in the country worth counseling with wishes the President to be eligible to a reelection. If the opportunity is lost, and we wait until after the next Presidential election, we shall run counter to some supposed personal or party interest in reopening this subject. Then why wait?

It need not take a day to pass the necessary amendment, and in the present temper of the country it will be ratified. Congress should not adjourn without passing the One-Term amendment.

But, even though we should prove to have been misinformed on this point, the publication of these articles as editorial in the *Chronicle* is matter of record and notoriety. How can it be reconciled with Col. Forney's statement above quoted? Say that Gen. Grant did not commit himself to the One-Term principle, how does this help the *Chronicle*.—*Daily Chronicle, Washington, July 14, 1868.*

#### THE OLD WHIG DOCTRINE.

Mr. Jefferson's circular, as President, enjoining Federal office-holders to leave the selection of candidates and the management of party politics to others, has long been universally regarded as sound in principle as well as forcible in statement. That same just conception of the proprieties of official position was firmly held and frankly asserted by the eminent Whig statesmen of a later day. Witness the following extract from Daniel Webster's speech on the Power of Removal and Appointment, delivered in Senate, Feb. 16, 1835 :

"The extent of the patronage springing from this power of appointment and removal is so great that it brings a dangerous mass of private and personal interests into operation in all great public elections and public questions. \* \* \* The unlimited power to grant office and to take it away gives a command over the hopes and fears of a vast multitude of men. It is generally true that he who controls a man's living controls his will. \* \* \* Office of every kind is now sought with extraordinary avidity, and

the condition well understood to be attached to every office, high or low, is indiscriminate support of Executive measures, and implicit obedience to Executive will. \* \* \* I am for arresting the further progress of this Executive patronage, if we can arrest it. I am for staying the further contagion of this plague.

\* \* \* Sudden removals from office are seldom necessary; we see how seldom, by reference to the practice of the Government under all Administrations which have preceded the present. \* \*

\* I desire only, for the present at least, that when the President turns a man out of office he should give his reasons for it to the Senate, when he nominates another person to fill the place. \* \*

\* The removing power, as recently exercised, tends to turn the whole body of public officers into partisans, dependents, favorites, sycophants, and man-worshippers."

Said Sergeant S. Prentiss of Miss., in the House of Representatives, Dec. 28, 1838 :

"Since the avowal of that unprincipled and barbarian motto, that 'To the victors belong the spoils,' office, which was intended for the use and benefit of the people, has become but the plunder of party. Patronage is waved like a huge magnet over the land, and demagogues, like iron filings, attracted by a law of their nature, gather and cluster around its poles. Never yet lived the demagogue who would not take office.

"The whole frame of our Government, the whole institutions of the country, are thus prostituted to the uses of party. I express my candid opinion when I aver that I do not believe a single office of importance within the control of the Executive has, for the last five years, been filled with any other view, or upon any other consideration, than that of party effect. Office is conferred as the reward of partisan service.

"Do you see the eagerness with which even Governors, Senators, and Representatives in Congress, grasp at the most trivial appointments—the most insignificant emoluments?"

Thomas Jefferson, writing, after his election as President, to Gov. McKean of Penna., with reference to interference by Federal officers in State Elections, expresses opinions almost identical.

—Now contrast with these utterances the following triumphant proclamation by the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, who was himself a worker on the Custom-house side in the late struggle at Albany, and who wrote thence to this paper as follows :

"The success of Henry Smith of Albany for Speaker is a great triumph for the Reformers. This triumph, strange as it may seem to some people, was brought about by what the *Tribune* is pleased

to call 'the Custom-house crowd.' It is true, there was a delegation here from the Custom-house, and every man did what he could to secure the success of Smith. \* \* \* \* Mr. A. B. Cornell, who acted as the head and front of the opposition to Mr. Alvord, inspired every man around him with confidence that Smith's success was certain. To him and Mr. Naval Officer Laffin the Reformers are indebted for the success of their candidate."

—If Senator Howe had only been a reader of the *Commercial*, he need not have been so distrustful of the testimony of Mr. GREELEY to the same effect with the above.

#### FICTION AGAINST HISTORY.

"It came to pass that the pretensions of a certain troublesome little faction of the Republican party were not recognized either at the White House or in the Republican State organization, as the leaders of that faction thought they should have been; and then those leaders whispered to a certain political philosopher that there ought to be a political philosopher in the White House, and not a military man, no matter how full of honesty and common sense. The political philosopher could not conjecture who was meant. Certainly he had no thought of such change of residence, and no desire for it; but suddenly one day the great One-Term principle was discovered and held up to the faithful, as the certain cure, like the brazen serpent in the wilderness, of all the ills from which the suffered."—*New York Times*.

#### THE TRUTH.

On the 17th of September, 1840, (more than thirty years ago) the editor of the *Tribune* reported and read an address to the Young Men of our State, wherein, on behalf and with the hearty approval of not less than forty thousand Whigs then and there present, he said:

"We believe experience has demonstrated that the re-eligibility of a President while in office is calculated to impair his usefulness, pervert his talents, and alarmingly increase the power and influence of his station. An office-seeking President, unless his be one of those rare characters which rises above personal and party considerations, must always exert a fatal influence over the freedom of political opinion, and action among the thousands who hold lucrative places subject to his pleasure. Gratitude for past favor, the fear of instant displacement, and the hope of future advancement, will inevitably combine the great mass of Federal officeholders into a drilled cohort of Executive upholders—a Prætorian band of apologists and advocates of the great Dispenser of Patronage and his measures. No matter how flagrant may be the usurpation he commits, or the abuse he connives at, he is sure of at

least *one* ardent champion in every village—of hundreds in every principal city, and of thousands constantly traversing the whole length of the country and mingling undistinguished with its citizens. The history of the last ten years abundantly and strikingly illustrates this truth. This advantage given to power in every collision with opposing public sentiment, is too strong for the purity if not for the perpetuity of the Republican institutions.”

—These views were held and reiterated by the Whigs in that contest, from Gen. Harrison and Henry Clay downward, without one audible dissent, and were unanimously re-affirmed by their National Convention whereby Clay and Frelinghuysen were nominated at Baltimore, May, 1844. This editor has not swerved from them to this hour.—*March 2, 1872.*

In 1864, he dissented from the great body of his fellow-Republicans, who deemed the re-nomination of Mr. Lincoln, under the extraordinary circumstances then existing, indispensable. The *Times* then assailed him for this dissent, as its columns will show; but it did not then attribute his course to the motive it now suggests.

In 1868, when Gen. Grant had just been nominated for President, the daily *Chronicle*, edited by Col. Forney, and the leading Republican journal at the Federal Metropolis, editorially said:

“De Tocqueville wondered how the architects of the Federal system, who had managed to preserve so fair a balance of power through the organization of the three departments of the Government, should have been short-sighted enough to render their whole work insecure, by making the President eligible to re-election. We wonder, too, for it has incontestably done more to destroy the constitutional balance, and weaken our institutions, than any other inherent defect of our system, or, perhaps, all others combined.

\* \* What the country needs for pacification is a President without a policy. Such a one we shall have in Gen. Grant. He is, moreover, an advocate of the One-Term principle, as conducting toward the proper administration of the law—a principle with which so many prominent Republicans have identified themselves that it may be accepted as an article of party faith.”—*June 3d.*

“Let not Congress adjourn without passing the One-Term amendment to the Constitution. There has never been so favorable an opportunity. All parties are in favor of it. The present incumbent of the Presidential office has no inducement to oppose it. Nobody’s sensibilities can be offended by it. It cannot be charged as a party movement intended to head off an obnoxious President. *Gen. Grant is in favor of it.* The party which supports Gen. Grant demands it, and, above all else, public morality calls for it. Let us never again witness the utter debasement of the Presidential office by the efforts of the incumbent to secure a second term. The second term makes the first a period of chicanery. It is the fertile germ of ‘Executive Policy,’ and brings forth a fearful crop of treachery and lies.

“It is the fomentor of divisions between the Departments, and the inducer of Executive usurpations. It is a constant peril to the liberties of the country. Not a man or a party in the country worth counseling with wishes the President to be eligible to a re-election. If the opportunity is lost, and we wait until after the next Presidential election, we shall run counter to some supposed personal or party interest in re-opening this subject. Then why wait?”—*July 14th.*

—In view of these recorded, notorious facts, we ask a candid public to judge whether the *Time's* imputation is consistent with either truth or decency.

## CHAPTER V

### HORACE GREELEY AS AN EDITOR.



AT the very bottom of all HORACE GREELEY'S busy life is a good physical, and a good mental organization, admirably adapted to each other for industry, perseverance and endurance, together with breadth of thought and powers for discussion.

#### PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER OF HORACE GREELEY.

“The head of HORACE GREELEY measures twenty-three and a half inches around individuality and philoprogenitiveness, and is, with all, uncommonly high; so its mass of brain is really very great. Few heads measure as much, and few are as high; two conditions which, collectively, indicate a brain of almost the largest size. Next, his body and brain are uncommonly *active*. This is abundantly indicated by his light, fine hair, thin skin, light complexion and general delicacy of structure. But for the fact that he takes first rate care of his health, his powerful brain would soon prostrate his body. He works with great ease, and accomplishes much with a comparatively small expenditure of vitality. His abstinence from all stimulants, his extreme cleanliness, and his careful regard to health in all his habits, have given him full possession of his power, both of body and of mind—in short, considering the great amount of work he does, his correct habits are his salvation. Not only is Mr. GREELEY'S brain large, but it is also in the right place. It is not wide, round or conical, but it is narrow, long and high. His developments indicate anything but selfishness or animality. On the contrary, they show him to be generous, philanthropic, lofty in his aims, elevated, noble minded, and governed by the higher sentiments and intellect.

The height and length of his head and its length on the top, or the great mass of brain, in the region of the moral sentiments are very conspicuous; while the length of the head forward of the ears, and the height and massive breadth of his forehead, indicate great strength of thought and comprehensiveness of mind. His controlling organs are benevolence, adhesiveness, firmness and conscientiousness. These organs are seldom found larger, and account for the high moral, reformatory, and progressive turn which he gives to his politics, even—one of the last subjects to which men are accustomed to attach reformatory doctrines and measures. This development would predispose him to advocate the *right*, both on its own account and because it furthers that cause of humanity which benevolence loves, and labors to secure the possessor of such an organization, he could not be other than reformatory, and a sincere and devoted lover of his race. And this predisposition is still farther strengthened by his possessing only moderate veneration, so that he would not cling to the antiquated, but forgetting the past, would embrace whatever new things promise to ameliorate suffering humanity, or advance mankind. Such powerful conscientiousness as his would likewise search out the RIGHT of things and be governed by it; and such predominant firmness would plant itself on the ground of right and humanity, and abide there without the least shadow of turning. His opposition to War, Slavery and Capital Punishment, and his desire to aid laboring men in associating, to become their own employers, fully evince the vigor of those organs; while on the contrary his smaller destructiveness and acquisitiveness tend to make him relatively disinterested and unselfish. Philoprogenitiveness being large, accounts, in part, for the active interest he takes in education.

Approbativeness is prominently developed. This gives ambition, and, in concert with his large intellectual and moral organs, a desire to become distinguished in the intellectual and moral world. Love of reputation for morals, truthfulness, purity and integrity is a leading characteristic, and accordingly his private character is unsullied.

His self-esteem is only fair—just about strong enough to pre-



vent trifling, but not enough to create self-sufficiency. It is supported by ample combativeness and firmness, giving the love of liberty, power of will, and the true republican feeling, so that nothing can crush him; but the more he is driven, "the more he won't go." His secretiveness is full, while cautiousness is large. This gives a due degree of policy and discretion; yet, in combination with his high moral organs, prevents deception and cunning. His continuity is weak. Hence his remarkable versatility of talent, and that short, pithy, spicy variety which characterizes his writings. This organic condition, combined with an active temperament and strong intellectual faculties, bring its possessor right to the point, enables him to say much in little, and disposes him to pass to another point, perhaps before the previous one is fully completed.

His imitation and ideality are not large, hence he is not very attentive to matters of fashion and personal appearance.

His mirthfulness is large, and acting with his combativeness, makes his reviews of opponents and their arguments both cutting and pungent.

His intellectual development is uncommonly large and well balanced. It has scarcely a weak point, but contains many strong ones. Its forte consists of very large eventuality and comparison. The former remembers, and the latter compares history, political affairs, election returns, and that vast range of miscellaneous knowledge of which he is so complete a master. These organs, in combination with his predominant benevolence, friendship, conscientiousness and firmness, more than all his other faculties combined, have raised him to his commanding post of influence, and lead off in his character. These are also supported by uncommonly large casuality; hence the clearness and cogency of his arguments, and his copious flow of thought and sense. His language is good, but much less than the reasoning or thought manufacturing organs—sufficient to furnish words enough, and just *the* words for the pen, yet too little for fluency in extempore speaking."

Anthropologically considered, Mr. GREELEY has a large and well constructed frame; by nature born of the granite and stur-

dier elements of bleak New England ; by parentage, of industry, frugality and trying and enduring toil. So well and harmoniously developed, is his physical organization, that it is difficult to detect to what manner of disease, if to any, his frame is most readily exposed. The bones, muscles, blood and nerves of his organization are all well and harmoniously combined, and in ample proportions. The organization is well supplied with life and vitality, and directed by the mind which rules and guides in its commodious mansion, the cerebrum. Such is Mr. GREELEY'S evenly balanced organization, that, although it is delicate in its structure, care, such as he has been taking with himself, will enable him to endure a long life. With a highly developed nervous or intellectual temperament, supported by a good development of the bilious, or enduring, and of the sanguine or industrious temperaments, Mr. GREELEY entered upon life well fitted by nature to endure great mental labor, and earnestly contend in the struggle of conflicting ideas among the world's people. His organic quality is good, and with his large brain and special elements of character, he has given to the world a marked individuality, as well as a public career of unsurpassed success, and real value to his fellows.

Such is the character of his organization, the proportion of bones, blood, muscles and nerves to each other, and a harmonious blending of the temperaments, that his health has been generally good. Endowed by nature with a superior mentality, and by preference choosing for a vocation the printer's trade, Mr. GREELEY'S industry and uprightness of character led him on from the composing room to the editorial sanctum, thus compelling him to lay down the stick and take up the quill ; to change from a printer-boy to a proprietor. His remarkable industry and mental abilities recommended him to the favor of all sensible people who made his acquaintance, and notwithstanding poverty, hard times and obscurity, he was enabled, by the co-operation and encouragement of friends, to organize a little printing concern in the city of New York, in the year 1833, in the hope that he and his partners might be successful in building up a business of profit, and were willing to embark in the undertaking for themselves, with small

capital and a small establishment. Encouraged by having a business for himself, his love of literature and ardent desire to engage in its pursuit and its discussion, soon led him to conceive the project of publishing a newspaper. The project was not long upon his mind before a new journal,

THE NEW-YORKER,

Was heralded to the public with the name of HORACE GREELEY as editor and general manager, at the head of its columns. It was a large and cheap weekly folio, afterward changed to a double quarto, and devoted mainly to current literature, but giving regularly a digest of all important news, including a careful exhibit and summary of election returns and other political intelligence. The first number of the *New - Yorker* was issued March 22, 1834. It was the birth of a new literary agency, whereby if possible to enlighten its readers and enrich its publishers. The *New - Yorker* began with scarcely one dozen subscribers, and steadily increased to nine thousand. Mr. GREELEY continued its publication with untiring energy and efforts through varying fortunes for seven years and a half. It proved to be a paper of great merit and won the confidence and praise of its readers. It was greatly in advance of previous publications of a similar character, and gave favorable signs of a new departure of the American mind to a broader and more real intellectual development than was known to preceding years; yet for this gracious gift the public was ungrateful. The publication of the *New - Yorker* did not prove a financial success, but rather did it require a terrible struggle on the part of its proprietors to keep it alive. The general financial embarrassments of the country bore heavily upon its business interests, and so trying were the times that Mr. GREELEY, in October, 1837, published the following plain and truthful statement, as an earnest appeal to the patrons of the *New - Yorker*, for the support which was justly due its proprietors:

Ours is a plain story, and it shall be plainly told. The *New - Yorker* was established with very moderate expectations of pecuniary advantage, but with strong hopes that its location at the

headquarters of intelligence for the continent, and its cheapness, would insure it, if well conducted, such a patronage as would be ultimately adequate, at least to the bare expenses of its publication. Starting with scarce a shadow of patronage, it had four thousand five hundred subscribers at the close of the first year, obtained at an outlay of three thousand dollars beyond the income in that period. This did not materially disappoint the publishers' expectations. Another year passed and their subscription increased to seven thousand, with a further outlay, beyond all receipts of two thousand dollars. A third year was commenced with two editions—folio and quarto—of our journal, and at its close, their conjoint subscriptions amounted to near nine thousand five hundred; yet our receipts had again fallen two thousand dollars behind our absolutely necessary expenditures. Such was our situation at the commencement of this year of ruin; and we found ourselves wholly unable to continue our former reliance on the honor and ultimate good faith of our backward subscribers. Two thousand five hundred of them were stricken from our list, and every possible retrenchment of our expenditures effected. With the exercise of the most parsimonious frugality, and aided by the extreme kindness and generous confidence of our friends, we have barely and with great difficulty kept our bark afloat. For the future, we have no resource but in the justice and generosity of our patrons. Our humble portion of this world's goods has long since been swallowed up in the all-devouring vortex; both of the editor's original associates in the undertaking, have abandoned it with loss, and those who now fill their places have invested to the full amount of their ability. Not a farthing has been drawn from the concern by anyone save for services rendered; and the allowance to the proprietors having charge respectively of the editorial and publishing departments, has been far less than their services would have commanded elsewhere. The last six months have been more disastrous than any which preceded them, as we have continued to fall behind our expenses without a corresponding increase of patronage. A large amount is indeed due us, but we find its collection almost impossible, except in inconsiderable portions and at a ruinous expense. All appeals to the honesty and good faith of the delinquents seem utterly fruitless. As a last resource, therefore, and one beside which we have no alternative, we hereby announce, that from and after this date, the price of the *New-Yorker* will be three dollars per annum for the folio, and four dollars for the quarto edition.

Friends of the *New-Yorker*! Patrons! We appeal to you, not

for charity, but for justice. Whoever among you is in our debt, no matter how small the sum, is guilty of a moral wrong in withholding the payment. We bitterly need it. We have a right to expect it. Six years of happiness could not atone for the horrors which blighted hopes, agonizing embarrassments, and gloomy apprehensions—all arising in great measure from your neglect—have conspired to heap upon us during the last six months. We have borne all in silence: we now tell you, we *must* have our pay. Our obligations for the last two months are alarmingly heavy, and they must be satisfied, at whatever sacrifice. We shall cheerfully give up whatever may remain to us of property and mortgage years of future exertion, sooner than incur a shadow of dishonor by subjecting those who have credited us to loss or inconvenience. We must pay; and for the means of doing it, we appeal most earnestly to you. It is possible that we might still further abuse the kind solicitude of our friends, but the thought is agony. We should be driven to what is but a more delicate mode of beggary, when justice from those who withhold the hard earnings of our increasing toil, would place us above the revolting necessity. At any rate, we will not submit to the humiliation without an effort.

We have struggled until we can no longer doubt that, with the present currency—and there seems little hope of an immediate improvement—we cannot live at our former prices. The suppression of small notes was a blow to cheap city papers, from which there is no hope of recovery. With a currency, including notes of two and three dollars, one-half of our receipts would come to us directly from the subscribers; without such notes, we must submit to an agent's charge on nearly every collection. Besides, the notes from the south-western States are now at from twenty to thirty per cent. discount, and have been more; those from the west, range from six to twenty. All notes beyond the Delaware River, range from twice to ten times the discount charged upon them when we started the *New-Yorker*. We cannot afford to depend exclusively upon the patronage to be obtained in our immediate neighborhood; we cannot retain distant patronage without receiving the money in which alone our subscribers can pay. But one course, then, is left us—to tax our valuable patronage with the delinquencies of the worse than worthless—the paying for the non-paying, and those who owe us par-money, with the evils of our present depraved and depreciating currency.

Having passed the struggle of 1837, the publication was con-

tinued with less pecuniary embarrassment, but not at all as a money-making enterprise.

The American people were not yet a newspaper people; much less a literary people. Telegraph lines, railways and steamships, had not yet revived the mind of man. The population of the country was still sparse, and the readers but few. So the financial struggles of the *New-Yorker* must be accounted as belonging more particularly to the times, than caused by disfavors shown to its proprietors, by either Providence or the people.

In October, 1839, Park Benjamin withdrew from the editorial staff of the *New-Yorker*, and published in the issue of the 19th that month, his valedictory, as follows, with Mr. GREELEY'S appended remarks to the patrons of the paper:

#### VALEDICTORY.

As a sojourner, taking leave of a pleasant country, in which he has long tarried, to remove to another, which has also its goodly prospects and scenes, I now bid a regretful adieu to the *New-Yorker*, and enter upon a new field of editorial exertion. It may not be unknown to many of the readers of this journal, that the subscribers have, during three months past, participated in the charge of a Lilliput daily sheet, called the evening *Tatler*, as well as of a Brobdignag weekly paper, issued under the English-derived title of *Brother Jonathan*. With the last issue of the latter publication, his colleague and himself withdrew from a disagreeable connection, and, in conjunction with a publisher of discrimination and good sense, established the evening *Signal*, and its weekly compend, the *New World*. A single week's experience in the conduct of these journals, has convinced me that I cannot do equal justice to them and the *New-Yorker*. The double duty would divide and distract my attention; and, while I might, by exertion, perform the amount of required labor, I could not perform it with that freedom and satisfaction, so essential to a grateful execution of my tasks. Impressed with this conviction, I have resigned my chair as literary editor of this paper, and now appear, under my own name, to bid its readers a respectful farewell.

Grateful to my feelings has been my intercourse with the readers of the *New-Yorker*, and with its principal editor and proprietor.

By the former, I hope my humble efforts will not be unremembered; by the latter, I am happy to believe that the sincere friend-

ship which I entertain for him, is reciprocated. I still insist upon my editorial right, so far as to say, in opposition to any veto which my coadjutor may interpose, that I cannot leave the association, which has been so agreeable to me, without paying to sterling worth, unbending integrity, high moral principle and ready kindness, their just due.

These qualities exist in the character of the man with whom I now part; and by all, to whom such qualities appear admirable, must such a character be esteemed.

His talents, his industry, require no commendation from me; the readers of this journal know them too well; the public is sufficiently aware of the manner in which they have been exerted.

What I have said, has flowed from my heart; tributary rather to its own emotions, than to the subject which has called them forth; his plain, good name, is his best eulogy.

When I entered upon the literary charge which I thus yield, I did so with the quiet determination that, whatever severity of animadversion I might draw down upon myself and my own compositions, I would, to the last, be rigidly just in my criticisms, swayed neither by power nor favor.

Perseverance in this resolution has been at times hard, very hard: I have often wished to commend the productions of a friend more highly than they deserved; I have, in one or two instances, longed to lash a literary pretender who had proclaimed himself my foe, by low personal allusion and ribald abuse. In both cases have I refrained; following with steady exactitude the course which I had marked out. This has been happy for me; I have preserved the public regard, and, what is quite as valuable, my self-esteem. Conscious of having been unbiased by friendship, I am, at this moment, equally conscious of being unembittered by dislike. I feel no enmities, however many may be entertained toward myself; those that oppressed me, have long since gone; my bosom is cleansed of all "such perilous stuff."

I would say nothing out of taste, or that can be reprehended as egotistical; yet I have ventured thus to intrude myself upon you, complacent readers, that you may see me as I am, without either prejudice or prepossession, as I enter upon a new career. If there be those who, from the evidence which has been laid before them in this paper, prejudge unfavorably for my future efforts, my absence from its columns will cause them no regret; if, on the contrary, there be others who are prepossessed in favor of what I am likely to do, they must not desert the *New-Yorker*, but take, as its companion, the *New World*.

That will henceforth be my organ of communication; for it will contain all the editorial matter of the evening *Signal*, besides all its selections.

These selections will, doubtless, in the view of literary readers, be its most valuable feature; for they will be gathered from the richest treasures of native and foreign genius.

Complete arrangements have been made for the receipt, at the earliest possible period, of all books and periodicals issued at home and abroad, which are recommended by the charm of novelty as well as their intrinsic excellence.

But we shall not confine ourselves to these alone; our paper being of a most capacious size, we shall be enabled to embellish its columns with the "quaint and golden ornaments" of old literature, no less than with the fashionable splendors of what is new. To the public at large, and especially to that portion of it out of the city, the *New World* will be of most value on account of its full compend of general intelligence. The most strict care will be taken to relate all important occurrences in all parts of the Western Hemisphere. In the language of the prospectus: "Our newspapers in general, contain full accounts of all that happens in the *old world*, even to the most trivial occurrences, which can be of little or no interest to *our* people; while they omit or neglect much that is of consequence from the various countries of the *new*. The *New World* will be found to be worthy of its name from its full summary of all the important events that may transpire between Behring's Straits and Cape Horn. It will, at the same time, give all the interesting items of intelligence which may be brought from beyond the Atlantic."

In the conduct of the paper, I am associated with Mr. Rufus W. Griswold, who, to great editorial ability and long experience, adds a consummate tact, which seems to be a gift in itself, possessed by very few, and therefore of high value when possessed.

Mr. GREELEY has requested me to prepare certain notices of new works which have been lately received; but I am, at this time, unfitly constituted for a duty which has always been so pleasing. I can but repeat my apology for thus presenting myself to *our* readers, and occupying space that might have been more profitably devoted. I can write, as editor of the *New-Yorker*, but one word more—"Farewell."

PARK BENJAMIN.

☞ The patrons and readers of the *New-Yorker* will have been apprised by the above valedictory, of the loss they and we have sustained in the regretted withdrawal of Mr. Benjamin from the associate editorship of this paper. For the present, the entire con-



duct of the paper devolves on the undersigned, who will spare no exertions to render it a journal worthy of the character it bears, and the patronage it has acquired.

Arrangements are now in progress, which, when completed, if they should not add essentially to the editorial strength of the paper, will, at any rate, effect the same end, by relieving the undersigned of the weight of business cares and duties, which have hitherto distracted his time and attention too considerably from his more congenial editorial duties.

These arrangements will be announced as soon as perfected; meantime, it is hoped, that few of the present patrons of the *New-Yorker* will see reason to desert it, even though it boast no abler editor than the public's obliged and grateful servant,

HORACE GREELEY.

The next issue, October 26, 1839, of the *New-Yorker*, contained the following earnest words from Mr. GREELEY, in favor of its support:

#### A CHAT WITH OUR FRIENDS.

There is a time, saith the wise man, for everything; and we thence conclude that there must be a season even for egotism; though our tastes and habits unite to indicate that *our* season for displaying it should recur but seldom.

Yet as there *is*, or should be a time for the betrayal, even of this unattractive quality—pardonable in a journalist, if in anybody—we have concluded that the fit shall visit us at this present, when a partial change in the editorship of the *New-Yorker*, would seem to render some exposition of its standing and prospects highly proper, if not necessary. None can be more fully aware than we, of the utter indifference of that leviathan, the public, to any matter so insignificant as the prosperity, or adversity of a journal or its publishers.

Neither do we write expecting or requesting audience of the thousands who constitute the patrons, or readers of our own paper. But there are a portion of these—we would fain hope that they number some hundreds—who have come to regard themselves as the *friends* of the journal or its editor, who feel an interest, more or less lively in our success, and who would not willingly neglect an opportunity of contributing to it. It is to this limited portion of our readers, only, that these remarks are addressed; the others will hardly have read thus far to be told that this article will not interest them.

On resuming the entire conduct of this paper, of which a portion has, for a year past, been ably fashioned by other hands, it seems but fitting that we should be indulged in a brief egotistical colloquy with those who may allow us to call them our friends.

Five years and a half have now elapsed since—young in years, poor even in friends, and utterly unknown to the public—we gave to the world the first number of the *New-Yorker*. (A journal with this title had been published for a few months, the preceding summer, but was in no wise connected with our own enterprise.) On the 22nd of March, 1834, we spread our sail to the breeze, backed by the moderate earnings of two or three years of successful industry, the good wishes of some forty friends, (mostly humble ones, whose good wishes were all the aid they could afford us) a sanguine spirit, (our experience has been mainly acquired since then,) and about twenty subscribers. Heaven bless them for their generous reliance in advance upon our editorial capacities, of which they could have had small evidence beforehand. Or, if they gave their names mainly out of personal kindness, our obligation is deeper still.

We went forward thence through three years, with little worth recalling in our fortunes, save an entire consumption of our property by fire, in August, 1835, and the commencement of our quarto edition, in March, 1836.

Through the first two years, our patronage increased pretty steadily, at the rate of fifty subscribers per week, and through the third (with our two editions) somewhat faster; so that at the close of the latter year, we were printing of our two editions, some 9,000 copies per week. Then came the year of disaster, in which we were doomed, in common with thousands of others, to see the fair fabric of our seeming prosperity fade away like a vision, leaving in its stead but debt, embarrassment, and a depression which was almost despair. The arduous and long dubious contest with adversity of that calamitous year, left us with but two-thirds of our subscription, and a debt of no pleasant magnitude, which is not even yet wholly overcome.

The currency distractions and fluctuations which then commenced, rendering the money we received from our distant subscribers, worth far less to us than its nominal amount, constrained us to enhance somewhat the price of our journal; and this, though cheerfully acceded to by the great mass of our then patrons, has doubtless contributed to prevent any rapid accessions to our list during subsequent years.

However, since the close of the year of ruin, we have pursued

the tenor of our way with such fortune as has been vouchsafed us ; and, if never elated with any signal evidence of popular favor, we have not since been doomed to gaze fixedly for months into the yawning abyss of ruin, and feel a moral certainty that, however averted for a time, this must be our goal at last. On the contrary, our affairs have slowly but steadily improved for some time past, and we now hope that a few months more will place us beyond the reach of pecuniary embarrassments, and enable us to add new attractions to our journal. And this word "attraction" brings us to the confession that the success of our enterprise, if success there has been, has not been at all of a pecuniary cast thus far. Probably we lack the essential elements of that very desirable kind of success. There have been errors, and mismanagement, and losses, in the conduct of our business ; but more of that anon. We mean here that we lack, or do not take kindly to the arts which contribute to a newspaper sensation.

When our journal first appeared, a hundred copies marked the extent to which the public curiosity claimed its perusal. Others establish new papers, even without literary reputation, as we were, and five or ten thousand copies are taken at once, just to see what the new thing is. And thence they career onward, on the crest of a towering wave.

Since the *New-Yorker* was first issued, seven co-partners in its publication have successively withdrawn from the concern—generally, we regret to say, without having improved their fortunes by the connection, and most of them with a conviction that the work, however valuable, was not calculated to prove lucrative to its proprietors. "You don't humbug enough," has been the complaint of more than one of our retiring associates ; "you ought to make more noise," and vaunt your own merits. The world will never believe you "print a good paper, unless you tell them so." Our course has not been changed by these representations.

We have endeavored in all things to maintain our own respect, and deserve the good opinion of others ; if we have not succeeded in the latter particular, the failure is much to be regretted, but hardly to be amended by pursuing the vaporous course indicated.

If our journal be a good one, those who read it will be very apt to discover the fact ; if it be not, our assertion of its excellence, however positive and frequent, would scarcely outweigh the weekly evidence still more abundantly and convincingly furnished. We are aware that this view of the case is controverted by practical results in some cases ; but we are content with the old

course, and have never envied the success which merit or pretence may attain, by acting as its own trumpeter.

A new avenue to public favor has lately been discovered improved, in the publication of journals on the largest possible sheets of paper, with the view of tempting patronage, by an imposing display of columns, and square feet of surface. The design is eminently adapted to the tastes of our people, who are rather noted in intellectual matters for preferring geniuses who impart Greek in six lessons, and the whole circle of human science in thirty, and school-masters who teach at ten dollars a month, to those that have the presumption to ask twenty.

Yet the idea of printing mammoth sheets at a large price is by no means necessarily a bad one; we demur only to the inference that the largest journal must necessarily be the best.

If Congress shall make no alteration in the post-office enactments calculated to clip the wings of the broad sheets, and if it shall be deemed desirable by our friends that the *New-Yorker* should extend its borders, we shall commence our next volume on a sheet large as is compatible with its perfect and rapid execution.

Still the ambition of printing the largest sheet in the world, is one not likely to animate our exertions. We have never essayed, and never expect to eclipse our cotemporaries, after that fashion. We hope to issue a fair sheet, unembittered by the violence of party, untainted by the breath of licentiousness. We seek to present a quiet but faithful picture of the passing world, one which the reader of the day may scan with profit, and to which he may recur hereafter with reliance and satisfaction. If we but succeed in these efforts, and secure that humble niche in the world's good opinion which shall enable us to pursue our course without difficulty or embarrassment, we shall look with a composure devoid even of wonder, upon the career of those who, starting but yesterday, rush past us with lightning speed, and, while we are toiling in the outset of our course, have already attained the goal for fortune and of fame. Enough of this. We have addressed these explanations to the friends of the *New-Yorker*, who may be supposed willing to hear occasionally of its progress, and prosperity. We have only now to add that our prospects appear brighter than for many a day past.

We can boast no considerable increase of subscribers; but the conviction that a newspaper worth taking, is also worth paying for, seems of late to have dawned upon the minds of many among our patrons, very much to our advantage and satisfaction. Perhaps the process has been quickened in some cases by our own

earlier conversion to that same faith, and our consequent determination to strike from our books all subscribers who owed for a longer term than one year. We have fixed that as the limit of our forbearance, hereafter. We cannot consent to strike a good subscriber from our books the moment his term of advance payment shall have expired; there is an appearance of rudeness and discourtesy in this process which is repugnant to our feelings.

But whenever a subscriber has suffered his account to run behind a year, the presumption is a fair one, that he does not like the journal well enough to pay for it, in which case, we certainly do not wish to send it to him.

Henceforth, at the end of every quarter, our books will be scrutinized, and every subscriber who has fallen more than a year behind, will be suspended until we hear from him. We believe this rule will prove satisfactory to all who intend to pay; from the opposite class we have received so bountiful a patronage in times past, that we could well afford to dispense with their favors hereafter. In conclusion, we would gladly return our fervent thanks to the friends whose exertions have contributed so greatly to the measure of prosperity, and patronage we enjoy.

But acknowledgments conveyed through the chilling medium of a public journal, to be read by cold and careless thousands, are of little worth; our friends will better feel the gratitude we shrink from expressing. May our future course justify, though it cannot require, their generous exertions.

On the 4th of September, 1841, the following card from Mr. GREELEY, appeared in the *New-Yorker*:

TO THE PATRONS OF THE NEW-YORKER.

The undersigned respectfully announces that the publication of the *New-Yorker*, under that title, will cease with its next number, being the last of the eleventh quarto volume, and be succeeded on the Saturday following, by the first number of the New York weekly *Tribune*, a much larger, more spirited, and we trust, to a majority of our readers, a more attractive journal. It will be conducted by him who has throughout been editor of the *New-Yorker*, ably assisted in its literary, commercial, and news departments. It will appear in a quarto form, (eight large pages to each number,) and be sent to each subscriber, to the *New-Yorker*, who shall not intimate a wish that it be withheld. To our folio subscribers, it will be served for the full term of their advanced payments; to the quarto, once and a half that term—that is, to all who have

paid *six* months in advance, *nine* months, and so for a longer or shorter term. Yet it is possible that some of our subscribers may dislike the political cast of the *Tribune*, and prefer a paper of a different character. To such we offer to send (by arrangement with its publisher), the popular and non-political mammoth paper the *New World*, to the full amount of our indebtedness; and, if this alternative is not acceptable, we will cheerfully refund the money that may be due them. We trust that at any rate we shall part friends with those who now choose to leave us.

To those, if any, who may be disposed to murmur at the discontinuance of the *New-Yorker*, we have time this week but to say, that, after seven and a half years unremitting toil in this paper, which has brought us more praise than pence, we have finally embarked in the conduct, and publication of the *New York Tribune*, with flattering prospects and high hopes of success. A weekly issue of that paper is loudly called for by many friends; we can make a larger, in many respects better paper, at less expense than we can continue the *New-Yorker*, without materially modifying its character; but above all, the change we contemplate will considerably diminish the incessant, out-wearrying toil to which we have been subjected since we commenced the *Tribune*. Are not these considerations sufficient?

Respectfully,

HORACE GREELEY.

On Saturday, September 11, 1841, the publication of the *New-Yorker* was discontinued. The last number contained the following notice:

#### TO OUR PATRONS.

The present, is the last number of the *New-Yorker*, which will be issued under that title. On Saturday next, we shall issue the first number of the *New York Weekly Tribune*, a much larger, and, so far as regards the extent, freshness and variety of its intelligence, a better paper than we have been able to make the *New-Yorker*. It will be a political journal—openly, decidedly, ardently Whig in its opinions and inculcations, but carried temperate in all things, and careful to be accurate and just in all its statements. We hope to render the change an advantageous and acceptable one to the great mass of our readers; but there will be some who will dislike the political character of the paper, and possibly others—who can only have been born in a free country by mistake—who dislike all politics whatever. To these we shall be happy to send that excellent and popular mammoth literary sheet, the *New World*, to

the full amount for which they stand credited on our books. This is the best alternative we can think of; but those who are still dissatisfied, may have their money refunded by applying for it. Can they ask more?

A word now to old friends:—Seven and a half years ago, we commenced this paper, in company with two other young men, who long since seceded from it, to engage in more promising avocations. We had few acquaintances even, in this city or vicinity—very few friends whose kindness could stand instead of the experience and capital of which our stock was so slender. We had less than fifty subscribers; and for a year, our receipts bore no proportion to our necessary expenditures. The system of unlimited credits for newspapers, then so universally in vogue, now so generally and happily exploded, greatly diminished the receipts to which we were fairly entitled, while our inexperience in business matters formed another serious drawback. Commercial revulsions and currency derangements soon followed, constraining us in 1837 to cut off, at one blow, a third of the circulation we had slowly and arduously acquired. But we persevered through all; and if its publishers have not realized pecuniary advantages from the paper, they have, at least, been careful that none others should suffer loss. Considering the times through which we have passed, this is a proud consolation.

The editorial charge of the *New-Yorker* has from the first, devolved on him who now addresses its readers, some of whom have been its patrons from the commencement. Their judgment must determine with what integrity and fidelity his duties have been performed. At times he has been aided in the literary department by gentlemen of decided talent and eminence; at others, the entire conduct has rested with him. Stern necessity has often required the devotion of a part of his time to other employments, while his ardent political convictions have drawn still deeper upon the hours which would otherwise have been given to the *New-Yorker*. The consequences of his name and exertions being thus blended with the party struggles of the time, have been injurious to the standing which this journal has endeavored to maintain, as an impartial record of transpiring events, and has tended to abridge its circulation; this was hardly avoidable, at least it is too late to regret.

We volunteer no professions of disinterestedness—no protestations of integrity. If we have done well, those who have read our paper know it. We cherish a hope that our editorial course in the *New-Yorker*, however unfruitful otherwise, has won us some friends, whose good opinion is of value, and whose kindness will

follow us into the new path we have chosen. If so, our seven years' labor will have secured its reward.

Thus Mr. GREELEY bade farewell to the patrons and friends of the *New-Yorker*, in an honest and plain manner with a candid statement of the facts of its varying fortune.

During the existence of the *New-Yorker*, Mr. GREELEY also published the *Jeffersonian*, a campaign paper, which was started at Albany, in March, 1838.

Notwithstanding the *Jeffersonian* was a campaign paper, its editor was careful to give it character and tone, by widening the discussions in its columns, so as to embrace education, literature, and reformatory subjects, all of which his mind eagerly sought to investigate and discuss.

The first number of the *Jeffersonian* contained the following address :

#### TO THE PUBLIC.

In the month of November last, several citizens of Albany, after much consideration and a free interchange of sentiment with their friends here and elsewhere, came to the conclusion that the establishment and wide circulation of a cheap weekly journal of political intelligence, was highly desirable. Various facts and circumstances, then standing prominently forth in the eye of the public, had urged to this conclusion. The election, then but lately decided, had evinced a great change in the public mind. It had exhibited the spectacle of a large portion of the people disregarding the party ties and associations which had hitherto bound them, abandoning their former leaders and favorites, from a devotion to what they deemed the paramount interests and general welfare of the country—whether rightly or otherwise, we stop not now to determine. The fountains of the great deep of politics seemed to be almost broken up; the lines of party demarcation were disregarded, and freemen were everywhere inquiring—not what course would best subserve the purposes of a party, but what would best promote and sustain the great interests of the country, and tend to remove the heavy load of evils then and still bearing with a crushing and palsying weight upon the entire community. Party prejudices and personal idolatry seemed to have been measurably swept away by the overwhelming tide of awakened public senti-



ment, and its place supplied by a watchful and earnest regard to principles, to measures, and the general welfare. This state of public feeling was general, though not universal; and its existence appeared in a great degree commensurate with, and governed by the facilities ordinarily afforded for the ample diffusion of correct political intelligence.

The *Jeffersonian* then, was undertaken to supply a notorious and vital deficiency—to furnish counties and neighborhoods not otherwise provided with correct and reliable information upon political subjects, and to furnish it at such a price as to place it absolutely within the reach of all. Devoted solely to the temperate discussion of public measures, and the elucidation of the true principles of republican liberty, it is fondly hoped by its projectors and editor that this work will be made the instrument of good—that light and truth will be disseminated through its columns and that through its means many thousands will hereafter be enabled to approach the ballot-boxes with a more clear and perfect understanding and appreciation of the great questions which they are there called to decide. Freemen of New York! is our purpose commendable? If yea, we respectfully solicit your countenance and co-operation.

It will be seen that the *Jeffersonian* is not a party paper in the ordinary acceptance of that term. It is our purpose to present the views of public men on both sides of the great political questions of the day, and to exhibit, as far as may be, the sentiments and opinions of all. We shall claim the right, in common with others, of expressing our own convictions in the language of candor, temperance and truth. In so doing, we hope to give no offence even to those who shall dissent from our conclusions. The time has happily arrived when men may differ in their creeds and sentiments without consigning each other, even in spirit, to the stake or the gibbet. Holding firmly with the great apostle of democracy that “error may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it,” we have no fears of the result if the error and the reason are submitted side by side to the people.

One word as to the name under which our humble sheet is presented to the public. It has seemed to many friends of the enterprise inconsistent that a journal established to inculcate an ever-wakeful attention to principles and measures regardless of names and of men, should invoke the shade of any individual, however honored and deserving, as its watchword. There is certainly force in the suggestion, and we had at one time concluded to yield to it. But it was found that the change would disappoint more than it

would gratify, and the retention of the original name has ultimately been resolved on. In doing this, we neither seek to cover any errors of our own beneath the mantle of Mr. Jefferson, nor to represent him as especially the god of our idolatry. We detest man-worship in all its forms and under all devices. Error would find no shield from our opposition, even under the great name of Thomas Jefferson; and we ask our readers to give such heed only to our views as right reason would dictate, whatever the auspices under which they were presented. It is in his fearlessness and scope of investigation, his philosophic and profound spirit of inquiry, his cordial and unwavering reliance upon and sympathy with the people, that we would make Mr. Jefferson our exemplar. Like him we have a lively and abiding faith in the honesty and right aim of the many, and believe that, however misled by prejudice, passion or artful misrepresentation, they need only the truth placed fairly before them to perceive and be governed by its requisitions.

Enough. We lay our journal before the people of this State; if they deem it deserving their attention and patronage, we shall hope to render it an instrument of good; if unaided by their favor, it is but for a year. Sustained by a proud consciousness of rectitude, we shall in any event calmly and unmurmeringly abide their decision.

Previous to closing the publication of the *Jeffersonian*, Mr. GREELEY published, Feb. 2, 1839, the following explanatory card:

#### TO OUR PATRONS.

The next number of the *Jeffersonian* completes a full year of its existence, and at the close of the first volume its publication will be temporarily suspended. Arrangements are in train for its re-issue at an early day, and the co-operation of all its friends and well-wishers are earnestly solicited to hasten that consummation.

The *Jeffersonian* was established by a few patriotic and public-spirited citizens of this State, with a view to the dissemination of correct and important intelligence regarding our public affairs, divested of the rancor and bitterness with which political discussions are too frequently imbued. While the advancement of education, of internal improvement, of moral and intellectual culture, and the diffusion of intelligence generally, were regarded as coming justly within the scope of our humble journal, it was thought that a dispassionate and candid presentment of facts and arguments bearing upon the political condition of the country, and especially upon the new principles and features sought to be engrafted upon the

financial policy of the Federal Government, could not fail of exerting a salutary influence. How far those views were correct, and how far the conduct of our humble sheet has subserved the interests of virtue and truth, and answered the expectations of its friends, we shall not attempt to decide. We are content to abide the verdict of our readers.

The *Jeffersonian*, in its outset, was an experiment, and one which seemed to the minds of many of doubtful expediency and promise. It was assailed by some from whom a different regard had been anticipated, and viewed with distrust by a still larger number. Under such auspices, in view of the necessity that the paper should be widely circulated to test its usefulness and value, the burthen of maintaining it devolved upon a few individuals. It is in no respect reasonable or proper that such should continue to be the case. During the past year, the *Jeffersonian* has been afforded to the mass of its readers at fifty cents per annum—a price hardly sufficient to pay for the paper on which it is printed. The entire cost of printing, &c., has been a tax on the originators and prominent friends of the undertaking. This they will not be required to bear any longer.

The *Jeffersonian* will continue to be published without any desire or hope of pecuniary advantage therefrom, and at the lowest price for which it can possibly be afforded. Issued without advertisements or any of the usual sources of profit, and containing an amount of matter much larger than is ordinarily given in a weekly newspaper, it will be afforded hereafter at one dollar per annum—the second volume to be commenced as soon as five thousand names (equal to *one-third* of its present subscription list) have been returned to the publisher, as wishing to continue or become subscribers, and to pay the price when the first number shall have been issued. No money need be forwarded until the reappearance of the paper, and no letters will be taken from the Office unless post-paid. Our friends throughout the State are requested to make such exertions in behalf of our journal as its character in their judgment shall merit.

The *Jeffersonian* was continued one year, and closed, with the following remarks by Mr. GREELEY :

#### TO OUR READERS.

From the issue of this number, the publication of the *Jeffersonian* will be for a season suspended. How long that suspension must continue will depend upon the feelings and exertions of its pa-

trous and friends. So soon as five thousand of the present or new subscribers shall have signified their desire to take the paper for another year, and to pay one dollar for the same upon the receipt of the first number, its regular publication will be immediately resumed. We trust those who feel an interest in our journal, will evince it by forwarding the names of subscribers. Meantime, the editor returns to his earlier vocation of editor of the *New-Yorker*, a weekly literary and general newspaper, published in the city of New York. If any among the readers of the *Jeffersonian*, who are not now subscribers to that work, shall be induced to follow him to that theater of his labors, the compliment will be greatly appreciated. During the past year his attention and exertions have been divided between the two papers, in connection with some other engagements, and it would not be strange if this one had at some times betrayed evidence of inattention. For three weeks only of the year has he been absent when this paper went to press; but no consideration has ever induced him to neglect its editorial columns. For its general fidelity to the promise of its prospectus, therefore, he holds himself responsible; while for any errors of detail he feels entitled to plead the necessities of his double duty requiring his presence each week at two points, one hundred and fifty miles distant from each other. Enough of this. Aware, that to many thousands, his thoughts will now be conveyed for the last time, (even though the early resumption of this paper should be required,) he uses the opportunity to indulge in a few parting reflections. Having been engaged, through this paper, in the discussion of important public questions, bearing upon the exciting political contents of the day, he feels an abiding gratification in the consciousness that he has pursued such a course as justly to incur no man's censure or ill-will. Having been careful of impugning the motives or questioning the honesty of those who may entertain opinions contrary to his own—having steadily avoided all scurrility or malevolence in his writings—he feels that the influence of his paper, however humble and transitory, has been favorable to good morals and to a right appreciation of the questions which now divide the American people. Having made no assertion that he did not fully believe to be true, and advanced no argument that he did not honestly believe to be sound, he closes his labors for the present with a gratifying conviction that they will have been regarded by his readers with a respect for his sincerity, however humble may be their estimate of his ability. If those readers with whom his intercourse now ceases, shall but reciprocate the cordial and kindly feeling with which he takes leave of them, he will rejoice to remem-

ber the last year as the most useful and honorable of a busy and checkered life.

#### THE LOG CABIN.

Two years after the suspension of the *Jeffersonian*, Mr. GREELEY was chosen to conduct the *Log Cabin*, a campaign paper published in the interest of General Harrison, who was so victoriously elected by the Whigs in 1840. The *Log Cabin* was without doubt, a great success. Mr. GREELEY says in his "RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE," that he fixed the edition of the first number of the *Log Cabin* at 30,000, but before the close of the week he was obliged to print 10,000 more; and even this was too few. The weekly edition ran rapidly up to 80,000. The publication of the *Log Cabin* only lasted through the campaign.

After one year's successful publication of the *Jeffersonian*, which involved an intensely busy season for its editor, its publication was suspended, and his full time devoted to the interests of the *New-Yorker*.

With the discontinuance of the *New-Yorker*, substantially closed Mr. GREELEY'S first editorial career—a career of distinction; begun when he was but twenty-three years of age; yet marked with a talent, a maturity of thought and a sagacity of judgment, that belonged, in other men, to riper years. Pitt's accession to the judges' bench at twenty-five years of age, was not more remarkable than Mr. GREELEY'S accession to an editorial chair and general manager of a newspaper, at the age of twenty-three.

Humble birth and varying fortune were not to deter him in a strange city, from the life-work and mission for which he was born. Each hardship and failure which he met and surmounted, were but so many trials and experimental lessons necessary to the establishment and success of

#### THE TRIBUNE.

Schooled successively in the editorial department of the *New-Yorker*, the *Jeffersonian* and the *Log Cabin*, literary and

campaign papers, each marked with ability and made wisely subservient to the purposes for which they were designed. Mr. GREELEY was afforded valuable education and experience, and though young at the time, was the rising editor of the Republic, and destined to bring into existence the greatest newspaper in the world.

On the 10th of April, 1841, the first number of the daily *Tribune*, one-third its present size, was issued in the city of New York. It came into the world a new evangel of mental light and liberty, the outward expression of the rising greatness of a man whom GOD had sent into the world to lead the way to a nobler work for men and nations.

The *Tribune* began with about six hundred subscribers, and, from the day of its birth, has been successful. And although Mr. GREELEY was an ardent and devoted Whig, he gave to the *Tribune* an air of independence, unknown to all previous partisan or religious papers. He said that his "leading idea was to establish a journal, removed alike from servile partisanship on the one hand, and from gagged, evincing neutrality on the other." The first number of the *Tribune* contained the following plain talk by Mr. GREELEY, to the Whigs:

#### A PLAIN TALK TO WHIGS.

FRIENDS:—We claim your attention for five minutes, while we present some considerations connected with the character and bearing of the public press—especially the cheap daily press of our city. Three journals, professing impartiality in, or independence of party politics, now engross the larger portion of the patronage of our city. They are the *Sun*, the morning *Herald* and the *Journal of Commerce*. The *Sun* is conducted with decided ability, and made up with much industry and care. Its editorial department is generally pure in morals, and correct, if not elevated, in its tendency. Its advertising columns, indeed, exhibit and reflect, unreproved, every species of depravity; but that is not the fault of its editor. But that editor is bitterly, we do not doubt sincerely, locofoco in all his associations and sympathies, and his writings are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his party. That spirit is allowed to govern and color the columns of his journal, in violation of all fairness or justice in the Whig party, by whom his paper is in good part supported. Two years ago the Whigs lost the city, we believe,

mainly by means of the charges of fraud, speculation and extravagance against the Whig authorities, which appeared in the editorial columns of the *Sun*. Since then, not a word of reprehension of the corporation extravagance has been heard from that quarter. Now the evidence, at least equally strong and condemnatory of the misconduct and prodigality of the present authorities, is never editorially mentioned or alluded to in that paper. Is this fair? Is it honest? Is it the treatment which the Whig party have a right to expect from a paper on which they yearly bestow a patronage of many thousands of dollars? But the *Sun* is not satisfied with negative hostility. No opportunity to stab effectually our party or cause, is suffered to pass unimproved. Every great question of national or state policy, is ably, dexterously discussed in its columns, with much caution and plausibility of manner, but in a spirit of the deadliest hostility to the Whigs. The calling of the *extra session* of Congress has been repeatedly condemned in advance by it, as a wanton and flagrant abuse of power—a sacrifice of the public good to private ends. The sub-treasury has often been eulogized and upheld in its columns—less directly, perhaps, but meaningly and plausibly. The advantage of a pure specie currency, are, from time to time, paraded before the eyes of its readers, although its office is a Red-dog bank, and its editor must know that a specie currency never will be seriously advocated by any considerable party in this country. But what then? A gentle and vague agitation of the project is somehow made to bring grist to the mill of the locofocoism, and therefore it is reserved to. A national bank is constantly held up in the law as the climax of all iniquities and calamities. The distribution project is decried and distorted. A protective tariff is most unfairly presented as desirable to cotton manufactures alone, and adverse to the interests of the great mass of the people! The prosecution of internal improvement by the State, is denounced as unwise, profligate, and tending necessarily to enormous taxation, and bankruptcy; but not a word is said of the commencement of the works now in progress, by the party which the *Sun* favors; of the contracts made under the auspices of that party, or of the obligation resting on the present State administration, to fulfill those contracts at all events. The Governor's controversy with Virginia, is made the theme of attack upon him, though the editor must know that no Governor of a *free State* could have done otherwise than as Governor Seward did. In short, every public question which arises, or has arisen for years, is presented in the *Sun* in just such a manner as

will make the most capital for locofocoism. Is this such treatment as the Whigs have a right to expect?

The morning *Herald* is a little less bitter in its hostility, but hardly less thorough. Like the *Sun*, it opposes the land distribution, a national bank, the protective policy, internal improvement, and the State administration, and gives a left-handed support to the sub-treasury. Its fulsome *personal* adulation of Gen. Harrison, Mr. Webster, and a few other Whigs, is only calculated to give double pungency to its attacks on all our principles and measures. It would be impossible for a journal so notoriously unprincipled and reckless, to do us more harm than the *Herald* does; unless, possibly, by coming out earnestly in our favor. The Albany *Argus*, *Globe*, etc., find half their aliment in quotations, "*From the New York Herald, Whig.*" So of the *Journal of Commerce*. The *Journal* is a good newspaper, conducted with much shrewdness and industry, and entitled to credit for its moral character and bearing. But its editor's political sympathies are all with locofocoism, and he views every public question through Van Buren spectacles. He, too, is hostile to a national bank, to protection, to distribution, to the prosecution of internal improvement, to the State administration, and to almost everything *Whig*. His paper constantly exerts a deadly influence, against not only the force which it fairly possesses, but that which is given to it by its position as an *independent* organ of the commercial interest, which is still farther increased by frequent quotations in the organs of locofocoism.—*From the Journal of Commerce, Whig paper.*

Now, we have the most undoubting confidence that the *Whig cause*, will commend itself to the understanding and judgment of the people of our city, as well as of the country generally, if it has only an open field, and fair play. It is the hand of Joab that has smitten it here. While locofocoism has three such journals in its service, one of which has, of itself, more readers than all the Whig dailies in New York; how can we hope for the permanent ascendancy of Whig principals in the commercial emporium? Friends, think of it!

Impelled by these considerations, and encouraged by many ardent and active Whigs, we have resolved to undertake the publication of a cheap daily, devoted to literature, intelligence, and the open and fearless advocacy of Whig principles and *measures*. If the advocates of those principles and measures, shall see fit to support cordially and actively our enterprise, not only by taking our paper, but by giving it one-half so much advertising patronage as they now bestow on the dead list, enemies of their cause, we shall be able to go on, successfully and efficiently; if not, we



shall persevere as long as we shall be able to do so—Whigs! shall the *Tribune* be sustained?

On the 18th of September 1841, five months after the first issue of the daily, the weekly *Tribune* was issued in lieu of the *New-Yorker*. The first number contained the following statement by Mr. GREELEY:

NEW YORK, September 18, 1841.

The first number of the New York weekly *Tribune* is herewith presented to the public. In form, appearance and general character, this may be taken as an earnest of what the future issues of this journal will be, but most of the editorial articles prepared for this number, with a portion of the literary selections, have been crowded out by the press of important political matter, connected with the dissolution of the cabinet, and the foreign intelligence, brought by the Great Western, which has reached us since the extent of our edition this week, compelled us to put the other side of the sheet, to press. Our future numbers will exhibit greater variety, and originality.

We hope to render the weekly *Tribune* an acceptable, and interesting compend of the literature and intelligence of the day, and an earnest, efficient, though moderate upholder of correct political principles, and the interests of the nation. We shall labor to deserve the respect of the entire reading community, with the approbation and patronage, especially of the Whigs.

We cannot take room to say more this week. To our old friends, the patrons of the *New-Yorker*, we appeal with confidence, for a continuation of their favor. We shall afford them as much literary matter as hitherto, with a far greater amount, and variety of intelligence. Unless decidedly averse to the political principles we cherish—so hostile as to fear their promulgation and advocacy—we trust that our new paper will be found, at least equally acceptable with the old. At any rate, we trust they will give us a fair trial.

As an editor, Mr. GREELEY has made for himself a reputation, and gained a position unrivaled for character and ability, in this country. In mental construction, he possesses the highest order of editorial ability. A brain of more than twenty-three and a half inches, accompanied by a good organic quality, and a mental temperament at once endowed him with a strength of mind

and a scope of intellectual perception of the first order of great men. With large firmness, he is endowed with strong personality, selfwilled and independent. His breadth of head, in the region of constructiveness and agreeableness, enables him to see both sides of a question at the same time, hence his nature to deal fairly and wisely with an enemy as well as a friend. Such is the character of his mental organization that terseness, well defined expression, and varied discussion, always characterize his editorials, and commend them to every reader. His paper and his pen, command the highest respect from enemies as well as friends. His natural gifts, coupled with a long life of ardent and unremitting industry, have enabled him to rise from an obscure boy, to an editor of the first order, on the Continent. No better mark of his commanding power, and greatness of soul can be found, than that shown in the dark days of the rebellion. When gloom seemed to hover over the cause of liberty and union, and the pious began to doubt the favor of God, and the President and his cabinet seemed to be tardy in the prosecution of the war for the union, Mr. GREELEY, comprehending the perilous condition of the cause of the nation, and realizing the desponding state of the entire people, and knowing loyal hearts were everywhere in anguish for the cause of the union, rose to the height and dignity of his great mental manhood, and with the herculean aid of the *Tribune*, addressed through its columns, on the 21st day of August, 1862, a personal editorial, to the President of the United States, the most powerful in its character and influence ever published to the world by any man. It commanded the admiration and sanction of the entire loyal people of the nation. When it was heralded forth with lightning speed over the land, millions of drooping hearts were made to rejoice, and Abraham Lincoln, sensible of its power—for it was in reality the prayer of twenty millions—responded to its appeal, and thereupon, more directly took his departure for the nations Sinai, which he in the fullness of time ascended, amid fire and smoke, and issued a new law from its terrible heights, and *commanded* again the children of *Israel to go forward*.

Nor, was it any accident of partisan affiliation between Mr. GREELEY and Mr. Lincoln, that induced the chief officer of the nation to respond to the chief editor of the Republic, but rather was it the power of the one, involuntarily representing the people, that called forth a response from the other, officially entrusted with the nation, and the happiness of its citizens.

THE PRAYER OF TWENTY MILLIONS.

*To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States :*

DEAR SIR:—I do not intrude to tell you—for you must know already—that a great portion of those who triumphed in your election, and of all who desire the unqualified suppression of the Rebellion now desolating our country, are sorely disappointed and deeply pained by the policy you seem to be pursuing with regard to the slaves of Rebels. I write only to set succinctly and unmistakably before you what we require, what we think we have a right to expect, and of what we complain.

I. We require of you, as the first servant of the Republic, charged especially and pre-eminently with this duty, that you EXECUTE THE LAWS. Most emphatically do we demand that such laws as have been recently enacted, which therefore may fairly be presumed to embody the *present* will, and to be dictated by the *present* needs of the Republic, and which, after due consideration, have received your personal sanction, shall by you be carried into full effect, and that you publicly and decisively, instruct your subordinates that such laws exist, that they are binding on all functionaries and citizens, and that they are to be obeyed to the letter.

II. We think you are strangely and disastrously remiss in the discharge of your official and imperative duty with regard to the emancipating provisions of the new Confiscation Act. Those provisions were designed to fight Slavery with Liberty. They prescribe that men loyal to the Union, and willing to shed their blood in her behalf, shall no longer be held, with the nation's consent, in bondage to persistent, malignant traitors, who for twenty years have been plotting, and for sixteen months have been fighting to divide and destroy our country. Why these traitors should be treated with tenderness by you, to the prejudice of the dearest rights of loyal men, we cannot conceive.

III. We think you are unduly influenced by the counsels, the representations, the menaces, of certain fossil politicians hailing from

the Border Slave States. Knowing well that the heartily, unconditionally loyal portion of the white citizens of those States, do not expect nor desire that slavery shall be upheld to the prejudice of the Union, (for the truth of which we appeal not only to every Republican residing in those States, but to such eminent loyalists as H. Winter Davis, Parson Brownlow, the Union Central Committee of Baltimore, and to the Nashville *Union*,) we ask you to consider that slavery is everywhere the inciting cause, and sustaining base of treason: the most slaveholding sections of Maryland and Delaware being this day, though under the Union flag, in full sympathy with the Rebellion, while the free labor portions of Tennessee, and of Texas, though writhing under the bloody heel of treason, are unconquerably loyal to the Union. So emphatically is this the case, that a most intelligent Union banker of Baltimore recently avowed his confident belief that a majority of the present Legislature of Maryland, though elected as and still professing to be Unionists, are at heart desirous of the triumph of the Jeff. Davis conspiracy; and when asked how they could be won back to loyalty, replied—"Only by the complete Abolition of Slavery." It seems to us the most obvious truth, that whatever strengthens or fortifies slavery in the Border States strengthens also treason, and drives home the wedge intended to divide the Union. Had you from the first refused to recognize in those States, as here, any other than unconditional loyalty—that which stands for the Union, whatever may become of slavery—those States would have been, and would be, far more helpful and less troublesome to the defenders of the Union, than they have been, or now are.

IV. We think timid counsels in such a crisis calculated to prove perilous, and probably disastrous. It is the duty of a government so wantonly, wickedly assailed by Rebellion as ours has been, to oppose force to force in a defiant, dauntless spirit. It cannot afford to temporize with traitors nor with semi-traitors. It must not bribe them to behave themselves, nor make them fair promises in the hope of disarming their causeless hostility. Representing a brave and high-spirited people, it can afford to forfeit anything else better than its own self-respect, or their admiring confidence. For our Government even to seek, after war has been made on it, to dispel the affected apprehensions of armed traitors that their cherished privileges may be assailed by it, is to invite, insult and encourage hopes of its own downfall. The rush to arms of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, is the true answer at once to the rebel raids of John Morgan, and the traitorous sophistries of Berrah Magoffin.

V. We complain that the Union cause has suffered, and is now suffering immensely, from mistaken deference to Rebel Slavery. Had you, Sir, in your Inaugural Address, unmistakably given notice that, in case the Rebellion already commenced were persisted in, and your efforts to preserve the Union and enforce the laws, should be resisted by armed force *you would recognize no loyal person as rightfully held in slavery by a traitor*, we believe the Rebellion would therein have received a staggering if not fatal blow. At that moment, according to the returns of the most recent elections, the Unionists were a large majority of the voters of the slave States. But they were composed in good part of the aged, the feeble, the wealthy, the timid—the young, the reckless, the aspiring, the adventurous, had already been largely lured by the gamblers and negro-traders, the politicians by trade and the conspirators by instinct, into the toils of treason. Had you then proclaimed that rebellion would strike the shackles from the slaves of every traitor, the wealthy and the cautious would have been supplied with a powerful inducement to remain loyal. As it was, every coward in the South soon became a traitor from fear; for loyalty was perilous, while treason seemed comparatively safe. Hence, the boasted unanimity of the South—a unanimity based on Rebel terrorism, and the fact that immunity and safety were found on that side, danger and probable death on ours. The Rebels from the first have been eager to confiscate, imprison, scourge and kill; we have fought wolves with the devices of sheep. The result is just what might have been expected. Tens of thousands are fighting in the Rebel ranks to-day whose original bias and natural leanings would have led them into ours.

VI. We complain that the Confiscation Act which you approved is habitually disregarded by your Generals, and that no word of rebuke for them from you has yet reached the public ear. Fremont's Proclamation and Hunter's Order favoring Emancipation, were promptly annulled by you; while Halleck's No. 3, forbidding fugitives from slavery to Rebels to come within his lines—an order as unmilitary as inhuman, and which received the hearty approbation of every traitor in America—with scores of like tendency, have never provoked even your remonstrance. We complain that the officers of your armies have habitually repelled, rather than invited the approach of slaves who would have gladly taken the risks of escaping from the Rebel masters to our camps, bringing intelligence often of inestimable value to the Union cause. We complain that those who *have* thus escaped to us, avowing a willingness to do for us whatever might be required, have been brutally and

madly repulsed, and often surrendered to be scourged, maimed and tortured by the ruffian traitors, who pretend to own them. We complain that a large proportion of our regular Army Officers, with many of the Volunteers, evince far more solicitude to uphold slavery than to put down the Rebellion. And finally, we complain that you, Mr. President, elected as a Republican, knowing well what an abomination Slavery is, and how emphatically it is the core and essence of this atrocious Rebellion, seem never to interfere with these atrocities, and never give a direction to your military subordinates, which does not appear to have been conceived in the interest of slavery rather than of freedom.

VII. Let me call your attention to the recent tragedy in New Orleans, whereof the facts are obtained entirely through pro-slavery channels. A considerable body of resolute, able-bodied men, held slavery by two Rebel sugar-planters in defiance of the Confiscation Act, which you have approved, left plantations thirty miles distant, and made their way to the great mart of the southwest, which they knew to be in the undisputed possession of the Union forces. They made their way safely and quietly through thirty miles of Rebel territory, expecting to find freedom under the protection of our flag. Whether they had or had not heard of the passage of the Confiscation Act, they reasoned logically that we could not kill them for deserting the service of their lifelong oppressors, who had through treason become our implacable enemies. They came to us for liberty and protection, for which they were willing to render their best service: they met with hostility, captivity, and murder. The barking of the base curs of slavery in this quarter deceives no one—not even themselves. They say, indeed, that the negroes had no right to appear in New Orleans armed (with their implements of daily labor in the cane-field); but no one doubts that they would gladly have laid these down if assured that they should be free. They were set upon and maimed, captured and killed, because they sought the benefit of that Act of Congress which they may not specifically have heard of, but which was none the less the law of land—which they had a clear *right* to the benefit of—which it was *somebody's* duty to publish far and wide, in order that so many as possible should be impelled to desist from serving Rebels and the Rebellion, and come over to the side of the Union. They sought their liberty in strict accordance with the law of the land—they were butchered or re-enslaved, for so doing, by the help of Union soldiers enlisted to fight against slaveholding treason. It was *somebody's* fault that they were so murdered—if others shall hereafter suffer in like

manner, in default of explicit and public direction to your Generals that they are to be recognized and obey the Confiscation Act, the world will lay the blame on *you*. Whether you will choose to bear it through future history and at the bar of God, I will not judge. I can only hope.

VIII. On the face of this wide earth, Mr. President, there is not one disinterested, determined, intelligent champion of the Union cause who does not feel that all attempts to put down the Rebellion and at the same time uphold its inciting cause are preposterous and futile—that the Rebellion, if crushed out to-morrow, would be renewed within a year if slavery were left in full vigor—that Army Officers who remain to this day devoted to slavery can at best be but half-way loyal to the Union—and that every hour of deference to slavery is an hour of added and deepened peril to the Union. I appeal to the testimony of your ambassadors in Europe. It is freely at your service, not at mine. Ask them to tell you candidly whether the seeming subserviency of your policy to the slaveholding, slavery-upholding interest, is not the perplexity, the despair of statesmen of all parties, and be admonished by the general answer.

IX. I close as I began with the statement that what an immense majority of the loyal millions of your countrymen require of you is a frank, declared, unqualified, ungrudging execution of the laws of the land, more especially of the Confiscation Act. That Act gives freedom to the slaves of Rebels coming within our lines, or whom those lines may at any time inclose—we ask you to render it due obedience by publicly requiring all your subordinates to recognize and obey it. The Rebels are everywhere using the late anti-negro riots in the North, as they have long used your officers' treatment of negroes in the South, to convince the slaves that they have nothing to hope from a Union success—that we mean in that case to sell them into a bitterer bondage to defray the cost of the war. Let them impress this as a truth on the great mass of their ignorant and credulous bondmen, and the Union will never be restored—never. We cannot conquer ten millions of people united in solid phalanx against us, powerfully aided by Northern sympathizers and European allies. We must have scouts, guides, spies, cooks, teamsters, diggers and choppers, from the blacks of the South, whether we allow them to fight for us or not, or we shall be baffled and repelled. As one of the millions who would gladly have avoided this struggle at any sacrifice but that of principal and honor, but who now feel that the triumph of the Union is indispensable not only to the existence of our country, but to the

well-being of mankind, I entreat you to render a hearty and unequivocal obedience to the law of the land.

Yours,

NEW YORK, August 19, 1862.

HORACE GREELEY.

This prayer was heard, and President Lincoln rose to the majestic height of his innate manhood, and the supremacy of his official position, and responded to the invocation of twenty millions, in the following words :

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S LETTER.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, August 22, 1862. }

*Hon. Horace Greeley :*

DEAR SIR: I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the *N. Y. Tribune*. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend, whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union, unless they could at the same time *save* slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time *destroy* slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle *is* to save the Union, and is *not* either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing *any* slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing *all* the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do *not* believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do *less* whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do *more* whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors; and I shall adopt new views so fast as they



shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of *official* duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed *personal* wish that all men, everywhere, could be free.

Yours,

A. LINCOLN.

In the *Tribune* of the 24th of the same month, the great editor replied again to the President in the following words :

#### MR. GREELEY'S RESPONSE.

DEAR SIR: Although I did not anticipate nor seek any reply to my former letter unless through your official acts, I thank you for having accorded one, since it enables me to say explicitly that nothing was further from my thought than to impeach in any manner the sincerity or the intensity of your devotion to the saving of the Union. I never doubted, and have no friend who doubts, that you desire, before and above all else, to re-establish the now derided authority, and vindicate the territorial integrity of the Republic. I intended to raise only this question—*Do you propose to do this by recognizing, obeying, and enforcing the laws, or by ignoring, disregarding, and in effect defying them?*

I stand upon the law of the land. The humblest has a clear right to invoke its protection, and support against even the highest. That law—in strict accordance with the law of nations, of nature, and of God—declares that every traitor now engaged in the infernal work of destroying our country, has forfeited thereby all claim or color of right lawfully to hold human beings in slavery. I ask of you a clear and public recognition that this law is to be obeyed wherever the national authority is respected. I cite to you instances wherein men fleeing from bondage to traitors to the protection of our flag have been assaulted, wounded and murdered by soldiers of the Union—unpunished and unrebuked by your General commanding—to prove that it is your duty to take action in the premises—action that will cause the law to be proclaimed and obeyed wherever your authority or that of the Union is recognized as paramount. The Rebellion is strengthened, the national cause is imperiled, by every hour's delay to strike treason this staggering blow.

When Fremont proclaimed Freedom to the slaves of Rebels, you constrained him to modify his proclamation into rigid accordance with the terms of the existing law. It was your clear right to do so. I now ask of you conformity to the principle so sterulently en-

forced upon him. I ask you to instruct your Generals and Commodores that no loyal person—certainly none willing to render service to the national cause—is henceforth to be regarded as the slave of any traitor. While no rightful Government was ever before assailed by so wanton and wicked a rebellion as that of the slaveholders against our national life, I am sure none ever before hesitated at so simple and primary an act of self-defense as to relieve those who would serve and save it from chattel servitude to those who are wading through seas of blood to subvert and destroy it. Future generations will with difficulty realize that there could have been hesitation on this point. Sixty years of general and boundless subserviency to the slave power do not adequately explain it.

Mr. President, I beseech you to open your eyes to the fact that the devotees of slavery everywhere—just as much in Maryland as in Mississippi, in Washington as in Richmond—are to-day your enemies, and the implacable foes of every effort to re-establish the national authority by the discomfiture of its assailants. Their President is not Abraham Lincoln, but Jefferson Davis. You may draft them to serve in the war; but they will only fight under the Rebel flag. There is not in New York to-day a man who really believes in slavery, loves it, and desires its perpetuation, who heartily desires the crushing out of the Rebellion. He would much rather save the Republic by buying up and pensioning off its assailants. His "Union as it was," is a Union of which you were not President, and no one who truly wished freedom to all ever could be.

If these are truths, Mr. President, they are surely of the gravest importance. You cannot safely approach the great and good end you so intently meditate by shutting your eyes to them. Your deadly foe is not blinded by any mist in which *your* eyes may be enveloped. He walks straight to his goal, knowing well his weak point, most unwillingly betraying his fear that you too may see and take advantage of it. God grant that his apprehension may prove prophetic.

That you may not unseasonably perceive these vital truths as they will shine forth on the pages of History—that they may be read by our children irradiated by the glory of our national salvation, not rendered lurid by the blood-red glow of national conflagration and ruin—that you may promptly and practically realize that slavery is to be vanquished only by liberty—is the fervent and anxious prayer of

Yours, truly,

HORACE GREELEY.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24, 1862.

Thus stands Mr. GREELEY to-day, as the greatest editor on the American continent, the greatest journalist in the world.

On the 10th day of April, 1871, the *Tribune* closed its thirtieth year, and the issue of that day contained the following editorial statement, being a brief review of its doctrines and labors :

#### THIRTY YEARS.

The daily *Tribune* was first issued on the 10th of April, 1841 ; it has therefore completed its thirtieth, and to-day enters upon its thirty-first year. It was originally a small folio sheet, employing perhaps twenty persons in its production; it is now one of the largest journals issued in any part of the world, containing ten to fifteen times as much as at first, and embodying in each issue the labor of four to five hundred persons as writers, printers, &c., &c. Its daily contents, apart from advertisements, would make a fair 12mo volume, such as sells from the bookstores for \$1.25 to \$1.50; and, when we are compelled to issue a supplement, its editorials, correspondence, dispatches and reports, (which seldom leave room for any but a mere shred of selections,) equal in quantity an average octavo. The total cost of its production for the first week, was \$525; it is now nearly \$20,000 per week, with a constant, irresistible tendency to increase.

Other journals have been established by a large outlay of capital and many years of patient, faithful effort: the *Tribune* started on a very small capital, to which little has ever been added, except through the abundance and liberality of its patrons. They enabled it to pay its way almost from the outset; and, though years have intervened, especially during our great Civil War, when, through a sudden and rapid advance in the cost of paper and other materials, our expenses somewhat exceeded our income, yet, taking the average of these thirty years, our efforts have been amply, generously rewarded, and the means incessantly required to purchase expensive machinery, and make improvements on every hand, have been derived exclusively from the regular receipts of the establishment. Rendering an earnest and zealous, though by no means indiscriminate support for the former half of its existence to the Whig, and through the latter half to the Republican party, the *Tribune* has asked no favor of either, and no odds of any man but that he should pay for whatever he chose to order, whether in the shape of subscriptions or advertisements. Holding that a journal can help no party while it requires to be helped itself, we hope so to deserve

and retain the good will of the general public, that we may be as independent in the future as we have been in the past.

So long as slavery cursed our country, this journal was its decided and open though not reckless adversary; now, that slavery is dead, we insist that the spirit of caste, of inequality, of contempt for the rights of the colored races, shall be buried in its grave. The only reason for their existence having vanished, it is logical and just that they should vanish also. Since the substance no longer exists, the shadow should promptly disappear.

The protection, looking to the development, of our home industry, by duties on imports discriminating with intent to uphold and fortify weak and exposed departments thereof, has ever been, in our view, the most essential and beneficent feature of a true national policy. Our country has always increased rapidly in production, in wealth, in population, and in general comfort, when protection was in the ascendant; while it has been cursed with stagnation, paralysis, commercial revulsions, and wide-spread bankruptcies, under the sway of relative Free Trade. This journal stood for protection, under the lead of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Walter Forward, George Evans, Thomas Corwin, and their compeers: it stands for protection to-day, as heartily as it did then, and for identical reasons. It asks no Free-Trader to forego his economic views in order to be a Republican; it insists that no protectionist shall be bullied out of his convictions in deference to the harmony of the party. It asks no more than it concedes, and will be satisfied with no less. If the Republican party shall ever be broken up on the tariff question, it will take care that the responsibility is placed where it belongs.

The editor of the *Tribune* was also its publisher and sole proprietor when it first commended itself to public attention. He long ago ceased to be publisher, and is now but one among twenty proprietors. As the work required has grown, it has been divided and in part assigned to others, but the chief direction and supervision of its columns has been continued in his hands, and is likely to remain there so long as his strength shall endure. Half his life has been devoted to this journal; the former half having been mainly given to preparation for its conduct; and now few remain who held kindred positions in this city, on the 10th of April, 1841. His only editorial assistant then, though several years his junior, was, after a brilliant independent career, suddenly called away in 1869, leaving behind him few equals in general ability; and of those who aided in the issue of our No. 1, but two are known to be still living, and are among our co-proprietors, still rendering daily service

in the establishment, and rejoicing in the possession of health and unfailling strength. Ten years more, and these three will probably have followed their associates already departed. But the *Tribune*, we fondly trust, will survive and flourish after we shall have severally deceased, being sustained by the beneficence of its aims, the liberality of its spirit, and the generous appreciation of an intelligent and discerning people.

MR. GREELEY'S own statement, herewith appended, of his editorial career—as given in his "*Recollections of a Busy Life*"—will be of great interest to the reader :

MR. GREELEY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS NEWSPAPERS—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

The Democratic party claimed an unbroken series of triumphs in every presidential election which it did not throw away by its own dissensions; and, being now united, regarded its success as inevitable. "You Whigs," said Dr. Duncan, of Ohio, one of its most effective canvassers, "achieve great victories every day in the year but one—that is the day of election." It was certain that a party which had enjoyed the ever-increasing patronage of the Federal Government for the preceding twelve years, which wielded that of most of the States also, and which was still backed by the popularity and active sympathy of General Jackson, was not to be expelled from power without the most resolute, persistent, systematic exertions. Hence it was determined in the councils of our friends at Albany that a new campaign paper should be issued, to be entitled the *Log Cabin*; and I was chosen to conduct it. No contributions were made or sought in its behalf. I was to publish as well as edit it; it was to be a folio of good size; and it was determined that fifteen copies should be sent for the full term of six months (from May 1 to November 1) for \$5.

I had just secured a new partner (my fifth or sixth) of considerable business capacity, when this campaign sheet was undertaken, and the immediate influx of subscriptions frightened and repelled him. He insisted that the price was ruinous; that the paper could not be afforded for so little; that we should inevitably be bankrupted by its enormous circulation, and all my expostulations and entreaties were unavailing against his fixed resolve to get out of the concern at once. I therefore dissolved and settled with him, and was left alone to edit and publish both the *New-Yorker* and the *Log Cabin*, as I had in 1838 edited, but not published, the

*New-Yorker* and the *Jeffersonian*. Having neither steam presses nor facilities for mailing, I was obliged to hire everything done but the headwork, which involved heavier outlays than I ought to have had to meet. I tried to make the *Log Cabin* as effective as I could, with engravings of General Harrison's battle scenes, music, &c., and to make it a model of its kind; but the times were so changed that it was more lively and less sedately argumentative than the *Jeffersonian*.

Its circulation was entirely beyond precedent. I fixed the edition of No. 1 at 30,000; but, before the close of the week, I was obliged to print 10,000 more; and even this was too few. The circulation ran rapidly up to 80,000, and might have been increased, had I possessed ample facilities for printing and mailing, to 100,000. With the machinery of distribution by the news companies, expresses, &c., now existing, I guess that it might have been swelled to a quarter of a million. And, though I made very little money by it, I gave every subscriber an extra number containing the results of the election. After that I continued the paper for a full year longer; having a circulation of 10,000 copies, which about paid the cost, counting my work as editor nothing.

The *Log Cabin* was but an incident, a feature of the canvass. Briefly, we Whigs took the lead, and kept it throughout. Our opponents struggled manfully, desperately; but wind and tide were against them. They had campaign and other papers, and good speakers, and large meetings; but we were far ahead of them in singing, and in electioneering emblems and mottoes which appealed to popular sympathies. The elections held next after the Harrisburg nominations were local, but they all went our way; and the State elections which soon followed amply confirmed their indications. In September, Maine held her State election, and chose the Whig candidate for Governor (Edward Kent,) by a small majority, but on a very full vote. The Democrats did not concede his election till after the vote for President, in November. Pennsylvania, in October, gave a small Democratic majority; but we insisted that it could be overcome when we came to vote for Harrison, and it was. In October, Ohio, Indiana and Georgia, all gave decisive Harrison majorities, rendering the great result morally certain. Yet, when the choice of the Presidential electors was ascertained, even the most sanguine among us were astounded by the completeness of our triumph. We had given General Harrison the electoral votes of all but the seven States of New Hampshire, Virginia, South Carolina, Alabama, Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas—60 in all—while our candidate had 234; making his the heaviest

majority by which any President had ever been chosen. New York, where each party had done its best, had been carried for him by 13,290 majority; but Governor Seward had been re-elected by only 5,315. With any other candidate for President, he could scarcely have escaped defeat.

On the 10th day of April, 1841—a day of most unseasonable chill, and sleet, and snow—our city held her great funeral parade and pageant in honor of our lost President, who had died six days before. Gen. Robert Bogardus, the venerable Grand Marshal of the parade, died not long afterward, of exposure to its inclemencies. On that leaden, funereal morning, the most inhospitable of the year, I issued the first number of the *New York Tribune*. It was a small sheet, for it was to be retailed for a cent, and not much of a newspaper could be afforded for that price, even in those specie-paying times. I had been incited to this enterprise by several Whig friends, who deemed a cheap daily, addressed more especially to the laboring class, eminently needed in our city, where the only two cheap journals then and still existing—the *Sun* and the *Herald*—were in decided, though unavowed, and therefore more effective, sympathy and affiliation with the Democratic party. Two or three had promised pecuniary aid if it should be needed; only one (Mr. James Coggeshall, long since deceased,) ever made good that promise, by loaning me \$1,000, which was duly and gratefully repaid, principal and interest. I presume others would have helped me had I asked it; but I never did. Mr. Dudley S. Gregory, who had voluntarily loaned me \$1,000 to sustain the *New-Yorker* in the very darkest hour of my fortunes, in 1837, and whom I had but recently repaid, was among my most trusted friends in the outset of my new enterprise, also; but I was able to prosecute it without taxing (I no longer needed to test,) his generosity.

My leading idea was the establishment of a journal removed alike from servile partisanship on the one hand, and from gaggled, mincing neutrality on the other. Party spirit is so fierce and intolerant in this country, that the editor of a non-partisan sheet is restrained from saying what he thinks and feels on the most vital, imminent topics; while, on the other hand, a Democratic, Whig or Republican journal, is generally expected to praise or blame, like or dislike, eulogize or condemn, in precise accordance with the views and interest of its party. I believed there was a happy medium between these extremes—a position from which a journalist might openly and heartily advocate the principles and commend the measures of that party to which his convictions allied him, yet dissent frankly from its course on a particular question, and even de-

nounce its candidates, if they were shown to be deficient in capacity or (far worse,) in integrity. I felt that a journal thus loyal to its guiding convictions, yet ready to expose and condemn unworthy conduct or incidental error, on the part of men attached to its party, must be far more effective, even party-wise, than though it might always be counted on to applaud or reprobate, bless or curse, as the party's prejudices or immediate interest might seem to prescribe. Especially by the whigs—who were rather the loosely aggregated, mainly undisciplined opponents of a great party, than, in the stricter sense, a party themselves—did I feel that such a journal was consciously needed, and should be fairly sustained. I had been a pretty constant and copious contributor (generally unpaid,) to nearly or quite every cheap Whig journal that had, from time to time, been started in our city; most of them to fail after a very brief, and not particularly bright, career. But one—the *New York Whig*, which was, throughout most of its existence, under the dignified and conscientious direction of Jacob B. Moore, formerly of the *New Hampshire Journal*, had been continued through two or three years. My familiarity with its history and management, gave me confidence that the right sort of a cheap Whig journal would be enabled to live. I had been ten years in New York, was thirty years old, in full health and vigor, and worth, I presume, about \$2,000, half of it in printing materials. The *Jeffersonian*, and still more, the *Log Cabin*, had made me favorably known to many thousands of those who were most likely to take such a paper as I proposed to make the *Tribune*, while the *New-Yorker* had given me some literary standing, and the reputation of a useful and well-informed compiler of election returns. In short, I was in a better position to undertake the establishment of a daily newspaper, than the great mass of those who try it and fail, as most who make the venture do and must. I presume the new journals (in English,) since started in this city, number not less than one hundred, whereof barely two—the *Times* and the *World*—can be fairly said to be still living; and the *World* is a mausoleum, wherein the remains of the evening *Star*, the *American*, and the *Courier and Enquirer*, lie inurned; these having long ago swallowed sundry of their predecessors. Yet several of those which have meantime lived their little hour and passed away, were conducted by men of decided ability and ripe experience, and were backed by a pecuniary capital at least twenty times greater than the fearfully inadequate sum whereon I started the *Tribune*.

On the intellectual side, my venture was not so rash as it seemed. My own fifteen years' devotion to newspaper-making, in all its



places, was worth far more than will be generally supposed; and I had already secured a first assistant in Mr. Henry J. Raymond, who—having for two years, while in college at Burlington, Vermont, been a valued contributor to the literary side of the *New-Yorker*—had hied to the city directly upon graduating, late in 1840, and gladly accepted my offer to hire him at eight dollars per week until he could do better. I had not much for him to do till the *Tribune* was started; then I had enough. And I never found another person, barely of age and just from his studies, who evinced so much and so versatile ability in journalism, as he did. Abler and stronger men I may have met; a cleverer, readier, more generally efficient journalist, I never saw. He remained with me eight years, if my memory serves, and is the only assistant with whom I ever felt required to remonstrate for doing more work than any human brain and frame could be expected long to endure. His salary was of course gradually increased from time to time; but his services were more valuable, in proportion to their cost, than those of any one else who ever worked on the *Tribune*.

Mr. Geo. M. Snow, a friend of my one age, who had had considerable mercantile experience, took charge of the Financial and Wall-st. department, (then far less important than it now is,) and retained it for more than twenty-two years; becoming ultimately a heavy stockholder in and a trustee of the concern; resigning his trust only when (in 1863) he departed for Europe in ill health; returning but to die two years later. A large majority of those who aided in preparing or in issuing the first number had preceded or have followed Mr. Snow to the Silent Land; but two remain and are now foreman and engineer respectively in the printing department—both stockholders and trustees. Others, doubtless, survive who were with us then, but have long since drifted away to the West, to the Pacific Slope, or into some other employment, and the places that once knew them know them no more. Twenty-six years witness many changes, especially in a city like ours, a position like mine; and I believe that the only man who was editor of a New York daily before me, and who still remains such, is Mr. James Gordon Bennett of the *Herald*.

About five hundred names of subscribers had already been obtained for the *Tribune*—mainly by warm personal and political friends, Noah Cook and James Coggeshall—before its first issue, whereof I printed 5,000, and nearly succeeded in giving away all of them that would not sell. I had type, but no presses; and so had to hire my press-work done by the “token;” my folding and mailing must have staggered me but for the circumstance that I

had few papers to mail and not very many to fold. The lack of the present machinery of railroads and expresses was a grave obstacle to the circulation of my paper outside of the city's suburbs ; but I think its paid-for issues, were 2,000 at the close of the first week, and that they increased pretty steadily, at the rate of 500 per week, till they reached 10,000. My current expenses for the first week were about \$525 ; my receipts \$92 ; and though the outgoes steadily, inevitably increased, the income increased in a still larger ratio, till it nearly balanced the former. But I was not made for a publisher ; indeed, no man was ever qualified at once to edit and to publish a daily paper, such as it must be to live in these times ; and it was not until Mr. Thomas McElrath—whom I had barely known as a member of the publishing firm over whose store I first set type in this city, but who was now a lawyer in good standing and practice—made me a voluntary and wholly unexpected proffer of partnership in my still struggling but hopeful enterprise, that it might be considered fairly on its feet. He offered to invest \$2,000 as an equivalent to whatever I had in the business, and to devote his time and energies to its management, on the basis of perfect equality in ownership and in sharing the proceeds. This I very gladly accepted ; and from that hour my load was palpably lightened. During the 10 years or over that the *Tribune* was issued by GREELEY & McELRATH, my partner never once even indicated that my anti-slavery, anti-hanging, socialist, and other frequent aberrations from the straight and narrow path of Whig partisanship, were injurious to our common interest, though he must often have sorely felt that they were so ; and never, except when I (rarely) drew from the common treasury more money than could well be spared, in order to help some needy friend whom he judged beyond help, did he even *look* grieved at anything I did. On the other hand, his business management of the concern, though never brilliant nor specially energetic, was so safe and judicious that it gave me no trouble, and scarcely required of me a thought during that long era of all but unclouded prosperity. The transition from my four preceding years of incessant pecuniary anxiety, if not absolute embarrassment, was like escaping from the dungeon and the rack to freedom and sympathy. Henceforth, such rare pecuniary troubles as I encountered were the just penalties of my own folly in endorsing notes for persons who, in the nature of things, could not rationally be expected to pay them. But these penalties are not to be evaded by those, who, soon after entering responsible life, "go into business," as the phrase is, when it is inevitable that they must thereby be involved in debt. He

who starts on the basis of dependence on his own proper resources, resolved to extend his business no further and no faster than his means will justify, may fairly refuse to lend what he needs in his own operations, or to endorse for others when he asks no one to endorse for him. But you cannot ask favors, and then churlishly refuse to grant any—borrow and then frown upon whoever asks you to lend—seek endorsements, but decline to give any; and so the idle, the prodigal, the dissolute, with the thousands foredoomed by their own defects of capacity, of industry, or of management, to chronic bankruptcy, live upon the earnings of the capable, thrifty and provident. Better wait five years to go into business upon adequate means which are properly your own, than to rush in prematurely, trusting to loans, endorsements, and the forbearance of creditors, to help you through. I have squandered much hard-earned money in trying to help others who were already past help, when I not only might but should have saved most of it if I had never, needing help, sought and received it. As it is, I trust that my general obligation has been fully discharged.

The *Tribune*, as it first appeared, was but the germ of what I sought to make it. No journal sold for a cent could ever be much more than a dry summary of the most important or the most interesting occurrences of the day; and such is not a newspaper, in the higher sense of the term. We need to know not only what is done, but what is purposed and said, by those who sway the destinies of states and realms. And to this end, the prompt perusal of the manifestoes of monarchs, presidents, ministers, legislators, etc., is indispensable. No man is even tolerably informed in our day who does not regularly “keep the run” of events and opinions, through the daily perusal of at least *one* good journal; and the ready cavil that “no one can read” all that a great modern journal contains, only proves the ignorance or thoughtlessness of the caviler. No *one* person is expected to take such an interest in the rise and fall of stocks, the markets for cotton, cattle, grain and goods, the proceedings of Congress, Legislatures and Courts, the politics of Europe, and the ever-shifting phases of Spanish-American anarchy, etc., as would incite him to a daily perusal of the entire contents of a metropolitan city journal of the first rank. The idea is rather to embody in a single sheet, the information daily required by all those who aim to keep “posted” on all important occurrences; so that the lawyer, the merchant, the banker, the forwarder, the economist, the author, the politician, etc., may find here whatever he needs to see, and be spared the trouble of looking elsewhere. A copy of a great morning journal, now contains more matter than

an average 12mo volume, and its production costs far more, while it is sold for a fortieth or fiftieth part of the volume's price. There is no other miracle of cheapness in comparison with its cost, which at all approaches it. The electric telegraph has precluded the multiplication of journals in the great cities, by enormously increasing the cost of publishing each of them. The *Tribune*, for example, now pays more than \$100,000 per annum, for intellectual labor (reporting included,) in and about its office, and \$100,000 more for correspondence and telegraphing—in other words, for collecting and transmitting news. And, while its income has been largely increased from year to year, its expenses have inevitably been swelled even more rapidly; so that, at the close of 1866, in which its receipts had been over \$900,000, its expenses had been very nearly equal in amount, leaving no profit beyond a fair rent for the premises it owned and occupied. And yet its stockholders were satisfied that they had done a good business—that the increase in the patronage and value of the establishment amounted to a fair interest on their investment, and might well be accepted in lieu of a dividend. In the good time coming, with cheaper paper and less exorbitant charges for “cable dispatches” from the Old World, they will doubtless reap where they have now faithfully sown. Yet they realize and accept the fact that a journal radically hostile to the gainful arts whereby the cunning and powerful few live sumptuously without useful labor, and often amass wealth, by pandering to lawless sensuality and popular vice, can never hope to enrich its publishers so rapidly and so vastly as though it had a soft side for the liquor traffic, and for all kindred allurements to carnal appetite and sensual indulgence.

Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion—no man can foresee what a day may bring forth; and those who cheer to-day will often curse to-morrow. And yet I cherish the hope that the journal I projected and established will live and flourish long after I shall have mouldered into forgotten dust, being guided by a larger wisdom, a more unerring sagacity to discern the right, though not by a more unfaltering readiness to embrace and defend it at whatever personal cost; and that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future eyes the still intelligible inscription, “Founder of the New York *Tribune*.”

Turning back more than thirty years ago, when Mr. GREELEY was only about twenty-seven years of age, he discussed in the *Jeffersonian*, the impotence of the public press to enlighten

mankind, and advance civilization. His remarks, though written far back in his early days, show an originality and an ability that present the subject of the public press with great clearness and force, and attaches to it an importance not usually comprehended. It is a work of no ordinary concern to properly state the *Tribune* fully and truly to the public. If the object was simply to state the record of a newspaper—its rise and continuance—the task would be light; but to truly and fully state the *Tribune*, it is necessary to state the greater portion of the life-work of HORACE GREELEY. The *Tribune* is GREELEY, and GREELEY is the *Tribune*. If the *Tribune* is greater than any other newspaper, it is because GREELEY is a greater editor than any other man. If GREELEY is a Reformer, the *Tribune* is a Reformer. If the *Tribune* has been a constant, independent and progressive journal, GREELEY has been a constant, independent and progressive man. No paper is like the *Tribune*, no man is like HORACE GREELEY. A single instance of recent date will show the enterprise of the *Tribune* managers to be greater than belongs to any other paper in the world. During the late war between France and Germany, the current expenses of that paper were increased \$50,000 in three months. First-class men were sent as correspondents to report the movements of those great armies, during that great struggle, and often decisive battles were reported by two different *Tribune* men, one on the German side, the other on the side of the French, and the whole correspondence telegraphed from London to the *Tribune* in advance of any other paper in the world. This is, without question, the most remarkable instance of newspaper enterprise that has ever taken place, and must be regarded with great credit as well to American enterprise.

The following comprises a few testimonials from the press of the country in proof of that remarkable instance of American newspaper enterprise :

## WHERE TO LOOK FOR WAR NEWS—COMPLIMENTS FROM THE PRESS.

The truth about the special correspondence of the *Tribune* is simply this: The ubiquitous correspondent who is always present at every action, and is everlastingly embracing the King of Prussia and Bismarck, sends a few notes to Paris or London, and from these scanty notes the long "yarns" which "gull" the public here are written up—there being about one grain of wheat to the bushel of chaff. It is only necessary to add that if the *Tribune* had been content with puffing its spurious wares, no one would have interfered. But it is a part of its principle to be constantly going out of its way to attack other journals, and when they protest it gets its hirelings in the country press to raise a great outcry in its defense.—*From the New York Times.*

The extent to which the Atlantic telegraph is used by the American press in reporting the progress of the war in France, is a noteworthy illustration of the enterprise of our journals, and of their superiority to the European as purveyors of news. While even the London *Times* is satisfied with the most meager outline by telegraph, and depends upon correspondence by mail for the bulk of its news, American journals lay before their readers every morning voluminous and comprehensive dispatches from the seat of war, giving full and remarkable accurate accounts of the military situation; so that, although it passes through London on its way here, the most important news of the war appears first in the papers of New York. The New York *Tribune*, for instance, gave, in advance of European journals, the first detailed account of the great battle of Gravelotte. That battle was fought on Thursday, August 18, lasting far into night, and on the Wednesday morning following, the *Tribune* printed a vivid and minute description of the day's events, at a time when no details were known in London, Paris or Berlin. The dispatch was, it is said, the longest ever sent over the Atlantic telegraph, and the cost of transmission was nearly \$5,000. These facts are worthy of record, as illustrating the enterprise of American journalism.—*From Harper's Weekly.*

We continue to copy, as we find room for them, the splendid war pictures furnished by the indefatigable correspondents of the *Tribune*. The feats performed by that journal in reporting the events of the great war, are unprecedented in the history of journalism. Rival and beaten journals deride and seek to belittle these graphic reports; but while carping they are forced to copy.

The *Tribune* has shown marvelous tact and business courage in collecting and transmitting by telegraph such masses of matter, and it must be placed at the very head of American newspapers.—*From the New-Haven Journal and Courier.*

The victorious Prussians have not achieved a more astounding triumph over Napoleon and his Generals than the *Tribune* has won over its enterprising cotemporaries in the metropolis. The fact is disputed, of course; newspapers will not acknowledge it if they ever know when they are beaten; but public opinion, with hardly a dissenting voice, has proclaimed the triumph of the *Tribune*. Those papers which carp at and attempt to belittle the distinguished achievements of the *Tribune*, only succeed in betraying a degree of mortification, which is tantamount to a confession of defeat. \* \* \* \* It has been sowing with unexampled liberality; it expects to reap an abundant harvest in due season. We have no doubt in the world that it must have spent, already, for extra dispatches from the seat of war, at least \$100,000 more than it has realized in the profits on extra sales during the same space of time. It has won a very great distinction; the public recognizes it as the Leading Journal of America; and the position may be worth all it has cost; but it will take a long time to get the money back again, under the most favorable circumstances. We have only enlarged upon the facts in order to do justice to a cotemporary that has illustrated the most wonderful military achievements in history by the most remarkable exhibition of newspaper enterprise, that the world has ever seen.—*From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

The feats of intelligence and ability performed by the New York *Tribune* since the European war opened, are among the most wonderful achievements of our day. This paper has distanced all its cotemporaries in the freshness, extent, and accuracy of its war news—in fact, for the first two or three weeks, it gave to the country the only important information from the seat of war. Its correspondents telegraphed a full and honest account of the great battle of Gravelotte before either London, Berlin, or Paris had read a description of it. The total expense of this journalistic triumph was over \$3,000. We don't wonder at the astonishment which such daring expenditure excites in Europe. The rivals of the *Tribune* in New York, instead of generously according praise for such signal illustrations of American sagacity and energy, manifest a regular spirit of jealousy, and attempt to deny the palpable facts. In the mean time, the *Tribune* goes on with its great work, and gains in reputation and subscribers daily. Unmistakably the *Tribune* is at the head of the journals of the world.—*From the Adams (Mass.) Transcript.*

## THE LEADERSHIP OF THE PRESS.

The New York *Tribune* has fairly taken the lead of the American press. Probably no journal in the world has equaled it in the enterprise and spirit it has shown, in obtaining news of the present European war. Its correspondence by telegraph often costs it \$1,000 a day, it is said. No one can look over its columns without being surprised at the number and fullness of its war dispatches. Some of the other papers of New York show a very mean and ungenerous spirit, in attempting to rob the *Tribune* of the credit its superior enterprise has so fairly earned. At the breaking out of the war, the *Tribune* organized, under the lead of its London correspondent, a large corps of writers, who pushed forward immediately to the front, and who furnish the most complete and reliable accounts of the war which we receive. Because some of the other journals, when under the rules of the associated press they receive these dispatches, pay a portion of the cost of telegraphing, that does not destroy the credit which belongs to the *Tribune* for organizing, at a great cost, the means of obtaining them.—*From the Galena (Ill.) Gazette.*

The New York *Tribune* has distanced all competitors in furnishing fresh, reliable, and the most complete war news to its readers daily. It has paid for transmitting its news from London to New York by telegraph, from \$1,000 to over \$2,000 in gold daily. It is an exhibition of pluck and enterprise we always admire and like to applaud. When the *Tribune* says it will furnish its readers with news hereafter, it will be distinctly understood that it "means business."—*From Moore's Rural New-Yorker*

## THE WONDERS OF THE WAR.

The present war in Europe has been prolific in wonders, the greatest being the marvelous organization, prowess, and success of Prussia. The second, the scarcely less astonishing weakness of Imperial France; the third, the easy way in which the Napoleonic dynasty is overthrown, and a Republic inaugurated in its stead. Of another kind of marvels, but scarcely less wonderful, is the development of journalistic enterprise to which the war has given birth, and in which the New York *Tribune* towers immeasurably above all the journals of the world. That paper has special correspondents at London, Paris, Berlin, and, we believe, Brussels or Luxembourg; besides special reporters accompanying each army, one or other or both of whom succeed, notwithstanding extraordi-



nary difficulties, in being present at the great battles. These correspondents send special messengers to London with their letters, which are telegraphed in full to New York, at an enormous expense, by Atlantic cable. One of these messages cost about \$2,600 in gold, and two others were nearly or quite as long. There is, besides, a daily supply of shorter telegraphic correspondence, which, in the aggregate, must cost nearly as much. Indeed, we have little doubt that the expenses of the *Tribune* for war correspondence alone, including salaries, traveling expenses, special express messengers and table telegrams, must have amounted to something like \$4,000 or \$5,000 a day for a fortnight or more. Nor has this expenditure been fruitless. Time and space have been almost annihilated, and minute descriptions of great battles fought around Metz or Sedan have been published in New York on the third morning after they occurred. This whole continent has been indebted to the *Tribune* for the war news, most of the New-York papers using it as if it were their own correspondence. We have regularly printed these great dispatches next day after they appeared in the *Tribune*, giving credit, of course, to the source from which we obtained them.

From the commencement of the Franco-Prussian war, we have, we confess, been amazed at the wonderful enterprise and forecast of the New York *Tribune*. We have delayed reference to the *Tribune's* great and triumphant undertaking thus far, to see whether it was possible to maintain such a strain. We can no longer hesitate to declare that its success is as complete as its design was novel and splendid. All honor to the great newspaper of the world!—*From the Harrisburg Daily Telegraph.*

The *Tribune* has displayed a degree of enlightened and liberal enterprise throughout the present war, which completely eclipses all that has been attempted by the leading English and European press. With correspondents at the principal German, French and English cities, and others accompanying the German armies, and hovering on the lines of the French, this great paper has been able to publish daily more full and satisfactory accounts of the war, than any of the European papers, with all their advantages of position and presumed familiarity with the situation. The *Herald*, *World* and *Times* have also shown much enterprise in the same field; but it is only just to admit that the *Tribune* has led all cotemporaries in respect to fullness, variety, and general accuracy of information. Some of its special reports have cost from \$1,200 to \$2,000 for transmission over the cable, and their prompt arrival and unusual length, have made their receipt and publication a novelty in journalism.—*From the San Francisco Bulletin.*

The records of newspaper enterprise cannot offer anything that will compare with the recent exploits of the *Tribune*, in securing news from the seat of hostilities in Europe. The cost of transmitting by cable the report of the last battle, in which Bazaine, after a most obstinate and heroic resistance, was compelled to fall back upon Metz, is said, all things considered, to amount to not less than \$4,000. The description of the details of the terrible encounter, is one of the most graphic word paintings of battle scenes ever executed, and is not exceeded even by the brilliant sketches of the *London Times'* correspondent, known as Bull Run Russell. Whatever may be said of the opinions on many questions, which have at times appeared in the columns of the *Tribune*, by common consent, the palm of superior pluck and enterprise has been fairly won over all competitors, and no doubt the proprietors will find their interest and a full recompense for the outlay, in the increased prestige which their paper has received. Like all who are really deserving of commendation, the *Tribune*, throughout this entire period of large expenditure, has said very little about it, and by its modesty, has heightened the virtue which it vailes. We deem it just to render honor where honor is due, and wish prosperity, not only to the *Tribune* in the full measure of its deserving, but hope, also, that some of its cotemporaries may be provoked by its example, to do more and say less.—*From the Easton Express.*

We published yesterday such extracts as our space allowed from the enormous cable dispatch to the *Tribune*, which gave a description of the battle of Gravelotte, fought just a week ago. That an American newspaper should be the first to give a full and graphic account of a battle fought in the heart of France, written by an eye-witness, sent by rail to the nearest available telegraph station, and transmitted by cable at the formidable expense of two thousand two hundred and eighty dollars in gold—is an achievement which is not only a lasting honor to American journalism, but which will be regarded by intelligent men the world over, as one of the most marvellous illustrations of the immense progress of the age, in the intercommunication of ideas. The other great dailies of this city, whose enterprise has been so often and so signally manifested, should feel a common pride in such a journalistic achievement as this, which reflects honor on American journalism, while it affords the *Tribune* just cause for self-congratulation.—*From the Y. Y. Evening Mail.*

We are indebted to the *Tribune* for a series of extremely interesting reports, wherein the incidents of the three battles, or rather of the great battle in three acts, fought between Metz and Verdun

on the memorable days of the 14th and 16th of this month, are described with great care. After describing with great clearness the incidents of the great battle of the 18th, the *Tribune* correspondent explains the result. It is a very complete and moving report by an eye-witness. The *Tribune*, it is known, is far from being favorable to France. Its correspondent was even during the action in the camp, and at the side of King William and M. de Bismarck. His narrative shows an involuntary but evident partiality for Prussia. It will be seen, nevertheless, that he cannot avoid doing homage to the unparalleled valor of our soldiers, and to the military genius of their Commander, Marshal Bazaine.—*From the Courrier des Etats-Unis.*

The account of the battle of Gravelotte, which we publish to-day, is from the New York *Tribune*, and telegraphed to that journal, from London direct. The cost of this undertaking must have been enormous. The minute accounts of battles from the seat of war, as we take them from German newspapers, are elaborate, and perhaps a little more so than the account of our English cotemporaries; but the grandeur of the *Tribune's* undertaking, consists in transmitting its correspondence direct from London to New York by telegraph. Justice to a political opponent, forces us into this recognition of journalistic enterprise. The *Tribune* has distanced all other newspapers.—*From Das New-Yorker Journal.*

The *Tribune* brings, without doubt, more detailed dispatches from the seat of war, than any other newspaper in the United States; indeed, we do not think we overstep the mark in saying that its telegraphic news informs its large circle of readers of important events, sooner than any newspaper in London, Paris, or Berlin. We doubt, for instance, whether in any of those cities such a detailed account of the battle of Gravelotte has appeared, as that in yesterday's *Tribune*. It cost the *Tribune* \$2,280 to telegraph this account from London to New York alone. Again, to-day's *Tribune* contains several special dispatches, which give a clearer account of the state of affairs, than the dispatches of both press associations. But not only by its explicit dispatches, but also by editorials on the great events ruling in Europe, has the *Tribune* aided in spreading among Americans a clear understanding of the causes and goal of the war. That its sympathies are with the right cause, that is, Germany, we have already several times noted. It is in a great measure owing to the *Tribune*, that the majority of Americans, and principally the educated class, sympathize with Germany, and Germans should unfold in their circles, the flag of the *Tribune*, instead of that of the *Herald*. We rejoice to learn that the *Tribune* already

reaps fruits of its colossal outlays, having increased for several weeks enormously in circulation, and we wish Germans to work hard for a wider circulation.—*From Die New-Yorker Abend-Zeitung.*

The New York *Tribune* continues to outdo all its cotemporaries, either in Europe or America, in the promptness and fullness with which it furnishes the war news. It not only published full accounts of the fighting around Metz last week, Sunday and Tuesday, but has had telegraphed a several column account of the great battle of Gravelotte, last week Thursday, in which Marshal Bazaine was utterly defeated by Prince Frederic Charles and Gen Steinmetz, and forced back to the fortifications of Metz. This was the greatest battle of the war, so far, and it may prove to be the decisive battle of the war. The *Tribune*, doubtless with truth, claims to be the first paper, either in Europe or the United States, to give a detailed account of this battle by an eye-witness, and it is an exploit of which it may well be proud.—*From the Springfield Republican.*

The *Tribune* of Wednesday gratified the reading public by a very long, graphic, and complete account by telegraph, of the battle of Gravelotte, the first detailed report of that contest yet furnished by any paper, either in Europe or America. This is another brilliant example of the unsurpassed enterprise, with which every one is now familiar, displayed by the *Tribune* during the present struggle.—*From the New-Haven Palladium.*

The publication by the N. Y. *Tribune* this morning, of four columns of a graphic account of a battle fought in France last Thursday, is one of the notable incidents of modern journalism. It involved, first, the sending of a man with brains, eyes, education, and courage to the field. He must also have enough of social position and polite address to secure kindly treatment and fair opportunity to observe what is going on. His day's work done, he must telegraph to his principal at London, and he again, to the home office in New York. The exploit cost some thousands of dollars, but was so well executed that Americans are better informed this morning as to the real events and results of the battle of Gravelotte than are the inhabitants of Berlin, Paris or London.

The power of a newspaper does not rest in self-assertion, certainly not in the filthy use of personalities now abandoned by all respectable sheets, and only maintained by struggling bankrupt establishments, seeking to attract a notice they do not deserve, or stupidly by fellows, who have no business to claim a place in a learned profession. The tendency of journalism is toward the entire ab-

sorption of the individual in the paper. Who knows, and how few care, who wrote the magnificent battle-picture in the *Tribune* of this morning? The gentleman who controls the policy and news business of the *Tribune*, very rarely sees his name in print. The finished scholar and accomplished writer who is the author of most of the perversely cogent "leaders" in the *World*, is absolutely unknown to fame, except as he enjoys a professional reputation, a repute among journalists, who are good judges of their own class, which does him high honor, and with which we presume him to be content. Only the snobs and underlings enjoy a publicity which is necessarily a mere notoriety. No good journal can allow its fame to rest upon the personal fortunes of any man, and as a compensation to the journalist he is, by all honorable men, spared those derogatory personal allusions which he would not himself apply to others, and which cannot by any possibility weaken—though they may strengthen—the intrinsic force of the argument he presents. This is a sound theory of his position. Mr. Raymond's idea—and America has known no abler journalist—was, that a newspaper represents not so much its editor, as the aggregate mind of its readers. If they are pure-minded and intelligent, so must be his conduct of the paper. If they are vulgar and ignorant, he will be vile and personal. The rule will be found to hold good.—*From the Newark Daily Advertiser.*

The *Tribune* to-day eclipses all its previous enterprise, by publishing a five-column report of the battle of Gravelotte, received by cable from its special correspondent, who was on the field by the side of King William and Bismarck. It is a graphic account of one of the greatest battles of modern times, and one which the *Tribune* thinks will prove the decisive one of the war.—*From the Springfield Union.*

Dr. Russell is again heard from, and his second dispatch is, if possible, more remarkable than the first. "Notwithstanding all my efforts," he says, "I did not succeed in reaching Bazaine." The melancholy result of the Doctor's failure to connect is that the French Marshal is "shut up in an equilateral triangle, Metz being its south-eastern apex." The Doctor, however, does not abandon the attempt to solve the geometrical problem, and adds: "I am about to make another effort to reach Bazaine, but it is very dangerous and expensive." This pecuniary hint should not be lost on the *Sun*, which ought to make an advance so that Russell may make one. Another statement by the Doctor is grievous to certain sympathizers: "The Prussians don't care about Americans any more than they care about the Chinese." In order to understand the

German estimate of us, we should now ascertain precisely how much the Prussians care about Chinese. The situation is badly complicated, and the *Sun* can find no hope for the dark future but in the instant dismissal of Bancroft Davis.—*From the Brooklyn Eagle.*

TO PLACE THE CREDIT WHERE IT BELONGS.

*To the Editor of the Tribune.*

SIR:—In that remarkably vivid description of the battle of Gravelotte in this morning's *Tribune*, you claim it as coming from *your Special Correspondent*, who was present at the headquarters of the King. The *Sun* prints an epitome—in this morning's issue—of the *same dispatch* from *their Special Correspondent*, who was also present at the headquarters of the King.

QUERY—Does the *Sun* tell the truth? Will the *Sun* publish your answer? H. K.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24, 1870.

ANSWER.—The dispatch referred to, was written by a very capable Special Correspondent of the *Tribune*, engaged solely by us for war service, paid solely by us, and admitted to the Prussian headquarters, as the *Tribune* correspondent, by a pass from Von Moltke, granted on the recommendation of Count Bismarck. He sent his letter through by special messenger from the battle-field to the *Tribune's* London office, whence it was transmitted to the *Tribune* by telegraph. The *Sun* had no more to do with him than it has with the Emperor of China. Instead of his being its Special Correspondent, it does not even to this hour know his name! Any claim that he is its correspondent, is a deliberate and shameless falsehood, told with the certainty that only among the most ignorant could it escape detection. We answer "H. K.'s" inquiry—we add no comments. Whether a newspaper capable of such a course can be believed at any time or on any subject, is a question which every reader must settle for himself.—[ED.]

THE NEW YORK WORLD'S TRIBUTE TO THE TRIBUNE'S ACCOUNT  
OF THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE.

It is because the cable has brought the battles of yesterday by the Rhine practically as near to the dwellers on the Hudson and Mississippi, as the battles by the Potomac and the Shenandoah of seven years ago, that those battles are watched with an interest so curious and so general. The cable has made this later shock of arms clear and close to us, and made the interest in it a contemporaneous

and universal interest, instead of a historical and partial interest, which alone all former European wars were able to excite in American readers. A transcendental teacher has complained that

The light outspeeding telegraph  
Bears nothing on its beam;”

but it is not likely that even he would consider as “nothing” an achievement which enables common minds in some degree to apprehend the postulate of the transcendentalists that time and space are not realities, and which makes the transactions of the whole civilized world topics of thought and of discourse to every civilized person in it.

The testimony of the Right Honorable John Bright and others, are well worth a place in this connection, to establish the greatness of the *Tribune*, and they are as follows :

The St. Joseph Valley *Register*, a paper published at South Bend, Indiana, held the following language :

The influence of the *Tribune* upon public opinion, is greater even than its conductors claim for it. Its claims, with scarce an exception, though the people may reject them at first, yet ripen into strength insensibly.

A few years since, the *Tribune* commenced the advocacy of the principle of Free Lands, for the landless.

The first bill upon that subject, presented by Mr. GREELEY to Congress, was hooted out of that body. But who doubts what the result would be, if the people of the whole nation had the right to vote upon the question to-day ?

It struck the first blow in earnest, at the corruptions of the Mileage system, and in return, Congressmen of all parties heaped approbrium upon it, and calumny upon its editor.

A corrupt Congress may postpone its Reform, but is there any doubt of what nine-tenths of the whole people would accomplish on this subject, if direct legislation were in their hands ?

It has inveighed in severe language against the flimsy penalties which the American Legislatures have imposed for offense upon female virtue.

And how many States, our own among the number, have tightened up their legislation upon that subject within the last half-dozen years ?

The blows that it directs against intemperance, have more power than the combined attacks of half the distinctive temperance journals in the land. It has contended for some plan by which the people should choose their Presidents, rather than national conventions ; and he must be a careless observer of the progress of events

who does not see that the election of 1856 is more likely to be won by a Western statesman, pledged solely to the Pacific Railroad, and honest Government, than by any political nominee.

And, to conclude, the numerous industrial associations of workers to manufacture iron, boots and shoes, hats, &c., on their own account, with the joint stock family blocks of buildings, so popular now in New York, model wash-houses, &c., &c., seem like a faint recognition, at least of the main principles of fourierism, (whose *details* we like as little as any one,) opportunity for work for all and economy in the expenses and labor of the family.

From across the Atlantic, also, came compliments for the *Tribune*.

In one of the debates in the House of Commons, upon the abolition of the advertisement duty, Mr. Bright used a copy of the *Tribune*, as Burke once did a French Republican dagger, for the purposes of his argument. Mr. Bright said:

He had a newspaper there, (the New York *Tribune*,) which, he was bound to say, was as good as any published in England, this week.

[The Hon. Member here opened out a copy of the New York *Tribune*, and exhibited it to the House.]

It was printed with a finer type than any London daily paper. It was exceedingly good as a journal; quite sufficient for all the purposes of a newspaper.

[Spreading it out before the House, the honorable gentleman detailed its contents, commencing with very numerous advertisements].

It contained various articles, amongst others, one against public dinners, in which he thought honorable members would fully agree—one criticising our Chancellor of the Exchequer's budget in part justly—and one upon the Manchester school; but he must say, as far as the Manchester school went, it did not do them justice at all. [Laughter.]

He ventured to say that there was not a better paper than this in London.

Moreover, it especially wrote in favor of temperance and anti-slavery, and though honorable members were not all members of the temperance society, perhaps, they yet, he was sure, all admitted the advantages of temperance, while not a voice could be lifted there in favor of slavery.

Here, then, was a newspaper advocating great principles, and conducted in all respects with the greatest propriety—a newspaper in which he found not a syllable that he might not put on his table



and allow his wife and daughter to read with satisfaction. And this was placed on the table every morning for 1 *d.* [Hear, hear.]

What he wanted, then, to ask the Government, was this: How comes it, and for what good end, and by what contrivance of fiscal oppression—for it can be nothing else—was it, that while the workman of New York could have such a paper on his breakfast table every morning for 1 *d.*, the workman of London must go without, or pay fivepence for the accommodation? [Hear, hear.]

How was it possible that the latter could keep up with his transatlantic competitor in the race, if one had daily intelligence of everything that was stirring in the world, while the other was kept completely in ignorance? [Hear, hear.]

Were they not running a race, in the face of the world, with the people of America?

Were not the Collins and Cunard lines calculating their voyages to within sixteen minutes of time?

And if, while such a race was going on, the one artisan paid fivepence for the daily intelligence which the other obtained for a penny, how was it possible that the former could keep his place in the international rivalry? [Hear, hear.]

But to the *Tribune*, and to HORACE GREELEY, are the American people more indebted for the constant effort by each, to make the world wiser and better by the diffusion of knowledge to every department of human investigation, and to every family and child throughout the wide domain of the country. Education, morality, industry and ETERNAL justice, have constantly received from HORACE GREELEY and the *Tribune*, a strong and willing helping hand. Still, beyond all differences of opinion on politics, religion, and other vexed questions of public interest, the *Tribune* has been the most independent public journal in America. It has always been a great medium, through which every public question could have a full and fair hearing before the people. Every man and woman who had a cause or complaint to argue, or make to the public, had only to apply to HORACE GREELEY, and the *Tribune* was opened without delay, to friend or enemy. Fully comprehending the great importance of the *Tribune*, does not impartial judgment, as well as justice, accord to HORACE GREELEY the highest rank of any American editor? HORACE GREELEY must be viewed, and his principles and labors weighed, not as a

man made of mere incidents and accidents, but he must be estimated by the labor of his entire life, which has been one constant triumph over circumstances and conditions ; a rising in conformity to an absolute law of mentality and mastery above lower conditions and obstacles, which belonged to each stage of his growth. His entire life-line of mentality and use, presents the harmony and ultimatum of growth which nature supplies to the vine and the tree. He is not the growth of fortuitous circumstance. He was not thrust from the gorge of civilization upon the crested wave of humanity ; but the mental and moral hight to which he has attained, is the legitimate or natural growth of primary principles, divinely organized in his being. No man has been more faithful to himself, and such has been his great work, his mighty power, and usefulness, that the most honored tribute which the friends of this true moral hero of our race can inscribe to his memory, will be to record in golden letters, upon the tablet of his tomb, to be read in after-ages, by the generous, the hopeful and the good, as the years and the seasons come and go :

HORACE GREELEY,  
THE  
FOUNDER AND EDITOR  
OF THE  
NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

The following remarks upon the character and importance of the public press, were written by Mr. GREELEY, and published in the *Jeffersonian*, March, 1838. The reader will find them, in every way, worthy to append to the preceding chapter :

THE PUBLIC PRESS.

Within the last fifty years, a new power—infantile, inefficient, and disregarded through the previous century ; unknown to all former time—has arisen to accelerate the onward march of human improvement and influence, vitally, the destinies of the world. Under its potent sway has been established the great tribunal of public opinion, to which the haughtiest despot feels himself amenable—before which the most insidious, the most daring, and the most

impregnable enemy of the liberties and the happiness of man, is made to tremble. This power, is that of the press; and pre-eminently, that of the periodical press. We do not say that the amount of truths actually disseminated and inculcated through the medium of periodicals is greater than through books. That may, or may not be. But the diffusion of intelligence through books, is irregular and casual, while through periodicals, it is systematic and certain. The despot in his cabinet, engaged in forging new fetters for his subjects—the military chief, who dares contemplate employing the arms of his soldiery for the subversion of his country's liberties—the demagogue in the midst of his cabal, who, while fawning on, and caressing the dear people, is seeking to abuse their confidence to the gratification of his own base ambition, or baser rapacity—all alike with the humbler enemies of social order, and the supremacy of law, have an instinctive terror of a free, virtuous, able and independent press.

They feel that its eye is inflexibly upon them—that it is attracting toward them the stern gaze of the millions, whom they would fain make their dupes and their victims—that the result of its scrutiny will be evinced, but transiently in astonishment, and then, in indignant hostility and resolute defiance. They know that the hollowness of their professions, the selfishness of their designs, will be certainly discovered, and unsparingly exposed by this potent champion of truth and right. Knowing all this, they often seek, when they cannot suppress, to turn this mighty power against its natural alliance with the many, and to render it the supple instrument of their purposes—the dispenser of darkness instead of light. In this they are but partially and transiently successful; and the attempt is a reluctant and indirect tribute to the innate power of the press. Of the many important truths which the last half century has established, we regard none as more settled or indubitable than this—that not only is it morally impossible that a government should remain essentially despotic or wholly corrupt in any country where a free press is sustained and cherished, but it is just as impossible to maintain a truly Republican government, or any considerable extent of territory in the absence of such a press. Intelligence is the life-blood of liberty; and intelligence will be diffused efficiently, and certainly only through known and appropriate channels. The most powerful tyrants have ever most dreaded the influence of a free press. Napoleon, when he resisted the demand of Lafayette, that the press should be unshackled, did so, expressly on the ground, that a compliance would expel him from France. Did such a fear ever darken the mind of Washington?

Thus far, we have spoken of the press only as the great ally of human liberty, and of each of them as dependent on the other for its healthful, beneficial and secure existence. Can we err in the moral we would deduce therefrom, that it behooves the friends and supporters of liberty, as a first duty to the good cause, to their country, themselves and their children, to cherish and sustain the public press—to elevate its character and extend the sphere of its usefulness? Can there be a doubt of the correctness of this general proposition? If not, let us proceed to its practical application.

It is the duty of every citizen of a free country, who is entitled to exercise the inestimable right of suffrage, to take regularly and read thoroughly, at least one public journal. This is due, first to his country, which has imposed on him a vitally important duty, for the maintenance of the public liberties, and of good government in the just expectation that he will qualify himself for its faithful and proper discharge. This, it would seem needless to say, he cannot do without an accurate acquaintance with the politics and events of the day, so far at least as their general features are regarded.

He cannot safely or honorably calculate on acquiring this knowledge from an occasional glance at a newspaper in a bar-room, nor by taxing altogether the good will of his neighbor. He owes it to himself, also, to take a paper, since, without the information which can only be surely acquired from the public journals, he will speedily fall behind his neighbors and townsmen in intelligence, in influence, in their respect, and—if he be not vastly self-conceited—in his own. He is liable to daily imposition, not only from the falsehoods and misrepresentations of demagogues, but his ignorance of the fluctuations of prices, in money matters, of the prospects of crops, of war, etc., places him at the mercy of every knave to profit by his infatuation. He must be innocent indeed if he flatters himself that none will have the heart to do it.

But the man of family rests under a still further obligation. The education of his children is among the most sacred of his duties. We need not here expatiate on the variety and extent of acquirements which in our day are properly comprehended in the term Education. No man now supposes that a mere ability to read and write enduringly, with a smattering of two or three other branches of school instruction, is the thing. When we speak of an education, we mean simply the inculcation of such fundamental truth as is necessary to enable a youth to discharge properly and creditably the duties pertaining to his position in life—no

matter whether it be that of a farmer, a blacksmith, a miller or a lawyer. Whatever avocation he may choose for a livelihood, he is by birthright a free man—a judge over the actions of the rulers of the land—an integral portion of the governing power. This is a precious inheritance, and involves mighty responsibilities. We shall not institute a comparison between the instruction obtained in schools, and that derived from an acquaintance with the events and the interests of the day. Both are indispensable. We will say, however, that, while the father who starves the intellects of his children in order to leave them a few hundred dollars more wealth at his death, is justly regarded as the most mistaken of misers—we must also regard him who pays twenty dollars a year for the instruction of his children, yet grudges to expend half that sum in such periodicals as would excite their interest, enlarge their information, and elevate their tastes, as actuated by a most miserable and inconsistent parsimony.

We have labored to prove that it is the interest and duty, as it should be the pleasure, of every man who is able to work, or in any way to live without dependence on public charity, to take at least one public journal. What its character should be, must depend much on his own taste; though if he should prefer a sheet surcharged with calumny, scurrility and malignity—the mere instrument of faction and the offspring of low ambition—he will give us leave to wonder rather than admire. There are hundreds of newspapers printed in this country (and the case is still worse in England and elsewhere,) which habitually violate all the decencies of life, and indulge in language and temper which cannot be thrown in the way of children without injury to their manners, their morals and their principles. These errors and excesses, like the beacons which point out dangers to the mariner, will rather guide the course of the careful and well-disposed head of a family, than discourage him altogether.

Great as is still the number of viciously conducted journals, their proportion to the deserving is far less than formerly, and the improvement is still in progress. We will only say, then, that he who can afford to take but one paper, should take the very best one which his means will command, taking care that it embodies, as far as possible, that kind of information which is essential to the discharge of his own responsibilities.

But there is another, and we trust a much larger class, in this country who are able to minister to their intellectual wants more considerably, and to do something for the encouragement and support of the Public Press. We say a larger class, for in this we in-

clude all who are not bankrupt, and who can procure a week's physical subsistence for their families with the proceeds of five day's labor. We believe that no man, whose yearly income amounts to five hundred dollars, and who can live comfortably on four-fifths of it, can invest a quarter of the surplus so advantageously to himself and family, as in well selected books and periodicals. For any man whose yearly income exceeds one thousand dollars a year, the appropriation of one-tenth of his annual income to purposes of education and of mental gratification and improvement would be little enough. That mind must be a paltry one, indeed, which is not worth one-tenth of the expense incurred in the sustenance and pampering of the body. And yet, how many there are who complain of the tax imposed by education and by "taking so many newspapers," who do not expend for both so much as they have wasted in a single week's amusement or dissipation! "I take so many newspapers that I have neither time to read them, nor money to pay for them," is the language of many a man who spends in injurious indulgences and in idle company, twice the time and money which would be required for reading and paying for the whole of them. Is this rational? Is it just to himself? Is it the example he would set before his children?

## CHAPTER VI.

### HORACE GREELEY AS A POLITICIAN.

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R. WEBSTER has defined the politician to be, in a higher sense, a statesman ; and, in a lower sense, to be a man cunningly devoted to the promotion of party politics. It seems that a more expressive definition in the lower sense would be, that the politician is a *quack* statesman.

Like quacks in all other branches of business, the politician is more successful in promoting party interests, than the real, genuine statesman. He is more ardent, and more pretentious for the rights of the people, and the welfare of the State and nation, than the genuine statesman. He too, is more usually successful in his efforts to deceive the people by means of intrigue and pretended friendship, for the public good. The genuine politician of the lower order, is always ambitious, and almost universally, selfishly, devoted to party, and rarely manifests any self-sacrificing devotion to country or race. And, although the politician incidentally belongs to all governments, it appears, that since the organization of the American Union, this land has been more over crowded with them, than any other nation.

Party politics in this country, seem to be peculiarly adapted to the pestiferous breed of prowling, pretentious politicians, that swarm in every capital and grog-shop in the land. Nor does it seem possible to check their increase or their rage, nor to rescue the people from their clutches, or the States and nation from the foul pollution of their corrupted ambition.

While it is true that a man can be a politician, and not a statesman, it is not true that a statesman cannot be a politician. In fact every statesman is, in some sense, a politician. He is de-

voted to certain policies and principles of government, and seeks, through party organization, to impress them upon the body politic, in the faith, that the best interests of the State and nation, demand their adoption.

Politicians who combine the statesman, are usually of a higher order of moral character and political integrity, than those who demagogue and truckle for power. They seek to promote their principles and policies by fair dealing with their fellows, and faithfully and boldly represent to all, their views and purposes.

To this special and higher class of politicians, does HORACE GREELEY belong. Self-willed, and endowed with a high moral nature, he could not, in any sense, be a hypocrite, nor a truckling, groveling demagogue. He is always bold, outspoken and candid in all his dealings with the people. And with a superior intelligence, he has, without difficulty, been able to clearly comprehend and understand public questions; and has always, fairly and squarely presented his views, from time to time, upon every subject of public concern, and stood by the people without "variableness or shadow of turning."

Still more, he has always been true to his own instincts and convictions of right, and fearlessly denounced or vindicated friend or foe, before the public. In fact, so frank and outspoken has Mr. GREELEY always been on every subject, whether of a personal nature, or relating to public affairs, that his own party friends have regarded many of his acts as unwise, and devoid of policy.

A striking instance of Mr. GREELEY'S outspoken manner, in utter indifference to party policy, or party fealty, occurred at the time of the nomination of General Scott for President, by the Whig party. Not satisfied with the platform adopted by the national Convention, Mr. GREELEY at once submitted through the *Tribune*, his own platform, as follows, and with strict adherence to its principles, gave his whole support in favor of the election of Scott:

#### OUR PLATFORM

I. As to the Tariff—Duties on imports—specific so far as prac-



ticable, affording ample protection to undeveloped or peculiarly exposed branches of our national industry, and adequate revenue for the support of the government, and the payment of its debts.

Low duties, as a general rule, on rude, bulky staples, whereof the cost of transportation is of itself, equivalent to a heavy impost, and high duties, on such fabrics, wares, &c., as come into depressing competition with our own depressed, infantile, or endangered pursuits.

II. As to National Works—Liberal appropriations yearly, for the improvement of rivers and harbors, and such eminently national enterprises as the Sant St. Marie canal, and the Pacific railroad, from the Mississippi.

Cut down the expenditures for ports, ships, troops and warlike enginery of all kinds, and add largely to those for works which do not “perish in the using,” but will remain for ages to benefit our people, strengthen the Union, and contribute, far more, to the national defense, than the costly machinery of war ever could.

III. As to Foreign Policy—Do unto others, (the weak and oppressed, as well as the powerful and mighty,) as we would them do unto us.

No shuffling, no evasion of duties, nor shirking responsibilities; but a firm front to despots, a prompt rebuke to every outrage on the law of nations, and a generous, active sympathy with the victims of tyranny and usurpation.

IV. As to Slavery—No interference by Congress with its existence in any slave State, but a firm and vigilant resistance to its legalization, in any national territory, or the acquisition of any foreign territory, wherein slavery may exist.

A perpetual protest against the hunting of fugitive slaves in free States, as an irresistible case of agitation, ill feeling and alienation between the North and the South.

A firm, earnest, inflexible testimony, in common with the whole non-slaveholding Christian world, that human slavery, though legally protected, is morally wrong, and ought to be speedily terminated.

V. As to State Rights—More regard for, and less cant about them.

VI. One Presidential Term, and no man a candidate for any office while wielding the vast patronage of the national executive.

VII. Reform in Congress—Payment by the session, with a rigorous deduction for each day's absence, and a reduction and straightening of mileage.

He would suggest \$2,000 compensation for the first (or long,) and

\$1,000 for the second, (or short) session; with ten cents per mile for traveling (by a bee-line) to and from Washington. .

Another noted instance, exemplifying the peculiar independence of Mr. GREELEY, and the strict adhesion to that which he believed to be right, occurred in the political struggle of 1858: After Stephen A. Douglas had so persistently opposed, in the United States Senate, the political policy of President Buchanan, on the Kansas question, Mr. GREELEY advised the Republicans of Illinois to support Douglas for re-election to the Senate, in direct opposition to their own judgment, and in opposition to Abraham Lincoln. The position of Mr. GREELEY was regarded by the Republicans of that State, as unwise and impolitic, yet they did not charge him of a want of fidelity on his part, to the new-born Republican party. Nor did the Republicans really comprehend his higher views of the principles involved in the contest; they did not fully understand Mr. GREELEY's motive to resist the slave policy of Buchanan, and win a victory for freedom, by the re-election of Douglas. Nor did Mr. GREELEY fully comprehend the great attachment existing between Mr. Lincoln and his Republican friends in Illinois. Such was their devotion to Mr. Lincoln, that no foreign advice could possibly have induced them to put the then future President aside, and take up Mr. Douglas.

A still more marked instance of Mr. GREELEY's independent political action, at variance with which politicians call policy, occurred in the act of placing his name upon the bail-bond of Jefferson Davis. This act was regarded by Mr. GREELEY's party, as an extraordinary stroke of bad policy, and by opposing partisans, as one of his crotchets. In fact, an act so seemingly impolitic, was not overlooked with impunity by Mr. GREELEY's partisan friends. Differing so widely in judgment upon the propriety of the act, thousands of Republicans were so incensed, that they refused, for a time, to continue their subscription to the *Tribune*, and other thousands refused to take copies of Mr. GREELEY's "American Conflict," for which they had already subscribed. So enraged at the act was the Union League Club, of New York city, to which Mr. GREELEY belonged that on his re-

turn from Richmond, the members decided to call him to account for this extraordinary act. They felt that he had broken faith with the party, and thereupon decided to call him to account, and that he must either be expelled from the Club, or severely censured. In due time, notice was sent to Mr. GREELEY, informing him of the purpose of the Club, and requesting him to be present at the next meeting. He promptly declined to attend the meeting of the Club, for trial, and denied that its members had any right to pass judgment upon him, or to call in question any of his acts.

He therefore replied to the officers of the Club, in the *Tribune* of May 22, 1867, in the following caustic manner:

BY THESE PRESENTS, GREETING!

*To Messrs. Geo. W. Blunt, John A. Kennedy, John O. Stone, Stephen Hyatt, and thirty others, members of the Union League Club.*

GENTLEMEN:—I was favored on the 16th inst., by an official note from our ever-courteous President, John Jay, notifying me that a requisition had been presented to him for “a special meeting of the Club, at an early day, for the purpose of taking into consideration the conduct of HORACE GREELEY, a member of the Club, who has become a bondsman for Jefferson Davis, late chief officer of the Rebel government.” Mr. Jay continues:

“As I have reason to believe that the signers, or some of them, disapprove of the conduct which they propose the Club shall consider, it is clearly due, both to the Club and to yourself, that you should have the opportunity of being heard on the subject; I beg, therefore, to ask on what evening it will be convenient for you that I call the meeting,” etc., etc.

In my prompt reply, I requested the President to give *you* reasonable time for reflection, but assured him that *I* wanted none; since I should not attend the meeting, nor ask any friend to do so, and should make no defense, nor offer aught in the way of self-vindication. I am sure my friends in the Club will not construe this as implying disrespect; but it is not my habit to take part in any discussions which may arise among other gentlemen, as to my fitness to enjoy their society. That is their affair altogether, and to them I leave it.

The single point whereon I have any occasion or wish to address you, is your virtual implication that there is something novel, un-

expected, astounding, in my conduct in the matter suggested by them as the basis of their action. I choose not to rest under this assumption, but to prove that you, being persons of ordinary intelligence, must know better. On this point, I cite you to a scrutiny of the record:

The surrender of Gen. Lee was made known in this city, at 11 P. M. of Sunday, April 9, 1865, and fitly announced in the *Tribune* of next morning, April 10. *On that very day*, I wrote, and next morning printed in these columns, a leader, entitled, "Magnanimity in Triumph," wherein I said:

"We hear men say:—'Yes, forgive the great mass of those who have been misled into rebellion, but punish the leaders as they deserve.' But who can accurately draw the line between leaders and followers in the premises? By what test shall they be discriminated? \* \* \* Where is your touchstone of leadership? We know of none.

"Nor can we agree with those who would punish the original plotters of secession, yet spare their ultimate and scarcely willing converts. On the contrary, while we would revive or inflame resentment against none of them, we feel far less antipathy to the original upholders of 'the resolutions of '98'—to the disciples of Calhoun and McDuffie—to the nullifiers of 1832, and the 'State Rights' men of 1850—than to the John Bells, Humphrey Marshalls, and Alex. H. H. Stuarts, who were schooled in the national faith, and who, in becoming disunionists and rebels, trampled on the profession of a life-time, and spurned the logic wherewith they had so often unanswerably demonstrated that secession was treason. \* \* \* We consider Jefferson Davis this day, a less culpable traitor than John Bell.

"But we cannot believe it wise or well to take the life of *any man* who shall have submitted to the national authority. The execution of even *one* such, would be felt as a personal stigma by every one who had ever aided the Rebel cause. Each would say to himself, 'I am as culpable as he; we differ only in that I am deemed of comparatively little consequence.' A single confederate led out to execution, would be evermore enshrined in a million hearts as a conspicuous hero and martyr. We cannot realize that it would be wholesome or safe—we are sure it would not be magnanimous—to give the overpowered disloyalty of the South such a shrine. Would the throne of the House of Hanover stand more firmly, had Charles Edward been caught and executed after Culloden? Is Austrian domination in Hungary more stable to-day for the hanging of Nagy Sander and his twelve compatriots, after the surrender of Vilagos?

"We plead against passions certain to be, at this moment, fierce and intolerant; but on our side are the ages and the voice of History. We plead for a restoration of the Union, against a policy which would afford a momentary gratification, at the cost of years of perilous hate and bitterness. \* \* \* \* \*

"Those who invoke military execution for the vanquished, or

even for their leaders, we suspect, will not generally be found among the few who have long been exposed to unjust odium, as haters of the South, because they abhorred slavery. And, as to the long oppressed and degraded blacks—so lately the slaves, destined still to be the neighbors, and (we trust,) at no distant day, the fellow-citizens, of the Southern whites—we are sure that their voice, could it be authentically uttered, would ring out decidedly, sonorously, on the side of clemency—of humanity.”

On the next day I had some more in this spirit, and on the 13th, an elaborate leader, entitled, “Peace—Punishment,” in the course of which I said :

“The New York *Times*, doing injustice to its own sagacity in a characteristic attempt to sail between wind and water, says: ‘Let us hang Jeff Davis and spare the rest.’ \* \* \* We do not concur in the advice. Davis did not devise nor instigate the Rebellion; on the contrary, he was one of the latest and most reluctant of the notables of the Cotton States to denounce definitely the Union. His prominence is purely official and representative: the only reason for hanging him is that you therein condemn and stigmatize more persons than in hanging any one else. There is not an ex-Rebel in the world—no matter how penitent—who will not have unpleasant sensations about the neck on the day when the Confederate President is to be hung. And to what good end?

“We insist that this matter must not be regarded in any narrow aspect. We are most anxious to secure the assent of the South to emancipation; not that assent which the condemned gives to being hung when he shakes hands with his jailer and thanks him for past acts of kindness; but that hearty assent which can only be won by magnanimity. Perhaps the Rebels, as a body, would have given, even one year ago, as large and as hearty a vote for hanging the writer of this article as any other man living; hence, it more especially seems to him important to prove that the civilization based on free labor is of a higher and humaner type than that based on slavery. We cannot realize that the gratification to enure to our friends from the hanging of any one man, or fifty men, should be allowed to outweigh this consideration.”

On the following day, I wrote again :

\* \* \* \* We entreat the President promptly to do and dare in the cause of magnanimity. The southern mind is now open to kindness, and may be magnetically affected by generosity. Let assurance at once be given that there is to be a general amnesty and *no* general confiscation. This is none the less the dictate of wisdom because it is also the dictate of mercy. What we ask is that the President say in effect, ‘Slavery having, through rebellion, committed suicide, let the North and the South unite to bury the carcass, and then clasp hands around his grave.’”

The evening of that day, witnessed that most appalling calamity, the murder of President Lincoln, which seemed in an instant to curdle all the milk of human kindness in twenty millions of American breasts. At once, insidious efforts were set on foot to turn the fury thus engendered against me, because of my pertina-

cious advocacy of mercy to the vanquished. Chancing to enter the Club-house the next (Saturday) evening, I received a full broadside of your scowls, 'ere we listened to a clerical harangue, intended to prove that Mr. Lincoln had been Providentially removed, because of his notorious leanings toward clemency, in order to make way for a successor who would give the Rebels a full measure of stern justice. I was soon made to comprehend that I had no sympathizers—or none who dared seem such—in your crowded assemblage. And some maladroit admirer having, a few days afterward, made the club a present of my portrait, its bare reception was resisted in a speech from the Chair by your then President—a speech whose vigorous invective was justified solely by my pleadings for lenity to the Rebels. ●

At once, a concerted howl of denunciation and rage was sent up from every side against me by the little creatures whom God, for some inscrutable purpose, permits to edit a majority of our minor journals, echoed by a yell of "Stop my paper!" from thousands of imperfectly instructed readers of the *Tribune*. One impudent puppy wrote me to answer categorically whether I was or was not in favor of hanging Jeff Davis, adding that I must stop his paper if I were not! Scores volunteered assurances that I was defying public opinion—that most of my readers were against me—as if I could be induced to write what they wished said rather than what they needed to be told. I never before realized so vividly the baseness of the editorial vocation according to the vulgar conception of it. The din raised about my ears now is nothing to that I then endured and despised. I am humiliated by the reflection that it is (or was) in the power of such insects to annoy me, even by pretending to discover with surprise something that I have for years been publicly, emphatically proclaiming.

I must hurry over much that deserves a paragraph, to call your attention distinctly to occurrences in November last. Upon the Republicans having, by desperate effort, handsomely carried our State against a formidable looking combination of recent and venomous apostates with our natural adversaries, a cry arose from several quarters that I ought to be chosen U. S. Senator. At once, kind, discreet friends swarmed about me, whispering "Only keep still about *Universal Amnesty*, and your election is certain. Just be quiet a few weeks, and you can say what you please thereafter. You have no occasion to speak now." I slept on the well-meant suggestion, and deliberately concluded that I could not, in justice to myself, defer to it. I could not purchase office by even passive, negative dissimulation. No man should be enabled to say to me, in

truth, "If I had supposed you would persist in your rejected, condemned Amnesty hobby, I would not have given you my vote." So I wrote and published, on the 27th of that month, my manifesto, entitled "The true basis of Re-construction," wherein, repelling the idea that I proposed a dicker with the ex-Rebels, I explicitly said:

"I am for Universal Amnesty—so far as immunity from fear of punishment or confiscation is concerned—even though impartial suffrage should, for the present, be defeated. I *did* think it desirable that Jefferson Davis should be arraigned and tried for treason; and it still seems to me, that this might properly have been done many months ago. But it was not done then; and now, I believe, it would result in far more evil than good. It would rekindle passions that have nearly burned out, or been hushed to sleep; it would fearfully convulse and agitate the South; it would arrest the progress of reconciliation, and kindly feeling there; it would cost a large sum directly, and a far larger indirectly; and—unless the jury were scandalously packed—it would result in a non-agreement or no verdict. I can imagine no good end to be subserved by such a trial; and—holding Davis neither better nor worse than several others—would have him treated as they are."

Is it conceivable that men who can read, and who were made aware of this declaration—for most of you were present and shouted approval of Mr. Fessenden's condemnation of my views at the Club, two or three evenings thereafter—can now pretend that my aiding to have Davis bailed, is something novel and unexpected?

Gentlemen, I shall not attend your meeting this evening. I have an engagement out of town, and shall keep it. I do not recognize you as capable of judging, or even fully apprehending me. You evidently regard me as a weak sentimentalist, misled by a maudlin philosophy. I arraign you as narrow-minded blockheads, who would like to be useful to a great and good cause, but don't know how. Your attempt to base a great, enduring party on the hate and wrath necessarily engendered by a bloody civil war, is as though you should plant a colony on an iceberg which had somehow drifted into a tropical ocean. I tell you here that, out of a life earnestly devoted to the good of human kind, your children will select my going to Richmond, and signing that bail-bond as the wisest act, and will feel that it did more for freedom and humanity, than all of you were competent to do, though you had lived to the age of Methuselah.

I ask nothing of you, then, but that you proceed to your end by a direct, frank, manly way. Don't sidle off into a mild resolution of censure, but move the expulsion which you purposed, and which I deserve, if I deserve any reproach whatever. All I care for is, that you make this a square, stand-up fight, and record your judg-

ment by yeas and nays. I care not how few vote with me, nor how many vote against me; for I know that the latter will repent it in dust and ashes before three years have passed. Understand, once for all, that I dare you and defy you, and that I propose to fight it out on the line that I have held from the day of Lee's surrender. So long as any man was seeking to overthrow our government, he was my enemy; from the hour in which he laid down his arms, he was my formerly erring countryman. So long as any is at heart opposed to the national unity, the Federal authority, or to that assertion of the equal rights of all men which has become practically identified with loyalty and nationality, I shall do my best to deprive him of power; but, whenever he ceases to be thus, I demand his restoration to all the privileges of American citizenship. I give you fair notice that I shall urge the re-enfranchisement of those now proscribed for Rebellion, so soon as I shall feel confident that this course is consistent with the freedom of the blacks, and the unity of the Republic, and that I shall demand a recall of all now in exile, only for participating in the Rebellion, whenever the country shall have been so thoroughly pacified that its safety will not thereby be endangered. And so, gentlemen, hoping that you will henceforth comprehend me somewhat better than you have done, I remain,

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

NEW YORK, May 23, 1867.

The Club met at the time appointed, and continued its session nearly four hours. Two hundred members were present, and the following preamble resolutions were offered, and a motion made for their adoption:

WHEREAS, It is declared in the articles of association of the Union League Club, that the primary object of the association shall be to discountenance and rebuke, by moral and social influences, all disloyalty to the Federal government; and that, to that end, the members will use every proper means, in public and private. And

WHEREAS, Jefferson Davis has been known by all loyal men, as the ruling spirit of that band of conspirators who urged the Southern States into rebellion; as the chief enemy of the Republic, not more from the position which he occupied in the Rebel confederacy, than from the vindictive character of his official acts and utterances, during four years of desolating civil war; and as one who knew of, if he did not instigate, a treatment of prisoners of war unwarranted by any possible circumstances, unparalleled in



the annals of civilized nations, and which there is abundant evidence to prove, was deliberately devised for the purpose of destroying them. And

WHEREAS, HORACE GREELEY, a member of this Club, has seen fit to become a bondsman for this man, whose efforts were, for many years, directed to the overthrow of our government; therefore,

*Resolved*, That this Club would do injustice to its past record, and to the high principle embodied in its articles of association, should it fail to express regret that one of its members had consented to perform an act of this nature.

*Resolved*, That this Club, while ready and anxious to vindicate the law of the land, cannot forget that there is also a sense of public decency to which it must defer; and that no one of its members, however eminent his services may have been in the cause of liberty and loyalty, can give aid and comfort to Jefferson Davis, without offering a cruel insult to the memory of the thousands of our countrymen who perished, the victims of his ambition.

*Resolved*, That the Union League Club disapprove of the act of HORACE GREELEY, in becoming the bondsman of Jefferson Davis.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be published in the newspapers of this city, and that a copy of them be sent to Mr. GREELEY.

The vote on the adoption of the resolutions was lost. Then it was

*Resolved*, That there is nothing in the action of HORACE GREELEY, relative to the bailing of Jefferson Davis, calling for proceedings in the Club.

The resolution was carried by a majority vote of the members of the committee present.

The bailing of Davis, and Mr. GREELEY'S response to the officers of the Union League, continued to be a subject for discussion for some time, and at a later date, Mr. GREELEY again responded in the *Tribune*, to some editorial remarks of the *Times*, in the following manne

#### MR. GREELEY AND JEFF. DAVIS.

The *Times*, under this head, says:

"It is hard to understand Mr. GREELEY. He is opposed to the

*imprisonment* of Mr. Davis. But, if tried and found guilty, Mr. GREELEY would be still more opposed to his execution; for he objects to hanging anybody. The only other alternative is to 'let him go.'

"We cannot see that it is 'shameful' to imprison a great criminal, and one who not only imprisoned, but tortured, starved and poisoned, tens of thousands of Union soldiers, even if he did not sanction the assassination of President Lincoln.

"There is but one consistent way of explaining Mr. GREELEY'S course, which is, that having invited and encouraged Davis and others to go into rebellion, he feels bound not only to go bail for them, but to do what he can for their release.

"But then, while so willing to let the leaders 'go,' why is he so hostile to the masses of Rebels, and even to loyal Southern men? Why, if the leaders are forgiven, does he oppose the restoration of brotherhood among the people?"

#### NOTES BY THE TRIBUNE.

If Jefferson Davis is a "great criminal," who has "tortured, starved and poisoned tens of thousands of Union soldiers," *why is he not tried?* Why has he been kept fifteen months in prison without even being indicted? The *Times* is in the confidence of the President and the Secretary of State. Can it not invent some kind of reason, pretext, excuse, apology, for the persistent neglect, even to *indict* Davis for the flagrant crimes whereof he is accused above? Why should such a notorious, gigantic criminal, as Davis is charged with being, be forbidden for months to communicate with his counsel, and when at last they get into court and plead for a trial, they be sent away without even a promise that they shall soon be brought face to face with a jury?

We cannot help regarding the imprisonment of Davis, as a swindling farce and cheat. He has been kept immured so long, that only the willfully blind can fail to see that there is no purpose to try him with any intent to convict. He is kept in jail awaiting a favorable time to let him out. If tried, there will be a quarter of a million spent on lawyers and witnesses, with no idea of obtaining a verdict. Meantime, the seeming lion is constantly assuring the prey that he is no real lion, but only Snug, the Joiner—compelled to roar and show his teeth to save him from the blood-thirsty Radicals. We refuse to play the part assigned us in this paltry business. The prisoner is not to be punished—he is not even to be tried in earnest—stop the farce and let him go!

The *Times* knows better than to ask "why we are so hostile to the masses of Rebels." It knows that we are hostile to none of them, and that, in time of need, we proved this at our own cost.

When "the masses of Rebels" set to killing Unionists, as at Memphis, and more recently at New Orleans, they compel us to resist them; but we much prefer that they behave themselves, so that we shall not be obliged to do so.

The *Times* well knows that we hope and labor for a "restoration of brotherhood among the people." That is the end and aim of all our efforts. It is a "restoration" which tramples four millions of loyal Southerners under the feet of domineering, persecuting "Rebel masses," that we object to and are striving to defeat. We seek a "brotherhood" that will include *the whole* American people—steadfast Unionists as well as ex-Rebels—all we ask, is that the former shall not be put under the feet of the latter. The *Times* is in favor of a "restoration" which makes the Rebels of the South supreme over the rights and franchises of the loyal blacks. We protest against this, and demand a "reconstruction," which shall secure to all, including loyal Southerners, equal rights and equal laws.

Shall we again be accused of "opposing the restoration of brotherhood among the people?"

Still later, Mr. GREELEY treats the subject in his "Recollections of a busy life," as follows:

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The President of the Southern Confederacy was chosen by a capable, resolute aristocracy, with express reference to the arduous task directly before him. The choice was deliberate, and apparently wise. Mr. Davis was in the mature prime of life; his natural abilities were good; his training varied and thorough. He had been educated at West Point, which, with all its faults, I judge the best school yet established in our country; he had served in our little army in peace, and as Colonel of volunteers in the Mexican war; returning to civil life, he had been conspicuous in the politics of his State and nation; had been elected to the Senate, and there met in courteous but earnest encounter, Henry Clay and his compeers; had been four years Secretary of War, under President Pierce; and had, immediately, on his retiring from that post, been returned to the Senate, whereof his admirers styled him "the Cicero," and whereof he continued a member until—not without manifest reluctance—he resigned, and returned to Mississippi to cast his future fortunes into the seething caldron of secession and disunion. As compared with the homely country lawyer, Abraham Lincoln—

reared in poverty and obscurity, with none other than a common-school education, and precious little at that; whose familiarity with public affairs was confined to three sessions of the Illinois Legislature, and a single term in the House of Representatives—it would seem that the advantage of chieftains was largely on the side of the Confederacy.

The contrast between them was striking, but imperfect; for each was thoroughly in earnest, thoroughly persuaded of the justice of the cause whereof he stood forth the foremost champion, and signally gifted with that quality which, in the successful, is termed tenacity, in the luckless, obstinacy. Mr. Lincoln was remarkably devoid of that magnetic quality which thrills the masses with enthusiasm, rendering them heedless of sacrifice, and insensible to danger; Mr. Davis was nowise distinguished by its possession. As the preacher of a crusade, either of them had many superiors. But Mr. Davis carefully improved—as Mr. Lincoln did not—every opportunity to proclaim his own undoubting faith in the justice of his cause, and labored to diffuse that conviction as widely as possible. His successive messages and other manifestoes were well calculated to dispel the doubts, and inflame the zeal of those who regarded him as their chief; while, apart from his first inaugural, and his brief speech at the Gettysburg celebration, Mr. Lincoln made little use of his many opportunities to demonstrate the justice and necessity of the war for the Union.

Mr. Davis, after the fortunes of his Confederacy waned, was loudly accused of favoritism in the allotment of military trusts. He is said to have distrusted and undervalued Joseph Johnston, which, if so, was a grave error; for Johnston proved himself an able and trustworthy commander, if not a great military genius—never a blunderer, and never intoxicated by success, nor paralyzed by disaster. His displacement in '64 by Hood, as Commander-in-chief of the army of Georgia, was proved a mistake; but it was more defensible than the appointment of Halleck as General-in-chief of our armies, directly after his failure on the Tennessee. Bragg is named as first of Davis's pets; but Bragg seemed to have proved himself a good soldier, and to have shown decided capacity at the battle of Stone River, though he was ultimately obliged to leave the field (and little else,) to Rosecrans. Pemberton was accounted another of Davis's overrated favorites; but Pemberton, being of Northern birth, was never fully trusted nor fairly judged by his compatriots. On a full survey of the ground, I judge that Davis evinced respectable, not brilliant capacities in his stormy and trying presidential

career, and that his qualifications for the post were equal to, while his faults were no greater than Mr. Lincoln's.

This, however, was not the judgment of his compatriots, who extravagantly exaggerated his merits, while their cause seemed to prosper, and as unjustly magnified his faults and shortcomings from the moment wherein their star first visibly waned. They were ready to make him Emperor in 1862; they regarded him as their evil genius in 1865. Having rushed into war in undoubting confidence that their success was inevitable, they were astounded at their defeat, and impelled to believe that their resources had been dissipated, and their armies overwhelmed, through mismanagement. They were like the idolater, who adores his god after a victory, but flogs him when smarting under defeat.

A baleful mischance saved Mr. Davis from the fate of a scapegoat. After even he had given up the confederacy as lost, and realized that he was no longer a President, but a fugitive and outlaw, he was surprised and assailed, while making his way through Georgia to the Florida coast, with intent to escape from the country, by two regiments of Union cavalry, and captured. I am confident that this would not have occurred, had Mr. Lincoln survived—certainly not, if our shrewd and kind-hearted President could have prevented it. But his murder had temporarily maddened the millions who loved and trusted him; and his successor, sharing and inflaming the popular frenzy, had put forth a Proclamation, charging Davis, among others, with conspiracy to procure that murder, and offering large rewards for their arrest, as traitors and assassins. Captured in full view of the Proclamation, he might have been forthwith tried by a drum-head court-martial, "organized to convict," found guilty, sentenced, and put to death.

This, however, was not done; but he was escorted to Savannah, thence shipped to Fortress Monroe, and there closely imprisoned, with aggravations of harsh and (it seems) needless indignity. An indictment for treason was found against him; but he remained a military prisoner in close jail for nearly two years, before even a pretense was made of arraigning him for trial.

Meantime, public sentiment had become more rational and discriminating. Davis was still intensely and widely detested as the visible embodiment, the responsible head of the Rebellion; but no one of them seriously urged that he be tried by court-martial, and shot off-hand; nor was it certain that a respectable body of officers could be found to subserve such an end. To send him before a civil tribunal, and allow him a fair trial, was morally certain to result in a defeat of the prosecution through disagreement of the jury or

otherwise ; for no opponent of the Republican party, whether North or South, would agree to find him guilty. And there was grave doubt whether he *could* be legally convicted, now that the charge of inciting Wilkes Booth's crime had been tacitly abandoned. Mr. Webster had only given clearer expressions to the general American doctrine, that after a revolt has levied a regular army, and fought therewith a pitched battle, its champions, even though utterly defeated, cannot be tried and convicted as traitors. This may be an extreme statement ; but, surely, a rebellion which has for years maintained great armies, levied taxes and conscriptions, negotiated loans, fought scores of sanguinary battles with alternate successes and reverses, and exchanged tens of thousands of prisoners of war, can hardly fail to have achieved thereby the position and the rights of a lawful belligerent. Just suppose the case (nowise improbable,) of two Commissioners for the exchange of prisoners—like Mulford and Ould, for example—who had for years, been meeting to settle formalities, and exchange boat loads of prisoners of war, until at length—the power represented by one of them having been utterly vanquished and broken down—that one is arrested by the victors as a traitor, and the other, directed to prosecute him to conviction, and consign him to execution—how would the case be regarded by impartial observers in this later half of the nineteenth century ? And suppose this trial to take place two years after the discomfiture and break down aforesaid—what then ?

Mr. Andrew Johnson has seen fit to change his views and his friends since his unexpected accession to the Presidency, and had from an intemperate denouncer of the beaten Rebels as deserving severe punishment, become their protector and patron. Jefferson Davis, in Fortress Monroe, under his Proclamation aforesaid, was an ugly elephant on Johnson's hands ; and thousands were anxious that he should remain there. Their view of the matter did not impress me as statesmanlike, nor even sagacious.

The Federal constitution expressly provides that

“In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, etc., etc.”

In times of war and grave public peril, constitutions cannot always be strictly heeded ; but what national interest required that this provision should be persistently, ostentatiously defied ?

An Irishman, swearing the peace against his three sons for pertinaciously assaulting and abusing him, made this proper reservation : “And your deponent would ask your honor to deal tenderly

with his youngest son, Larry, who never struck him when he was down." I confess to some fellow-feeling with Larry.

Mr. George Shea, the attorney of record for the defense in the case of the United States against Jeff. Davis indicted for treason, is the son of an old friend, and I have known and liked him from infancy. After it had become evident that his client had no immediate prospect of trial, if any prospect at all, Mr. Shea became anxious that said client be liberated on bail. Consulting me as to the feasibility of procuring some names to be proffered as bondsmen of persons who had conspicuously opposed the Rebellion and all the grave errors which incited it. I suggested two eminent Unionists who, I presume, would cheerfully consent to stand as security, that the accused would not run away to avoid the trial he had long but unsuccessfully invoked. I added, after reflection, "If *my* name should be found necessary, you may use that." He thanked me, and said he should proffer it only in case the others abundantly at his command would not answer without it. Months passed before I was apprised, by a telegram from Washington, that my name was needed, when I went down and proffered it. And when, at length the prisoner was brought before the United States District Court at Richmond, I was there, by invitation, and signed the bond in due form.

I suppose this would have excited some hubbub at any rate; but the actual tumult was gravely aggravated by gross misstatements. It was widely asserted that the object of giving bail was to screen the accused from trial—in other words, to enable him to run away—when nothing like this was ever imagined by those concerned. The prisoner, through his counsel, had assiduously sought a trial, while the prosecution was not ready, because (as Judge Underwood was obliged to testify before a committee of Congress) no conviction was possible, except by packing a jury. The words "straw bail" were used in this connection; when one of the sureties is worth several millions of dollars, and the poorest of them is abundantly good for the sum of \$5,000, in which he is "held and firmly bound" to produce the body of Jefferson Davis whenever the plaintiff shall be ready to try him. If he only *would* run away, I know that very many people would be much obliged to him; but he won't.

It was telegraphed all over the North that I had a very affectionate meeting and greeting with the prisoner when he had been bailed; when in fact I had never before spoken nor written to him any message whatever, and did not know him, even by sight, when he entered the court-room. After the bond was signed, one of his

counsel asked me if I had any objection to being introduced to Mr. Davis, and I replied that I had none; whereupon we were introduced, and simply greeted each other. I made, at the request of a friend, a brief call on his wife that evening, as they were leaving for Canada; and there our intercourse ended, probably forever.

When the impeachment of President Johnson was fully resolved on, and there was for some weeks a fair prospect that Mr. Wade would soon be President, with a cabinet of like Radical faith, I suggested to some of the prospective President's next friends that I had Jefferson Davis still on my hands, and that, if he were considered a handy thing to have in the house, I might turn him over to the new administration for trial at an hour's notice. The suggestion evoked no enthusiasm, and I was not encouraged to press it.

I trust no one will imagine that I have made this statement with any purpose of self-vindication. To all who have civilly accosted me on the subject, I trust I have given civil if not satisfactory answers; while most of those who have seen fit to assail me respecting it, I have treated with silent scorn. I believe no one has yet succeeded in inventing an unworthy motive for my act that could impose on the credulity of a child, or even of my bitterest enemy. I was quite aware that what I did would be so represented as to alienate for a season some valued friends, and set against me the great mass of those who know little and think less; thousands even of those who rejoiced over Davis's release, nevertheless, joining full-voiced, in the howl against me. I knew that I should outlive the hunt, and could afford to smile at the pack, even when its cry was loudest. So I went quietly on my way, and in due time the storm gave place to a calm. And now, if there is a man on earth who wishes Jefferson Davis were back in his cell, awaiting, in the fourth year of his detention, the trial denied him in the three preceding, he is at liberty to denounce me for my course, in the assurance that he can by no means awake a regret or provoke a reply.

Mr. GREELEY's industry, good judgment and sagacity of mind, have always made him an able and efficient politician of the highest order. He has ever been fearless and bold to push his political principles, and urge their importance and adoption.

Perhaps no man in the country has worked with such prominence and influence, through so many political campaigns, as Mr. GREELEY. Having been actively before the people as an editor of



the most influential political paper of the country, for nearly forty years of constant labor, he has passed through many hard fought national and state campaigns, and acquitted himself with great honor to his party, and won the esteem of his political opponents.

Mr. GREELEY regards the campaign of 1844, as the one in which he worked harder than during any other term of his life. Henry Clay was his ideal of a statesman; the man upon whom he has expended the greater portion of his "hero worship," and consequently, the man for whose advancement to the chief office of the nation, he worked hardest. Harrison's campaign also furnished another busy season for him.

During the long and active labors of Mr. GREELEY, in public and political life, he has rarely been an office-holder. Being of that nature that had but little cheek, hard-faced and unscrupulous politicians always crowded in ahead of him, and gathered the spoils of office for themselves, and left him to continue the political fighting for new victories.

Nor was he ever an "office seeker." It is true, that during his early struggles to get the *Tribune* on a firm financial basis, and before that end was accomplished, he believed that the victories of the Whig party justly entitled him to some share in the spoils of office, whereby to afford some remuneration for the hard and enduring service rendered. But even in those days, men of greater greed, were more vigilant than he, and divided among themselves the spoils of the vanquished. When this treatment had been repeated from time to time, by co-laborers in the same political interest, Mr. GREELEY decided that he would not endure it any longer, and thereupon addressed the following letter to Governor Seward, which will forever stand as a monument of worth, to an honest politician:

HORACE GREELEY TO WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

NEW YORK, Saturday Eve., Nov. 11, 1854.

GOVERNOR SEWARD:—The election is over, and its result sufficiently ascertained. It seems to me a fitting time to announce to you the dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed, and

GREELEY, by the withdrawal of the junior partner; and withdrawal to take effect on the morning after the first Tuesday in February next. [The day on which the re-election of Mr. Seward to the Senate, was expected to occur, and on which it did occur, with the *Tribune's* assent and support.—J. P.]

And, as it may seem a great presumption in me to assume that any such firm exists, especially since the public was advised rather more than a year ago, by an editorial rescript in the evening *Journal*, formally reading me out of the Whig party; that I was esteemed no longer either useful or ornamental in the concern, you will, I am sure, indulge me in some reminiscences which seem to benefit the occasion.

I was a poor young printer and editor of a literary journal—a very active and bitter Whig in a small way, but not seeking to be known out of my own ward committee—when, after the great political revulsion of 1837, I was one day called to the City Hotel, where two strangers introduced themselves as Thurlow Weed and Lewis Benedict, of Albany. They told me that a cheap campaign paper of a peculiar stamp, at Albany, had been resolved on, and that I had been selected to edit it. The announcement might well be deemed flattering by one who had never even sought the notice of the great, and who was not known as a partisan writer, and I eagerly embraced their proposals.

They asked me to fix my salary for the year; I named \$1,000, which they agreed to, and I did the work required to the best of my ability. It was work that made no figure and created no sensation; but I loved it, and I did it well.

When it was done, you were Governor, dispensing offices worth \$3,000 to \$20,000 per year, to your friends and compatriots, and I returned to my garret and my crust, and my desperate battle with pecuniary obligations heaped upon me by bad partners in business, and the disastrous events of 1837.

I believe it did not then occur to me, that some one of these abundant places might have been offered to me, without injustice; I now think it should have occurred to you. If it did occur to me, I was not the man to ask you for it. I think that should not have been necessary. I only remember that no friend at Albany inquired as to my pecuniary circumstances; that your friend, (but not mine,) Robert C. Wetmore, was one of the chief dispensers of your patronage here; and that such devoted compatriots as A. H. Wills and John Hooks, were lifted by you out of pauperism into independence, as I am glad I was not. And yet, an inquiry from

you as to my needs and means at that time, would have been timely, and held ever in grateful remembrance.

In the Harrison campaign of 1840, I was again designated to edit a campaign paper. I published it, as well, and ought to have made something by it, in spite of its extremely low price. My extreme poverty was the main reason why I did not. It compelled me to hire press work, mailing, etc., done by the job, and high charges for extra work, nearly ate me up. At the close, I was still without property, and in debt, but this paper had rather improved my position.

Now came the great scramble of the swell mob of coon minstrels and cider-suckers, at Washington—I never being counted in. Several regiments of them went on from this city; but no one of the whole crowd—though I say it, who should not—had done so much toward Gen. Harrison's nomination and election, as yours respectfully. I asked nothing, expected nothing; but you Governor Seward, ought to have asked that I be postmaster of New York. Your asking would have been in vain, but it would have been an act of grace neither wasted nor undeserved.

I soon after started the *Tribune*, because I was urged to do so by certain of your friends, and because such a paper was needed here. I was promised certain pecuniary aid in so doing; it might have been given me without cost or risk to any one. All I ever had was a loan by piecemeal, of \$1,000 from James Coggeshall—God bless his honored memory! I did not ask for this, and I think it is the one sole case in which I ever received a pecuniary favor from a political associate. I am very thankful that he did not die till it was fully repaid.

And let me here honor one grateful recollection: When the Whig party, under your rule, had offices to give, my name was never thought of; but when, in 1842-43, we were hopelessly out of power, I was honored with the party nomination for State printer. When we came again to have a State printer to elect as well as nominate, the place went to Weed, as it ought. Yet, it is worth something to know that there was once a time when it was not deemed too great a sacrifice to recognize me as belonging to your household. If a new office had not since been created on purpose to give its valuable patronage to H. J. Raymond, and enable St. John to show forth his *Times* as the organ of the Whig State administration, I should have been still more grateful.

In 1848, your star again rose, and my warmest hopes were realized in your election to the Senate. I was no longer needy, and had no more claim than desire to be recognized by General Taylor.

I think I had some claim to forbearance from you. What I received thereupon, was a most humiliating lecture, in the shape of a decision in the libel case of Redfield and Pringle, and an obligation to publish it in my own and the other journal of our supposed firm. I thought, and still think, this lecture needlessly cruel and mortifying. The plaintiffs, after using my columns to the extent of their needs or desires, stopped writing, and called on me for the name of their assailant. I proffered it to them—a thoroughly responsible name. They refused to accept it, unless it should prove to be one of the four or five men in Batavia! when they had known from the first who it was, and that it was neither of them. They would not accept that which they had demanded; they sued me instead, for money, and money you were at liberty to give them to your heart's content. I do not think you *were* at liberty to humiliate me in the eyes of my own and your (if I am not mistaken, this judgment is the only speech, letter, or document, addressed to the public, in which you ever recognized my existence. I hope I may not go down to posterity as embalmed therein) public, as you did. I think you exalted your own judicial sternness and fearlessness unduly at my expense. I think you had a better occasion for the display of those qualities, when Webb threw himself untimely upon you for a pardon, which he had done all a man could do to demerit. (His paper is paying you for it now.)

I have publicly set forth my view of your and our duty, with respect to fusion, Nebraska, and party designations. I will not repeat any of that. I have referred also to Weed's reading me out of the Whig party; my crime being, in this as in some other things, that of doing to-day, what more politic persons will not be ready to do till to-morrow.

Let me speak of the late canvass: I was once sent to Congress for ninety days, merely to enable Jim Brooks to secure a seat therein for four years. I think I never hinted to any human being that I would have liked to be put forward for any place. But James W. White (you hardly know how good and true a man he is,) started my name for Congress, and Brook's packed delegation, as though I could help him through; so I was put on behind him.

But this last spring, after the Nebraska question had created a new state of things at the North, one or two personal friends, of no political consideration, suggested my name as a candidate for Governor, and I did not discourage them.

Soon, the persons who were afterward mainly instrumental in nominating Clark, came about me, and asked if I could secure the know-nothing vote.

I told them I neither could, nor would touch it; on the contrary, I loathed and repelled it. Thereupon they turned upon Clark.

I said nothing; did nothing. A hundred people asked me who should be run for Governor. I sometimes indicated Patterson; I never hinted at my own name. But by and by, Weed came down and called me to him, to tell me why he could not support me for Governor. [I had never asked, nor counted on his support.]

I am sure Weed did not mean to humiliate me; but he did it. The upshot of his discourse, (very cautiously stated,) was this:

“If I were a candidate for Governor, I should beat, not myself only, but you.”

Perhaps that was true. But as I had in no manner solicited his or your support, I thought this might have been said to my friends, rather than to me.

I suspect it is true that I could not have been elected Governor, as a Whig. But had he and you been favorable, there *would* have been a party in the State, 'ere this, which could and would have elected me to any post, without infusing itself, or endangering your re-election.

It was in vain that I urged, that I had in no manner asked a nomination. At length I was nettled by his language—well intended, but *very* cutting as addressed by him to me—to say, in substance, “Well, then make Patterson Governor, and try my name for Lieutenant.”

To lose this place is a matter of no importance; and we can see whether I am really so odious.

I should have hated to serve as Lieutenant-Governor, but I should have gloried in running for the post. I want to have my enemies all upon me at once; I am tired of fighting them piecemeal. And though I should have been beaten in the canvass, I know that my running would have helped the ticket, and helped my paper.

It was thought best to let the matter take another course. No other name could have been put on the ticket so bitterly humbling to me, as that which was selected. The nomination was given to Raymond; the fight left to me.

And, Governor Seward, I *have made it*, though it be conceited in me to say so.

What little fight there has been, I have stirred up. Even Weed has not been (I speak of his paper,) hearty in this contest, while the journal of the Whig Lieutenant-Governor has taken care of its own interests, and let the canvass take care of itself, as it early declared it would do.

That journal has (because of its milk-and-water course,) some

twenty thousand subscribers in this city and its suburbs, and, of these twenty thousand, I venture to say, more voted for Ullmann and Scroggs, than for Clark and Raymond. The *Tribune* (also because of its character,) has but eight thousand subscribers within the same radius, and, I venture to say, that of its habitual readers, nine-tenths voted for Clark and Raymond—very few for Ullmann and Scroggs.

I had to bear the brunt of the contest, and take a terrible responsibility in order to prevent the Whigs uniting upon James W. Barker, in order to defeat Fernando Wood. Had Barker been elected here, neither you nor I could walk these streets without being hooted, and know-nothingism would have swept like a prairie-fire. I stopped Barker's election at the cost of incurring the deadliest enmity of the defeated gang; and I have been rebuked for it by the Lieutenant-Governor's paper.

At the critical moment, he came out against John Wheeler, in favor of Charles H. Marshall, (who would have been your deadliest enemy in the House,) and even your Colonel-General's paper, which was even with me in insisting that Wheeler should be returned, wheeled about at the last moment, and went in for Marshall,—the *Tribune* alone, clinging to Wheeler till the last.

I rejoice that they who turned so suddenly, were not able to turn all their readers.

Governor Seward, I know that some of your most cherished friends think me a great obstacle to your advancement; that John Schoolcraft, for one, insists that you and Weed shall not be identified with me. I trust, after a time, you will not be. I trust I shall never be found in opposition to you; I have no future wish, but glide out of the newspaper world as quietly and as speedily as possible, to join my family in Europe, and, if possible, stay there quite a time,—long enough to cool my fevered brain, and renovate my overtaxed energies. All I ask is, that we shall be counted even on the morning after the first Tuesday in February, as aforesaid, and that I may thereafter take such course as seems best, without reference to the past.

You have done me acts of valued kindness in the line of your profession: let me close with the assurance, that these will ever be gratefully remembered by

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

Hon. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Present.

The publication of this letter at once called out special discussion in the State of New York, and more particularly from Thur-

low Weed, who was Governor Seward's devoted friend. Mr. GREELEY, in commenting upon the discussions about the letter, took occasion to advise young men against pinning their faith to public men, in the belief that they were infallible. His words ought to be impressed upon the memory of every young man in the country. They are as follows :

A single word to the young and ardent politicians. The moral I would inculcate, is a trite one, but none the less important. It is summed up in the scriptural injunction, "Put not your trust in princes." Men, even the best, are frail and mutable, while principle is sure and eternal. Be no man's man, but the truth's, and your country's. You will be sorely tempted at times to take this or that great name for your oracle and guide. It is easy and pleasant to learn to follow, and to trust ; but it is safer and wiser to look even through your own eyes—to tread your own path—to trust implicitly in God alone. The atmosphere is a little warmer inside some great man's castle, but the free air of heaven is ever so much purer and more bracing.

Since the *Tribune* has been on a firm financial basis, and remunerative to its proprietors, Mr. GREELEY has cared but little about office-holding. In 1848 he was elected to Congress, to fill a vacancy. When his election was ascertained, he addressed the following card to his constituents :

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE VITH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

The undersigned, late a candidate for Congress, respectfully returns his thanks—first, to his political opponents for the uniform kindness and consideration with which he was treated by them throughout the canvass, and the unsolicited suffrages with which he was honored by many of them ; secondly, to the great mass of his political brethren, for the ardent, enthusiastic and effective support which they rendered him ; and, lastly, to that small portion of the Whig electors who saw fit to withhold from him their votes, thereby nearly or quite neutralizing the support he received from the opposite party. Claiming for himself the right to vote for or against any candidate of his party as his own sense of right and duty shall dictate, he very freely accords to all others the same liberty, without offense or inquisition.

During the late canvass I have not according to my best recol-

lection, spoken of myself, and have not replied in any way to any sort of attack or imputation. I have in no manner sought to deprecate the objections, nor to soothe the terrors of that large and most influential class who deem my advocacy of Land Reform and Social Re-organization, synonymous with infidelity and systematic robbery. To have entered upon explanations or vindications of my views on these subjects in the crisis of a great national struggle, which taxed every energy, and demanded every thought, comported neither with my leisure nor my inclination.

Neither have I seen fit at any time to justify nor allude to my participation in the efforts made here last summer to aid the people of Ireland in their anticipated struggle for liberty and independence. I shall not do so now. What I did then in behalf of the Irish millions, I stand ready to do again, so far as my means will permit, when a similar opportunity, with a light prospect of success, is presented—and not for them only, but for any equally oppressed and suffering people on the face of the earth. If any “extortion and plunder” were contrived and perpetrated in the meetings for Ireland at Vauxhall last season, I am wholly unconscious of it, though I ought to be as well informed as to the alleged “extortion and plunder” as most others, whether my information were obtained in the character of conspirator or that of victim. I feel impelled, however, by the expressions employed in Mr. Brook’s card, to state that I have found nothing like an inclination to “extortion and plunder” in the councils of the leading friends of Ireland in this city, and nothing like a suspicion of such baseness among the thousands who sustained and cheered them in their efforts. All the suspicions and imputations to which those have been subjected, who freely gave their money and their exertions in aid of the generous, though ineffectual effort for Ireland’s liberation, have originated with those who never gave that cause a prayer or a shilling, and have not yet traveled beyond them.

Respectfully,

HORACE GREELEY.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1848.

MR. GREELEY served three months in Congress, and devoted most of his time to the interest of Reform and Economy in the government.

When his term expired he published the following address to his constituents :



## THE LATE SESSION OF CONGRESS

*To the Electors of the 6th Congressional District, New York :*

FELLOW CITIZENS:—Chosen by your favor to a seat in Congress through its brief of some doings, which may well seem to require further explanation, it is not to be denied nor disguised that the session has been a failure, not only in view of the good it meditated, but judged solely with reference to what it might have done. I am aware that so little is usually accomplished at a short session—especially one preceding an inauguration—that the people have come to expect little or nothing of such a session beyond the passage of the annual approbation bills. This, however, cannot excuse the wrong, though it may soften the condemnation. There was no good reason for the failure of several important and beneficent measures which were not matural into laws at the late session—no reason at all but the incompetency or unfaithfulness of a large portion of those clothed with the power, and charged with the duty of enacting them. I do not choose to bear my equal portion of the blame, for I am confident I have not deserved it. Consider what I shall here, with all possible conciseness, submit to your measure, and test it by what you already know or may still glean from other sources of the doings, misdoings and non-doings of this Congress, and render an impartial judgment. I shall for the sake of clearness, glance at the principal topics of the session under their several heads, as follows :

1. Postage Reform—The failure to effect any revision of our present postage charges is one of the great wrongs of the session. The iniquity of charging one man forty cents per ounce, or \$6 40 per pound, for carrying mailed matter on an unbroken line of railroad and steamboat communications from Portland, Me., or Charleston, S. C., to Washington, while another receives an unlimited number of pounds by the same mail on which nothing is charged, is one of the most glaring of any still subsisting under our Republican rule. What I contend for is not strictly cheap postage any more than dear postage—it is simply just postage. Make everything which passes through the mails pay its just proportion of the total expense of mail service, and charge the lowest rates which will supply the possible mail system. To talk of reducing postage without abolishing the Franking Privilege is like proposing to double expenditures, yet diminish taxation. That Franking Privilege is an aristocratic and blighting monopoly, which has for many years subjected those who pay their own postage to unjust and heavy burdens. Many a mercantile house in

this city has already been taxed thousands of dollars to uphold this oppressive monopoly, and is still paying hundreds yearly. But for this, who could have imagined such an exorbitant charge as forty cents per quarter ounce letter, or at the rate of \$25 60 per pound, for conveying letters by sea from this port to San Francisco? And this is only one of its oppressions. The Franking Privilege ought to be indicted and punished for obstructing the transportation of the mails—a flagrant offense under our laws. On or before the first of December the members of Congress gather at Washington, finding often a large quantity of documents printed, enveloped and duly apportioned to each, and these they immediately commence franking home to their constituents in packages often weighing two and even three pounds. These get started in the mails just as the rivers are freezing up, and when the roads throughout the greater part of the Union are almost impassible. The consequence is, that at the termination of railroad conveyance in almost every direction from Washington, the overloaded mail-bags are in good part thrown aside from absolute inability on the part of the stage-coaches thence employed, to carry them forward to their destinations. Thus twenty-one hundred pounds lay for some time last winter at the temporary terminus of the Michigan Railroad at Niles, while additional mail bags, which had been started from Niles, but brought to a halt in one or another of the fathomless sloughs of Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin, encumbered the wayside bar-rooms. Thus the letters and newspapers which paid postage, and which were anxiously awaited by those entitled to receive them, were kept back; publishers, debtors and correspondents, were execrated for neglect and bad faith, while members of the Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin Legislatures, (each having a U. S. Senator to elect,) were amply plied with public documents—one of them receiving twenty-five pounds of them by a single mail, on which he paid nothing, though if you had sent the same amount of mailed matter, the charge thereon would have been \$160. He probably never read ten pages of them; they were not sent to be read, but to gratify his vanity and secure his vote for Senator. If those who pay for carrying the mails are satisfied to let this go on and grow worse from year to year—as all abuses naturally tend to—their taste must be peculiar, indeed, if it were only to secure regularity in the reception of mails. I would strenuously insist on the abolition of the Franking Privilege. But when I see that its existence also upholds and renders necessary rates of postage twice as high as they otherwise need be (for the aggregate weight of franked

documents and letters must be fully equal to that of the letter-mails on which postage is paid, while the average distance over which they are conveyed must be greater); and while I see that at least one hundred thousand dollars are annually paid from the treasury for printing and enveloping extra copies of documents which would never be ordered if those who received them were subjected to postage, I am puzzled to account for the election and re-election to Congress of men who uphold the Franking Privilege.

I did all in my power to obtain action on this subject—I struggled for cheap postage—not by making speeches, but by refraining therefrom, and earnestly, anxiously pressing forward the business which had precedence of this. In view of this, I uniformly resisted early adjournments and adjournments over, no matter on which specious pretext; I rarely or never failed to rise in support of the previous question, and always voted for the earliest hour proposed for terminating a debate. It was not possible to put this ahead of the Appropriation and Territorial bills, our only hope was to finish them in season to pass a Postage Reform bill, and this hope, was among the last to relinquish. Could we have obtained one clear day for postage reduction, I think the bill, though strongly opposed, would have been driven through the committee of the whole, and I should have had the satisfaction I dearly coveted, of recording my yea on its final passage. That pleasure will now accrue to more fortunate, perhaps more efficient, but certainly not one more zealous advocate of Postage Reform than I have been.

2. Land Reform—Though I had no opportunity of making a speech on this subject either, I ardently hoped and endeavored to bring the House to consider, or at least to vote upon this proposition—that man, having by nature a right to live—being in fact commanded to live and forbidden to die of his own voluntary motion, has necessarily a right to live somewhere, and to the unpurchased use of his needful allotment of the God-created elements of this globe, out of which to procure and fashion his own subsistence. On the second or third day of the session, I gave notice of and soon after introduced a bill to discourage speculation in the Public Lands, and to secure homes thereon to actual “Settlers and Cultivators,” which in the mildest and least offensive form, averted this principal with regard to the Public Lands of the United States. It forbade future purchases on speculation at any price below \$5 per acre, while inviting any man to purchase for his own improvement and use at \$1 25 per acre, and invited every landless

man to make choice of one hundred and sixty acres, on which he should be entitled by mere settlement to a seven years' pre-emption, and thereafter to a right of perpetual occupancy (if the head of a family) to one-half thereof without payment, buying the other half at the minimum price, or releasing it to be settled upon by some relative or friend as he should see fit. The House found no time to act upon this bill, and refused me even the yeas and nays on rejecting it. Had I been more tender to certain foibles, this would probably have been otherwise. I do not complain as of a personal grievance, for I can far better await a more just appreciation of this subject than can those who need land, and must annually sacrifice half their scanty earnings for the want of it.

I am puzzled by the apathy of the directors of opinion around me on this subject of Land Reform. The spires of our city churches overshadow a population of half a million, not one fifth of whom are owners of the roofs that cover them; not one-tenth of whom have legal access to the soil from which their subsistence must be drawn. Nine-tenths depend for a livelihood on the chance that one or more will at all times be ready to hire them or buy of them. This expectation is subject to continual disappointments, hence widespread bankruptcy, destitution, beggary. In defiance of the notorious superabundance of our population, the tides of American and European adventure, here dash against each other, and thousands who are urged hither by sanguine visions of sudden wealth, soon awoke to the bleak reality of a lack of shelter for their heads. Here vice and misery, destitution and crime, prodigality and want, re-act upon and stimulate each other. Here rents and pauperism are expanding with fearful rapidity; and it seems to me so plain that our land laws and the monopoly they tend to create—our current mode of treating the God-created earth as men among the direct occasions of the immense and deplorable disparities of fortune and deficiencies of subsistence witnessed around us, that I cannot see how others who open their eyes fail to see it too, and to strive with me for its correction; nor can I see how a mercantile community like this, should fail to realize its double interest in every measure tending to facilitate the rapid and compact settlement of the public lands. Such settlement, while it tends to diminish our paupers, tends likewise to increase our customers. Every smoke that rises from a newly occupied quarter-section in the great West, marks the accession of a new customer to the counting-rooms and warehouses of New York; and the less the tribute imposed on him by land speculation and monopoly, the greater will be his ability to purchase the wares and fabrics of

which he is abundantly in need. On the other hand, every thousand acres of unimproved soil, held up for speculative prices, is a blank on the map of our city's area of commercial interchanges; an impediment to the farther prosecution of canals and railroads; a region of waste and uselessness. I cannot believe that the mercantile influence of our city will much longer be hostile, or even indifferent, to some comprehensive and thorough measure of Land Reform, but its most vigorous and efficient advocate.

3. The Territories—Slavery—Among the most important, obvious and pressing of the duties devolving on Congress at this session, was that of organizing the Territories just acquired from Mexico, so as to secure to their inhabitants the blessings of law and order, of liberty and public security. Nearly all admitted this in the abstract: yet nothing was, in fact, accomplished. The House perfected and adopted two separate propositions, for the organization of California; the Senate rejecting both, presented one counter-proposition of its own, which the House would not accept. Thus, the matter goes over to another Congress; the sole substantial difference between them, being this: the House insisted on such an organization as would, in effect, exclude slavery therefrom, while the Senate would consent to no such exclusion. There the matter rests. I, certainly, could not consent to such a measure as the Senate's, though my grounds of objection were not precisely set forth in any of the set speeches against it. I *could* have foregone the express application of the Wilmot Proviso, so called, in the clear conviction that its object would otherwise be effected, had the Senate's amendment provided fairly and fully for the organization of the new Territories in every other respect. I said openly to Southern members who rallied against the proviso: "I, for one, will meet you fully half way. Aid us to enact a law securing to New Mexico, her ancient and rightful boundaries—aid us to protect and defend her against the impudent claim of Texas, to absorb and subjugate her—secure to the real people of New Mexico and California, the right to decide conclusively, whether they shall tolerate slavery or not, and I will vote to organize these Territories without a proviso against slavery." I made this offer with some reluctance, but, if accepted, I should have faith fully complied with its stipulations. For, of the two perils which threaten these Territories—that of the planting of slavery beyond the Rio Grande, and that of its naturalization on this side, through the absorption of New Mexico by Texas—I deem the latter far more imminent and formidable. To provide a safeguard against this, I was willing to brave the lesser risk of the other. But the opportunity was not offered me.

Strongly committed by my convictions, and my past course to the cause of Free Soil, I was yet solicitous not to make that cause a source of peril to the Union, or of needless embarrassment to those whom the people have just called to wield the executive power of the nation. I did not, at any time, forget that I was chosen as a friend of the incoming administration, and mainly by the votes of its friends. If I could not indulge expectations as fond, or hopes as sanguine as theirs, I nevertheless felt bound not to do anything calculated to blast those hopes, or disappoint those expectations. If there were any members of either House who sought to make this question of slavery in the territories a cause of irritation and alienation between the North and the South, and especially between the Whigs of the opposite sections, I was not one of them. If any desired to break up the session in a tumult, or have the general Appropriation bill fail through disagreement, thus imposing on the new administration the necessity of calling an extra session of Congress, I was not of them. I instituted no insulting comparisons, made no irritating speeches, but was content to perform my duty to freedom, as offensively as possible, and in such manner as to give no avoidable offense to the champion of slavery. I think the event demonstrated the wisdom of this course.

4. The District Slave-Trade—But while I shunned and deplored any needless agitation respecting slavery, and especially condemned the interminable speech-making on this theme, to which a full half of the session was absurdly and perniciously devoted. I none the less ardently supported every effort to purify the national metropolis from the abominations of the domestic Slave-Trade. I sustained Mr. Lott's resolution, (preamble and all,) instructing the district committee to report a bill abolishing the infamous traffic; I resisted all attempts to reconsider, amend and reject that resolution; and when a bill was subsequently reported, in accordance with the memorial of the corporate authorities of Washington, I did all in my power to reach and pass it, after it had slipped beyond the immediate reach of the House. That bill ought to have been passed (in the House at least,)—would have been if its professed friends had been faithful and resolute. It could have been, in spite of the desperate efforts of its adversaries, led by the ablest and most unscrupulous parliamentary tactician I ever met, had its friends but been willing to sit till five o'clock of two days on the last week, but one of the session—merely refraining from talk, sustaining the previous question at every opportunity, and pressing straight ahead through the intermediate business on the speaker's table, till they had reached and passed this bill.

But some of those who loved their dinners, and the chance of a foreign mission or so rather more, and the bill was not reached then, nor until the last day of the session, when to take it up would have been simply to throw the Appropriation bills overboard. It was therefore, not passed, very properly; the House going instead into committee, on one of the Appropriation bills returned from the Senate, with amendments: so the District Slave-Trade bill stands over, at the head of the bills remaining on the Speaker's table, when the session closed. It may be revived, and passed at the next session, by seasonable forecast and sturdy resolution.

5. Retrenchment and Reform—I made several attempts to cut down and keep down appropriations and expenditures under the various heads of army and navy, judiciary, mileage and contingencies of Congress, &c., &c., and though not often successful in cutting down, I think my efforts were not without effect in preventing further extravagance. Thus, my attempt to stop the promotion of officers in the navy up to army grade—that of captain for example—in which there shall be already more officers than there is employment for, was defeated; but the facts adduced in support of it, showing that not two-thirds of the officers receiving large pay in some grades, were employed, were directly in point, when a counter-proposition, repealing the existing limit to promotions, and allowing the Secretary of the navy to make post-captains of all the midshipmen if he pleases, was made and defeated. So on other points. In all this matter of public economy, so constant is the pressure, so specious and infinite the reasons for new offices, larger allowances, higher salaries, that it is idle to hope to keep down expenditures, by merely acting on the defensive. He was right, who said—"The best mode of avoiding danger is, by meeting it half-way." He who shall have the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill, with its history before him, so as to mark what items of additional expenditure were proposed, and defeated in the House; what amount, and what kinds of new items were engrafted thereon, by the Senate—how many, and what of these were stricken off on the return of the bill to the House, (though they ultimately slipped through in the struggle between the two Houses, on the Walker amendment,) will be prepared to judge whether the efforts for retrenchment in the House were made wholly in vain.

I hope no one will deem me unconscious of the difference between a blind parsimony, and a discerning economy. I never hesitated to vote heartily the full sums required for great national purposes; for Mexican indemnity, Mexican claims, light-houses, &c., &c. I voted, and exerted my little influence to raise the salaries of the

engineers employed in our national steamships, upon due proof that they were paid considerably less than like attainments and services would readily command in the mercantile service. I know well, that to have voted otherwise, upon such a state of facts, would have been no economy at all, but the reverse of it. I voted to place \$50,000 at the call of the Secretary of the navy, wherewith to purchase the patent rights of inventions, which the bureau of construction and repairs should deem essential to the efficiency of the naval service, and for many similar items. In short, while I sought to reduce the expense of the army and navy, and of some other branches of the public service, I voted readily—perhaps in some cases too readily—for whatever seemed calculated to promote the national well-being, by extending the peaceful conquests of science, and the domain of useful knowledge. My general opposition to the purchase and distribution of books, by Congress, was based on the necessary partiality of the distribution, and beneficent department of private enterprise and industry.

My objections to circular mileage, and votes of extra compensation to the servants of Congress, rest on a somewhat different basis. That many worthy men charge and vote, as I think wrong, is very true; yet I do not the less feel that those zig-zag allowances and lawless gratuities are calculated to blunt the moral perception, and confuse the notions of right and wrong, with regard to grants of public money. The best man who votes \$250 extra to lads of sixteen, who have already been paid \$10 per week for work, which many would have gladly done as well for \$5, or who takes mileage for a circuit of 2,000 miles, when his actual distance by the nearest post road, (the law says roads, not routes,) will be more easily seduced into voting for his friends' private claim of doubtful justice, or for putting up a salary, than he would have been before. I think, therefore, that the \$100,000 or 80 annually taken from the treasury, in extra ways, actually stands for a great deal more—costs the country much more. The readiness with which both Houses doubled the mileage of the messengers who brought the electoral votes of the several States to Washington, illustrates this. The messengers merely said, "compare our mileage with yours, when Congress hastened to weaken the contrast, not by making their own allowances right, but the other also wrong." Can you believe this a solitary case?

I would gladly speak of the urgent necessity for taking the business of settling private claims from Congress, and committing it to some suitable tribunal, but this letter is already too long. A leading Senator declared in my hearing, that he would prefer to have



those claims settled by the inmates of any State-prison, rather than by Congress. That was probably too strong; yet nothing could well be worse than the present system. I ardently hope it may not outlast another session.

My work as your servant, is done—whether well or ill, it remains for you to judge. Very likely I gave the wrong vote on some of the difficult and complicated questions to which I was called to respond. Yea or no, with hardly a moment's warning, if so, you can detect and condemn the error; for my name stands recorded in the divisions by yeas and nays, on every public, and all but one private bill, (which was laid on the table the moment the sitting opened, and on which my name had just been passed as I entered the hall.)

I wish it were the usage among us, to publish less of speeches and more of propositions, and votes thereupon—it would give the mass of the people a much clearer insight into the management of their public affairs. My successor being already chosen and commissioned, I shall hardly be suspected of seeking your further kindness, and I shall be heartily rejoiced if he shall be able to combine equal zeal in your service, with greater efficiency, equal fearlessness, with greater popularity. That I have been somewhat annoyed at times, by some of the consequences of my mileage expose, is true; but I have never wished to recall it, nor have I felt that I owed an apology to any, and I am quite confident that if you had sent to Washington, (as you doubtless might have done,) a more sternly, honest and fearless representative, he would have made himself more unpopular with a large portion of the House, than I did. I thank you heartily for the glimpse of public life which your favor has afforded me, and hope to render it useful henceforth, not to myself only, but to the public. In ceasing to be your agent, and returning with renewed zest to my private cares and duties, I have a single, additional favor to ask, not of you, especially, but of all; and, I am sure, my friends at least, will grant it without hesitation. It is, that you and they will oblige me henceforth, by remembering that my name is simply,

HORACE GREELEY.

NEW YORK, March 7, 1849.

—*New York Tribune*, March 9, 1849.

Mr. GREELEY has been a candidate, one or more times, for State offices, against his own wishes, and without success, even though running ahead of his party ticket. He was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention of the State of New York,

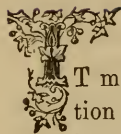
and has, from time to time, held many honorable positions in corporations, and other local organizations.

To sum up Mr. GREELEY's political character, and present him to his countrymen in a true light, we have simply to express his own outspoken, moral bravery. His earnest, industrious efforts, to do in political life as he would in the department of Industry, of Education, and of Reform. He has but one nature, and that is peculiar to himself. He has but one course to pursue, but one life-practice in all his labors. It is the outward expression of his own interior self. The honest, earnest and independent self-hood, which knows no policy, that is not dictated by his own convictions of right and justice, such a politician is HORACE GREELEY.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HORACE GREELEY AS A STATESMAN.

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IT may seem presumptuous to say that Mr. Webster's definition of a statesman, "one versed in the arts of government," is not good. Nevertheless, it does seem to be imperfect.

A statesman is a man who is more than "versed in the arts of government." He is a man whose grasp and sagacity of mind enables him to comprehend the philosophy of human government, and be able to detect errors in the written law, and reform and advance his people beyond obsolete and effete principles and policies, to new, appropriate, and life-giving laws and political doctrines. Such statesmen, were Moses, Lycurgus, Solon, Napoleon and Hamilton; and to their number may be added many more, in our own and other lands, who, though not having the same opportunities to impress their thoughts upon their respective people, were nevertheless equally advanced and reformatory in their mental organizations; equally wide, grasping and sagacious in thoughtful discernment, and inscribed their thoughts and teachings upon the institutions and character of their country. The great statesman is, in reality, the true legislator. He may not, by accident or design, sit in a legislative hall, empowered with conventional privileges to render laws efficient and operative, but occupy a position, to him far more desirable and influential, where he can exert a directing influence upon the people, and proclaim new principles of government and reform, and aid in abolishing old forms and effete institutions, by directing the deliberations of State and national Legislatures. He who thus rises by the power of his own mind, and the righteous rectitude of his own life-practice, to a position among his fellows which enables him to mould their

institutions and direct their thoughts, is a true and lofty statesman and legislator; one who "combines the splendid and powerful qualities of the patriot and the hero, with thought and deliberation!" Such, "has an indwelling love for his country and humanity; a desire to explore and acquire a knowledge of new regions of thought. He is a man capable of developing new laws, establishing new customs, and introducing his fellow men into new paths of progress and development." The first convictions of all men are in sympathy with the form of government under which they are born and reared, and the first impulses of the youthful and aspiring statesman, are impressions of an unalterable attachment to the nation and government of his birth. Fully imbued with loyalty and patriotism, he remains true to the form of government, but labors with soul, mind and strength, for such reforms as to him seem necessary for the welfare and advancement of his people. In this, the value of his personal services depend upon the grasp and sagacity of his mind, to judge wisely of the wrong, and point to the right and the remedy. Herein, then, lies the measure of the true and the great statesman, regardless of where he was born, or under what government he may happen to live. Turning then, to Mr. GREELEY, we are to consider him in the light of a statesman, and ascertain, if possible, to what estimate he is duly entitled among his fellows for wisdom and sagacity, determining the scope and duties of government, and if any high moral purpose directs him in pointing the way for national reform and individual prosperity. At the very beginning of this consideration, it must be borne in mind, that Mr. GREELEY'S mental organization is such as to make him unusually and tenaciously attached to abstract truths. This will at first seem to some, inconsistent with his teachings in favor of a practical career of life. But whoever studies this man of marked individuality, sufficiently to know him aright, must learn that he has a double nature, each of which he is persistent in pushing into the world, and into men's faces, with their own peculiar views. One nature is constantly unfolding vast and comprehensive theories of government, of social society, of humanity and justice; the other, ever urging and in-

sisting upon the adoption of the most practical and economical rules for the management of the government and the citizens. Perhaps no man in the country is more distinguished in either of these two seeming antagonistic phases of thought, than Mr. GREELEY. And say what men will, these, with his industry and strength of mind, have made him what he is, in personality and distinction among the world's people.

Thus comprehending the inherent structure of his mental nature, we are at once prepared to consider him as a statesman. Born in a government far advanced in the world's progress, yet stained with the sins of ancestral nations, and struggling under the weight of many bad laws, and cramped in its growth for the want of new customs and new paths of progress, the way was open for Mr. GREELEY to move in advance of his fellows, and to learn aright, and comprehend the scope, power, and functions of governments and human rights. His nature was adapted for the opportunity, and his inborn sense of justice impelled him to the conflict, and his whole life was moulded in opposition to the errors, inherited and acquired, of the nation and society in which he was born a citizen and a member. He bravely entered the contest with a weapon of mightier power, for battle or defense, than sword or brazen armor, and from early manhood has battled for the cause of the nation and for the people, with a success unknown to any cotemporary, and without a peer. No one will deny that HORACE GREELEY is not familiar with the theories and forms of ancient and modern governments, and that his judgment upon the rights of man and their true interests, are as far advanced as any man of his age, and that, therefore, he is entitled to be ranked with the first statesmen of this or any other country, and in many respects, equal to the most advanced legislators of his age. At the very beginning of his political career, he declared in favor of the inherent and equal rights of all men. These were his inborn convictions, and standing firmly "upon this rock," it has been the essential labor of his life to make all forms of government bend unerringly and absolutely, to this divine truth. No form of government or system of society that did not recognize the equal

rights of each citizen under its shining shield, and confer equal privileges to all, was to him sinful, and must be cleansed of its uncleanness, and its laws made the same to all. He, therefore, in spite of the implicit faith in the form of government organised by our fathers, waged war upon slavery at the beginning of his public labors. And while a few other brave men and women were equally devoted to the cause of abolitionism, none worked so ardently and so effectively, as HORACE GREELEY, to rid the country of chattel slavery. That HORACE GREELEY is a statesman, in the highest sense of the term, is established by two facts, around which will cluster in all time, the greater efforts of the wisest legislators.

I. That the best form of government is that which secures to each citizen, equal rights, with the freest exercise of individual liberty.

II. That, that administration of government is the best which is least expensive to the citizen and secures the greatest amount of prosperity and happiness to the people.

Around these two theoregms, and for their demonstration, will forever cluster the thoughts and efforts of the wise and true statesman of the succeeding ages. This proper demonstration will do most to solve the problem of man's success and happiness upon this planet.

Mr. GREELEY has, without question, done more to advance the general welfare of the American people, than any man of his day; which service, together with his comprehension of advanced political principles, establishes, beyond question, his statesmanship, and entitles him to rank with the greatest of living legislators. His scope of mind, and wisdom, on all questions auxiliary to the establishment and maintenance of good government, and the welfare of the people, add vastly to make him an embodiment of advanced statesmanship, and capable and worthy to mould the sentiments of his countrymen, and impress his thoughts upon the institutions of the Republic. Having considered his abilities, his scope and sagacity of mind, as well as his advanced thought upon questions of government and subjects subsidiary thereto, it

remains to consider his efficiency and wisdom upon auxiliary questions of government and society. HORACE GREELEY has always held, that at the basis of society should be a well organized and thoroughly established system of universal free education, in which every child of the State could partake, and become disciplined for usefulness.

One of the first and ablest papers from Mr. GREELEY'S pen, and one which unquestionably indicates his ability as a statesman, was prepared on the tariff question, for the Whig almanac of 1843, when he was but thirty-two years old. We submit it as evidence of his ability and statesmanship, and ask for it a candid reading, and a just decision upon its merits.

THE PROTECTION OF INDUSTRY—ITS NECESSITY AND EFFECT—BY  
HORACE GREELEY.

The science of Political Economy is among the latest achievements of the human intellect. For thousands of years the energies of government (using the term in its largest sense, designating all the various forms and shades of political organization, which have assumed to regulate and control the conduct and relations of men,) were put forth almost exclusively to ravage and destroy, rarely or never to build up and foster. The monarch or the chieftain looked abroad on the smiling fields, and wealth-creating industry of a neighboring nation, and was incited, not to emulate, but to devastate them. The field, in the language of courts and cabinets, was not the theater of man's efforts to increase the sum of human comforts by peaceful and skillful industry, but the arena of murderous conflict—or carnage, hideous uproar, and fiendish desolation. The renowned and illustrious ruler was not he who had fostered industry, encouraged laudable enterprise, and largely aided in increasing and diffusing the sum of comforts among his people, but he who had gained victories, destroyed armies, ravaged countries, and slaughtered the inoffending thousands and tens of thousands. From this horrible delusion, with regard to the nature and true ends of government, the basis and character of true glory, mankind have tardily and partially awakened. Even in this nineteenth century, the most eminent and renowned warriors—the wholesale butchers of the last and former ages—are still the idols of unthinking millions.

Slowly, irregularly, the conviction struggles into ascendancy over

the human mind, that the proper functions of government are beneficent, creative, invigorating; and that the infliction of evil, whether on individuals or communities, for the repression of crime and wrong-doing, is not the sum of its objects and obligations. The completeness of its organization, the fullness of its power, the universality of its sway, seem clearly to fit it for an instrumentality of positive as well as negative good; and the researches of statesmen and philosophers have demonstrated that government need not be a burden upon the people, but may, by its indirect and salutary influences, more than compensate for the taxes which it levies, in the amount of its positive and unfailing benefits. In other words, the advantages accruing to the community, through a proper use of its organization and its faith, may far more than repay the costs of its economical support.

Political Economy is the science which treats of the production and existence of wealth in a community; defines what is real wealth, and points out the means by which it may be increased and diffused. This science is yet in the first century of its recognized existence. It opened its eyes upon a world full of absurd regulations, vexatious restrictions, and pernicious monopolies, extended to enrich particular communities at the expense of mankind and particular individuals, at the expense of their respective communities. These restrictions it very properly tested and condemned. Having their origin in narrow and selfish views, they aimed to advance the interest of a part to the damage of the whole, of the few at the expense of the many. Thus hostile to the highest and broadest good, they stood condemned alike by enlightened policy and by a generous philanthropy.

In this determined, and to a great extent victorious warfare, of the new science upon existing errors and evils, many of its more ardent and indiscriminating apostles have been led to assume grounds of sweeping hostility to any legislation in aid of the development and due reward of industry. Regarding intently the perversion and abuse to which the power of government has in this province (as in all others,) been subjected, when impelled by ignorance and selfishness, they have chosen to deny the power altogether, or to dispute the safety and feasibility of its exercise, as the only sure way of avoiding the danger of its perversion. But, while such have been the dictates of some eminent philosophers of the closely and readily caught up, and re-echoed by their more impetuous and less discerning followers, it is at the same time true that a large portion of the writers on Political Economy inculcate different views—views which accord both with the opinions and acts



of the great majority of practical statesmen. While essay is piled upon essay to prove that a government can properly usefully do nothing in aid of the industry of the people it serves, and that the perfection of national policy would be the abolition of all duties on imports, and the establishment of absolute free trade, even though unreciprocated, but met by restriction and prohibition. Not a single maritime civilized nation ever seriously attempts to reduce these principles to practice, but each imposes duties in aid of its revenue, and each imposes duties, whether wisely or unwisely, with a view to the encouragement of industry, and the increase of production within its own territory. Adam Smith, Say, Ricardo, may inculcate, to the satisfaction of their followers, the folly of protection, and the advantages of universal free trade; but Colbert, Pitt, Napoleon, Canning, Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Clay, Webster, are taught by experience the absolute necessity of discriminating duties to the successful prosecution of industry in all its necessary branches, and the upbuilding of a stable prosperity. Thus the errors of theory are corrected by the surer inductions of practical knowledge, and the most specious fallacies are rendered harmless, except to unsettle and disturb. In an age of intelligence and universal discussion, they never can be permanently engrafted on the actual policy of nations.

But a difference between prevalent theory and necessary practice, the deductions of philosophers and the conduct of practical men, argues grave errors on one side or the other. On which is it in this case? Unquestionably on the side of the theorist, so far as the collision actually exists. Nine-tenths of the propositions and arguments of the free trade economists are sound and instructive; their works may mainly be read with interest and profit by all. But on the precise point at issue between them and their intelligent opponents, they err through a miscalculation in their premises. They assume, first, that a community or individual should always *buy where he can buy cheapest, and sell where he can sell dearest*. That government should leave all at full liberty to do so; and that thus will be secured at once the greatest incentive and the greatest reward to productive industry, in all desirable branches. In this way, it is urged, those articles which we import from abroad are just as truly the product of home industry as if grown or fabricated on our own soil, being procured by exchange for articles which we actually *did* produce—the only difference being that we have obtained a greater amount of value from a given quantity of labor, and thus *increased* the inducement to and the reward of industry. Such are the fundamental positions of the ad-

vocates of free trade; we have stated them as nearly as may be in their own language, and with all their natural plausibility, in order that their full force may be perceived.

The elemental and fatal error in these propositions is, their confusion of the ideas of *price* and *absolute value*. For instance—let us suppose that the entire quantity of woolen goods required for the annual consumption of the United States would cost, if produced at home, one hundred millions of dollars, while the same goods could be procured from Europe for eighty millions. Now, protection affirms that in this case it would be conducive to the welfare of our country, and to the increase of wealth and comfort among our people, to protect efficiently the home manufacture of woolens, and produce them on our own soil; while free trade asserts that we should thereby subject ourselves to a dead loss of twenty millions. Which is in the wrong? In the absence of a tariff, the goods will flow in from abroad—there is no dispute on that point—and the domestic manufacture will be almost if not utterly annihilated. But shall we thereby obtain our goods *really* cheaper, or but nominally so, and in reality much dearer? In other words, at a far greater expense of our labor, than under a system of protection? We answer, that the saving would be nominal and deceptive, and that the real cost of the foreign would be far greater than that of the domestic supply, and this truth we shall endeavor to make clear to every unprejudiced mind.

Allowing that we buy our woolen fabrics from Europe for eighty millions, we shall of course subject ourselves to the necessity of paying for them—and in what? Obviously not to any considerable extent in coin; for our country does not produce specie, and can only export it to a very limited extent. We must pay mainly in the products of our agriculture—no matter whether those products are sold directly to the manufacturing nations, or to others who pay us in something that those nations will receive. In either case, this law inflexibly applies, that *in order to pay for our woolen fabrics, we must produce and sell eighty millions' worth of agricultural or other staples, at a price so much below that prevailing elsewhere, as to admit of their profitable export*. If, for instance, we pay to a considerable extent in grain or flour shipped to Europe, we must produce grain so that it shall be considerably cheaper here than there. Now, the average price of wheat at Odessa, Dantzic, and other continental grain-exporting ports, is rather under ninety cents, and it can be thence conveyed to England for ten to fifteen cents per bushel. Now, no matter whether the British Corn Laws are upheld or abolished, if we sell

grain at all to England, (and selling it to the continent is out of the question,) we must produce it so that it will be at least as cheap in our ports as at Odessa and Dantzic. If we are to export any considerable quantity, the price must average in New York as low as a dollar a bushel, and in more southern parts still lower. And in order to be sold in New York at one dollar, it must be produced in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, at prices ranging from seventy-five down to twenty-five cents per bushel, according to the advantages of location or facilities of transporting it to market. The average price paid to the wheat-grower could not certainly exceed fifty cents per bushel, and would probably fall below that amount.

But, on the other hand, if we decided to protect the home manufacture, and produce our own clothes, the bare fact of our so doing secures a home market for any probable product of grain, and at once raises the price of that article very nearly or quite to its average rate throughout the world. It may be that the difference will not be twenty-five per cent. on the seaboard, while at the same time it will be a hundred per cent. in the interior, where it is grown. The necessary effect of efficient and stable protection, as soon as manufacturers shall have had time to diffuse themselves over the country, is to provide a home market for agricultural products, not merely on the seaboard or in one section, but in every section. The reward of labor and other elements of cost being substantially equal, manufacturers will tend to that section in which food, fuel, and other elements of production are cheapest, by a law universal as that of gravitation. And thus, while the farmers are continually told by our free traders that a duty of forty per cent. on woollens would *tax them so much for the special benefit of the manufacturers*, the actual effect of protection on their interests as a class, and on those of the whole community, will be fairly exhibited by the following table :

ACTUAL COST OF THE WOOLEN GOODS REQUIRED FOR A YEAR'S CONSUMPTION OF THE COUNTRY, UNDER FREE TRADE, (NOMINAL COST, \$80,000,000.)

50,000,000 bushels of wheat, at 50 cents per bushel,	\$25,000,000
10,000 tons of ashes, at \$100, - - - - -	1,000,000
50,000,000 pounds of wool, (exported) at 20 cents,	10,000,000
20,000,000 bushels of apples, in the absence of a home market, worth but 10 cents, - - - - -	2,000,000
100,000,000 bush. of potatoes, with an adequate home market, worth to the farmer 12 1-2 cents per bu.,	12,500,000

2,000,000 tons of coal, worth at the mines, say \$1.50,	3,000,000
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Total product to the farmers, - - - -	\$53,500,000
Deficiency, - - - - -	26,500,000

UNDER PROTECTION, (NOMINAL COST, \$100,000,000.)

50,000,000 bushels of wheat at \$1.00, - - - -	\$50,000,000
10,000, tons of ashes, at \$1.25, - - - -	1,250,000
50,000,000 pounds of wool, (wrought up at home,) at 40 cents, - - - - -	20,000,000
20,000,000 bushel of choice apples, with a home mar- ket, worth 25 cents per bushel, - - - -	25,000,000
2,000,000 tons of coal, worth at the mines, \$2.50,	5,000,000
<hr/>	
Total, - - - - -	\$106,250,000
Excess, - - - - -	6,250,000

Here it will be seen that the same agricultural products which pays for the year's consumption of woollens and leave an excess, though costing nominally \$100,000,000, will only pay two-thirds of the cost of the same goods if imported, though costing nominally but \$80,000,000. The difference is made by the existence in the one case of an ample market for the farmer's surplus produce within his own vicinity, and in the other, trusting to one three or four thousand miles off. I have endeavored to state the prices in each instance at least as favorably to free trade as truth and the experience of the country will warrant. If the correctness of this or that item, or even of the general exhibit, be caviled at, the essential truth cannot be disputed, that *we may buy a required amount or description of goods abroad much cheaper, (that is, for a smaller amount of money,) and yet pay very much more for them than if we produced them at a nominally higher price.* And this is the vital element which finds no place in the free trade calculation.

The attentive reader will have perceived 'ere this, that the essential question to be solved by a true policy, is one of real, and not of nominal cheapness. Political Economy is the science of labor-saving, applied to the actions of communities. Its object is to save labor from waste, from misapplication, and from loss through constrained idleness. Whatever tends to prove that a particular article can be procured abroad for a less amount of our domestic labor, or its products than it would cost to produce it at home, and that this difference in favor of the foreign article, is not casual or transient, but has a positive and permanent reason in the nature

of things, will prove effectually that this article cannot be advantageously produced at home, and is not a proper subject of protective legislation. For example, coffee and spices may be produced in New York, but only through a forcing process, that renders the cost of such product one hundred times that of the imported articles. This necessity of hot-house culture is not a transient condition, pertaining to the infancy of the culture; it is fixed and immutable, so long as our present climate shall continue. So long, then, it would be idle, it would be madness, to attempt fostering the home production of coffee by protection, legislation or otherwise. But suppose, that by some mutation of nature, the climate of New York should become such as that of the West Indies now is, then it would be expedient and wise to encourage the home production of coffee, even though its money cost at first should considerably exceed that of the imported article. The comparison of protection, therefore, to the policy of raising of coffee in hot-houses, or "extracting sunbeams from cucumbers," may be very smart, but it fails of becoming effective from its want of pertinence and truth.

We have the means of testing the soundness of the free trade maxim, that "trade will best regulate itself," or that individual interest will unerringly discern and follow the path which leads to the greatest general good, if untrammelled by legislation or public policy. "Why should I not be allowed to buy my coats of a Paris tailor, if he will supply me cheaper than an American one?" The answer is, simply, that what he esteems his private interest is at war with the public good; for while the individual may purchase a coat for fewer dollars of a French than he could of an American tailor, the community will pay, perhaps fewer dollars, but a far greater amount of its products, for coats, if they are generally bought abroad than if they are made at home. In other words, the subtraction from the gross amount of our national wealth would be greater if our coats were obtained abroad, than if they were produced at home.

"But why will not this regulate itself?" That is just what we have been showing. The individual, having dollars to pay for a coat, may obtain it cheapest, looking only to that single transaction, from the Parisian maker; but the public will lose more than he gains by the transaction, since it pays more for its supply of coats from abroad, than for a similar supply produced at home. Thus the momentary apparent individual interest is in conflict with the permanent, intrinsic public interest, and one or the other must yield. It is the first law of an organized community, that individ-

ual action shall be made to conform to the general good. Let us put this essential truth in a still clearer light: A. B. is an extensive farmer in Indiana, and this year plants fifty acres with corn, receiving therefrom two thousand bushels, and sows fifty acres more with wheat, of which the product is one thousand bushels. In the absence of a tariff, he can only procure, say fifty cents a bushel for the wheat, and twenty-five for the corn, or one thousand dollars for his entire crop. Now, he knows perfectly well, that with a good protective tariff, which should secure the manufacture at home of all the cloths and wares required for our own consumption, the price of his products would inevitably be fifty per cent. higher, amounting to fifteen hundred dollars. He could then richly afford to pay even fifty per cent. higher, if required, for whatever fabrics he should need. But in the absence of such a tariff, will he, an individual, out of the meagre proceeds of his grain, purchase domestic manufactures at the higher prices, while he is selling his own products at free trade prices? Obviously, he will do no such thing. If he did, his unsupported individual action would have no good effect, either for him or the community. He might go on buying at high and selling at low prices, till dooms-day, to his own individual detriment, and to no good end for the public. But only impose a tariff which shall secure the home market mainly to the home producer, and the competition, stimulated by a certain and steady demand at living rates, will reduce the price of the manufactured fabrics, while by increasing largely the number in his vicinity who wish to buy agricultural staples, and are able to pay for them, it correspondingly increases the market for his produce, and the price for it. For, while the price of labor and of materials must always govern the price of manufactures, after the difficulties incident to their infancy and to foreign competition are surmounted, the price of agricultural staples, which are of greater bulk and more costly of transportation, will, to a great extent, be governed by the nearness or distance of the market at which the surplus is consumed, as we have already indicated. Assuming the average value of wheat throughout the world to be a dollar a bushel, and in districts where manufactures preponderate, (in other words, where the demand for grain exceeds the home supply,) a dollar and a quarter, it follows inevitably that if our manufactures are generally brought from Europe, the market for our surplus agricultural produce must also, to a great extent, be found abroad, and the farmer in Illinois must sell his grain at the price it bears in a foreign market, less the cost and charges of sending it there, in other words, at thirty to fifty cents a bushel. But let our

policy be so adjusted that the manufactures consumed by those regions are mainly produced at Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and on the rapids of their own abundant streams, and the money price which the farmer receives for his grain will be more than doubled, and the amount of goods of all kinds received by him in exchange for a hundred bushels of grain, will be nearly or quite doubled. But this is not all, nor even the best. There are thousands of agricultural products which commands next to no price at all in the absence or distance of such a market as manufactures must supply. Thus, wood, fruits, pork, vegetables, poultry, etc., are now sold throughout the West at prices so low, as hardly to be credible; while, if the manufactured goods there consumed, were there made, they would readily bring from three to ten times as much. And yet the public ear is incessantly dinned with the bold assertion that the *farmers* do not need protection! and that a discriminating tariff taxes them for the sole benefit of the manufacturers.

“But why,” asks an inquirer, “do *manufactures* need protection any more than other products?” We answer: The cost of transporting manufactures from England to Peoria or Indianapolis, will probably fall below two per cent. on their value, while to send back wheat and corn in return, will cost at least two hundred per cent. The mere bulk of agricultural staples, and the consequent expense of transporting them, affords a protection twenty-five to one hundred per cent. against any influx from abroad, which is wholly absent in the case of manufactures. But, in addition to this, the price or rent of land is one great element of the cost of agricultural products, and one that is much cheaper in America than in Europe. On the other hand, immediate labor is the chief element in the cost of manufactures, and land hardly an item. In a country where labor is comparatively dear, and land cheap, as in ours, agricultural products will be relatively cheaper, and manufactures dearer than in Europe, in the absence of counteracting policy. A protective duty in aid of home manufactures, while it will hardly increase the price of the protected articles, and will, in most cases, ultimately reduce it, will inevitably and largely increase the price of agricultural products, perhaps not so much in our sea-ports, but certainly over the wide expanse of the country. A duty of one hundred per cent. on agricultural staples alone, would not increase their price ten per cent., because there is no considerable importation to check; while a duty of fifty per cent. on foreign manufactures would increase the average price of agricultural staples at least fifty per cent. It is, therefore, one of the plainest, clearest of

economical truths, that the true way to encourage and reward agriculture, is by protecting and fostering manufactures, and thus providing a convenient and safe market with adequate prices for agricultural products. In other words: The true way to increase industry and its rewards, is not by attracting it to those departments of production already overstocked, and so increasing surpluses for which there is no adequate demand or reward, but by developing new branches of industry, opening new avenues to useful employment, and thus rounding out and perfecting the great circle of industrial effort. If all the industry of a country or a community is directed to one department, one inevitable result is, that the product of that industry bears a lower price there than throughout the world generally, while whatever else they buy or consume costs them more than its average price elsewhere. At the same time, that single department does not furnish sufficient and advantageous employment for all ages, tastes, sexes' capacities, and conditions; and there is inevitably much idleness or comparatively unproductive effort. But let manufactures, agriculture, arts, and every department of industrial effort be prosecuted together, as nearly as may be, and there is employment and reward for all, and no danger of prostration to any through a revulsion or caprice in some far off market, or through the obstacles interposed by maritime or other hostilities. This is the consummation to which national prosperity aspires, and protection emphatically tends.

Let us suppose, for further example, that the American people, tired of buying the products of a European manufacturing population of three or four millions, at an oppressive disadvantage to the producers on both sides, should at once resolve and proclaim, "we will buy no longer of Europe, but let the European manufacturers come to us, and we will give them better employment, better pay, and better living than they now have;" what would be the result? The manufacturers, finding their employment and pay diminished, would certainly come over in sufficient numbers, and foreign manufactures being no longer imported, would find abundant employment. No truth is more settled than this, that the exchange of agricultural and manufacturing products among the same people, will always find their natural and proper equilibrium. Now, our farmers could surely produce as much grain and meat as now, since there would be nothing to prevent, and the manufacturers could very soon produce as much cloth, wares, etc., in this country as they do in Europe; the advantages offered by the immense aggregation of capital and machinery abroad, being fully



counterbalanced by the superior cheapness of our abundant water-power over steam, of our timber, wood, etc., and the remarkable ingenuity of our people in the invention and improvement of labor-saving machinery. Our farmers thus producing as much food as now, and our manufactures producing as much cloth, etc., here as they now do in Europe, does not every one see that an immense saving would be secured to both in the diminution of the enormous force now diverted from production to needless transportation and traffic? Here is an utter waste of the energies and efforts of millions, who must levy their support upon the actual producers, to whom they are necessary under the present system. At this moment, for broadcloth costing three dollars per yard, the farmers of Illinois and Indiana are paying from six to twelve bushels of wheat; while the manufacturer in England, is receiving less than two bushels! The balance is swallowed up by the expenses of transportation, sale and re-sale, British taxes, tithes, etc. But let us adopt and adhere to such a policy as will woo the manufacturer to a residence among us, and he will receive much more wheat for a piece of cloth, while the farmer receives much more cloth for a load of wheat; the saving of four thousand miles profitless transportation being shared between them. Such are the results and the benefits of the protective system.

The careful reader will already have perceived that the foundations of that system are laid not in strife, not in envy, jealousy, or ill-will, but in the highest good to man, and to all men. We do not commend it as desirable for or beneficial to this country, or its farmers, only, but for all countries, all classes, and all times. Wherever man shall, in the sweat of his brow, eat bread, there it is desirable that all departments of industry shall be prosecuted as nearly as may be together, unless some condition of climate or soil shall forbid it; and if through unequal currencies, diverse institutions, or other cause, this intermingling of agricultural and manufacturing avocations fails to take place naturally, then it is desirable that public policy should interpose to secure it. If the articles which one now buys, shall for a time cost more, those which he has to sell, will, at the same time, command more; and after a brief season, the alleged evil will disappear, while the benefit permanently remains, having its root in the nature of things. The case is just like this: A. B. raises wheat in Ohio, which he exchanges with C. D. for manufactures in Montreal, while E. F. makes his living by carrying back and forth the grain and goods. But, in course of time, G. H. sets up a manufactory or depot within a mile of A. B., and offers to supply him goods for grain at the

same rate that he has hitherto traded in Montreal. By accepting this offer, A. B. makes a clear saving of the amount formerly paid to E. F. for his services, and the latter is left to abandon his unproductive, and betake himself to some productive employment, whereby there is a clear saving of the whole of his services to the world. In other words, the same amount of labor produces so much more of the necessaries or comforts of life than formerly, and the community is to that extent enriched by the change.

And here is shown the fallacy of the free trade cavil, that if protection is so good a thing for nations, it must be good for states, counties, towns, and even families also, and that each should protect its own industry against the rivalry of all neighbors, and the farmer make his own boots, hats and broadcloth, as well as the nation. All must see that while a nation affords full scope and materials for a perfect and economical division of labor, a family, or township does not; and that, while the expense of transporting grain from Indiana to manufacturers in Cincinnati or Louisville may be very light, the cost of taking the same grain to Birmingham or Manchester, would be enormous. The case is just as if a man should say, "you tell me I cannot afford to go a hundred miles for the boots and shoes I need, because the cost of the journey will overbalance the saving in price; now, on the same principle, I cannot go a hundred rods, but must buy of the nearest and dearest manufacturer, or make for myself." The analogy here is obviously defective and unsound, and so with the cavil referred to.

Equally fallacious is the objection that *England* protects her own industry, yet her laborers are depressed and wretched; therefore, Protection is a curse to the laborer. This is one of those loose, imperfect analogies by which anything may be proved, and which of course proves nothing. The English laborer is depressed, not because his labor is protected, but for very different reasons. He is trodden down by laws of primogeniture, which secure to a few persons a monopoly of all the real property in the kingdom, and of course compel the mass to pay enormously high rents for the use of lands, etc.; by an enormous public debt and public burdens of all kinds; by an extravagant government, an immense army, a pampered priesthood of the established church, etc., etc. Put the public burdens of the English upon us, and we could not bear them a single year. Abolish every vestige of her tariff, and without other or more radical changes she would still be a nation of prodigals and paupers. Her evils lie far too deep for so superficial a remedy.

I have not urged at all the argument of necessity founded on the

tariffs of other nations, and their bearing upon our interests. How we are to pay for foreign manufactures when the producing nations *will not* take our grain, wheat, etc., in return, is indeed, a problem most difficult to solve and of whose insolubility our present depressed, embarrassed, and crippled condition, is a mournful evidence. At this moment, while the makers of our cloths and wares are paying twenty cents a pound for pork in England, the wearers of that cloth are selling pork at *one cent* a pound in Illinois. Here is an enormous difference between the price received by the producer and that paid by the consumer—a difference which is utterly ruinous to productive industry on both sides. How long shall it be submitted to?

Enlightened protection is emphatically the hope and stay of the toiling millions over the whole face of the earth. Wherever a hammer is lifted, a plow held, a shuttle thrown, over the globe, there is one whose direct interest it is that labor should be efficiently protected, not merely in his own but in all countries, and that the excessive and fatal competition of capital with capital, sinew with sinew, privation with privation, to excel in cheapness of production—that is, cheapness of money price—should be checked and bounded. Let labor, therefore, with one mighty voice, demand adequate, stable protection, and a wider and deeper prosperity will soon irradiate the land, carrying independence, comfort, and joy to the dwelling alike of the farmer and artisan, in every section of the country.

August 20, 1842.

His views upon the distribution of the wild lands of the government to actual settlers, though not distinctively his own, have become organic in the legislation of the country. His persistent plea for economy in the expenditures of public money, has done much to lessen the expenses of the government, as well as of States.

His views upon financial and foreign questions, have usually been good. He has always been advising a policy that would keep up the credit of the nation, and form friendly alliances with foreign powers. In 1854, when the Know-Nothing party was organized, and a sanguine effort made to spread the organization all over the country, to the full extent of controlling the national politics, Mr. GREELEY, with that far-seeing judgment of his, and which is always tempered with justice to his fellows, boldly opposed

the movement, and published in the Whig Almanac of 1855, the following essay, containing his views upon the subject of

#### THE KNOW-NOTHINGS.

The political events of the year 1854, are: 1. The passage of the Nebraska bill. 2. The veto of the River and Harbor bill. 3. The defeat of the Federal administration, through its supporters, in nearly all the Free States of the Union, mainly in consequence of the general opposition to so much of the Nebraska bill, as repeals the Missouri restriction on the westward progress of slavery. 4. The rise and progress of the Know-Nothings.

The Act of Congress, and the election returns herewith printed, will shed light on most, or all of these events, but the rise of the new power in our politics, known as the Know-Nothings, seems to require some further elucidation.

Congress is empowered by the Constitution to pass uniform laws of naturalization; yet it has been legally decided, that no law so passed, can oblige a State to admit to, or exclude from the political franchises in accordance with its provisions. That is, to say: Congress may extend the term of probation for immigrants seeking to become citizens to twenty or forty years, and yet any State may admit those same probationers to vote, to hold office, and even be elected to the lower House of Congress, itself, before they shall have resided among us even one year.

The exclusive power of naturalization vested in Congress, is thus practically of small account; the States being enabled to overrule or evade it, as they may see fit.

And, in fact Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, and perhaps other Free States, have extended the right of suffrage to immigrants who had not been naturalized, nor lived long enough among us to be entitled to naturalization. The first Act of Congress establishing the conditions of naturalization, was quite liberal—much like our present law.

The great convulsion in Europe, generated by the French Revolution of 1789-93, however, threw upon our shores a large body of exiles and refugees from the British Isles, from France, &c., of whom the younger and more energetic portion were eager to involve this country in a war with Great Britain, and other aristocratic powers, in favor of Democracy, and Revolutionary France.

Their efforts were sternly resisted by the Federal administrations of Washington and John Adams, and the refugees very naturally became the active and implacable adversaries of the Federal party

Hence, in 1798, Congress, under the Presidency of John Adams, passed an Act, requiring *fourteen* years' residence of this country, prior to naturalization—an act which did not prevent, but probably aided the overthrow of Adams, and the election of Jefferson, in the heated and memorable presidential contest of 1800.

The Jeffersonian triumph insured a return to liberality in naturalization; and the act was passed, which still endures, reducing the term of probation to *five* years, and requiring a declaration of intention to become a citizen, at least *two* years before that intention can be consummated. The naturalized citizens, improperly termed "foreigners," continued, very naturally, to vote almost unanimously for the party which had thus lowered the barrier between their former estate and citizenship; and, as they were in the average notoriously less intelligent, and more inclined to belligerent demonstrations at the polls than our native-born electors, they often viewed with unfriendly regard by those whom, by throwing their whole weight into one of the scales, nearly balanced without them, they pretty generally overbalanced at the polls. Accordingly, we find the easy naturalization and great power of foreigners, enumerated among the chronic grievances complained of by the ultra-Federalists, in the famous Hartford Convention of 1814-15. And when Albert Gallatin was nominated for Vice-President in 1824, as the Republican or Congressional caucus candidate, it was objected to him, that he, being of foreign (Swiss) birth, and therefore constitutionally ineligible to the Presidency, ought not to be chosen to the second office, which might involve him at any moment, in the discharge of the high responsibilities of the first. Still, no change in the law of naturalization was made or seriously urged in Congress, nor has there been, down to this December, 1854.

In 1835-6-7, a "Native American" organization—not very formidable, nor yet very decided and definite in its purposes—was maintained in the city of New York; but it dealt mainly with municipal affairs, and did not make head in the Fall or State election of 1837.

Nothing more was heard of it until 1843, when the Democrats, having regained control of the city at the Spring election, in good part through the efforts of the adopted citizens, (and, as was stoutly alleged, by the aid of illegal voting to an enormous extent,) proceeded to parcel out the newly won offices, and gave so considerable a share of them to their partisans born in Europe, as to excite very general dissatisfaction and disgust among their native-born compatriots. Hereupon, nativism sprang into new life, this time

having its origin in the Democratic camp, but soon drawing in thousands from the opposite party.

It polled 9,000 votes at the Fall elections of that year, and next Spring carried the city, most of the Whigs falling into its support as the only way of beating their old antagonists.

James Harper (native) was chosen Mayor, having some 25,000 votes to 20,000 for Coddington, (Dem.) and 5,000 for Graham, (Whig,) and a strong native ascendency in every branch of the city government, was secured.

Thence the flame spread to Philadelphia, where it was swelled by repeated riots and fights between the natives and the Irish, in the course of which several lives were destroyed, and much property, including one or two Catholic churches. The cities of Philadelphia and New York were both carried in the Fall by the natives, with such help as the Whigs chose to give them in the expectation of securing in return, the entire native vote for Clay and Frelinghuysen, and thus electing those candidates.

This expectation was disappointed; New York city gave 2,800 majority against Clay, at the same time that it chose native members of Congress and Assembly, and both this State and Pennsylvania voted for Polk, and elected him. Next Spring nativism was beaten in our city, and was prostrate or extinct everywhere. But its spirit was not wholly dead.

It gave rise to a secret society, known as "The Order of United Americans," which has ever since existed, and though ostensibly taking no part in politics, has occasionally given a lift to a brother who was up for office, especially if a "foreigner," or champion of foreigners were running against him.

Very little attention, however, was excited by its doings. In 1852, a new secret Order was devised and started, having the same general object, but more subtle in its principles and operations. Its animating spirit, is hostility to the exercise of political power in this country, by "foreigners,"—that is, men born in other lands—but more especially to Roman Catholics.

Its members are popularly termed *Know-Nothings*, because they are required, when interrogated with respect to this Order, to declare that they know nothing about it, and to answer all manner of interrogatories in that spirit.

The very name of the Order is not revealed to them until they are admitted to its higher degrees, so that they can conscientiously swear that they know no such society, and do not belong to it.

(It is understood to be "The Sons of '76, or Order of the Star-Spangled Banner.") No badges are worn by the members at any

time, nor banners displayed; their meetings are held as privately as possible, and called by a signal, understood only by the initiated. Each lodge is represented by delegates to a "Council," which nominate candidates whom the members are sworn to support, and punished by expulsion, when they fail to do so.

And, so long as the councils adhered to their original plan of selecting the best men already in nomination, from the tickets of the several parties, and voting for them without giving public notice of their choice until the ballots were counted out of the box, they were well nigh invincible. For instance, suppose the Know-Nothings of this city to number 5,000 only, composed of 3,000 Whigs and 2,000 Democrats; the concentration of their entire vote on a ticket made up by selection from the regular Whig and Democratic tickets, would almost inevitably result in their complete triumph. Thus were won their earlier victories.

More recently, however, they have seen fit, in many cases, to nominate tickets of their own, containing few or no names borne on other tickets.

Thus they have succeeded in Delaware and Massachusetts, (two of the States which went strongest for John Adams, against Jefferson;) while they have failed in New York, where their State ticket ran below either its "Whig," or its "Soft" antagonist. In the local or municipal elections, however, this secret organization has often exhibited great strength, especially where the Whig party has declined to oppose it—witness Baltimore, New Orleans, San Francisco, etc.

It is now organizing, and drilling to play an important part in the next presidential contest, and among those severally mentioned as its probable nominee for President, are Millard Fillmore of New York, Sam Souston of Texas, John M. Clayton of Delaware, John Bell of Tennessee, Kenneth Raynor of North Carolina, and Jacob Broome, of Pennsylvania. In case a southern man should be taken for President, the Vice Presidency is assigned, by public rumor, to Daniel Ullmann of New York. But all such forecastings are subject to time and chance, and the powerful Order is already, as is reported, beset by jars and feuds, which threaten its unity, if not its existence.

Unless past experience misleads, it is likely to run its career rapidly, and vanish as suddenly as it appeared. It *may* last through the next presidential canvass, but hardly longer than that; or it may cast off its cloak of mystery, and come into the field of open conflict, a native American and anti-Romanist party, and win two or three victories on that platform.

But it would seem as devoid of the elements of persistence, as an anti-Cholera, or anti-Potato-Rat party would be, and unlikely long to abide the necessary attrition of real and vital differences of opinion among its members, with respect to the great questions of Foreign and Domestic Policy, which practically divide the country. These must soon dissolve its compact organization, district its councils,

“And like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind.”

A very important paper of Mr. GREELEY'S setting forth his views on party politics, appeared in the Whig Almanac of 1852, and entitled “Why I am a Whig.” It really is an able State paper, and goes far to prove the sagacity and comprehension of the author's mind. Notwithstanding, we reproduce it twenty years after its first publication, the reader will find it well worth perusal:

#### WHY I AM A WHIG—REPLY TO AN INQUIRING FRIEND.

MY DEAR P———:—You have been pleased to express your surprise that I, whom you consider in other respects liberal and progressive, should yet sympathize and act with the American Whig party, rather than its great antagonist.

The time and place chosen for this expression precluded an immediate and circumstantial reply; you will excuse, therefore, the medium and method of my answer. I hope to be able to present to your mind, or at least to the minds of others less prejudiced against my conclusions, some considerations hitherto overlooked, or inadequately weighed and regarded.

May I not fairly claim of you a patient and, if possible, a candid hearing? Two grand and fruitful ideas attract and divide the political world.

On the one hand Liberty, on the other Order, is the watchword of a mighty host, impatient of resistance and eager for universal dominion.

Each has had its reign—nay, its reign of terror; and the butcheries of Catiline and Marius, of Marit and Robespierre, have been fully paralleled by those of Alva and Claverhouse, of Survarrow and Haynan.

An infinity of cruelty and crime has been perpetrated in the abuses name of Order, and hardly less in that equally abused of Liberty. But neither of these suffices without the other. Each is



indispensable to general contentment, prosperity and happiness. No good is secured in the absence of either.

If, without Liberty human existence is bitter and irksome, without Order it is precarious and beset with constant perils.

Few men will clear, and plant, and build, without a reasonable assurance that they shall likewise reap, and inhabit, and enjoy.

For Liberty, a nation wisely and nobly discards present tranquility, thrift and peace, just as it welcomes the tempest and the thunderbolt, rather than endure eternal drouth and consequent sterility, but, having achieved freedom, it finds itself compelled to rebuild the shattered bulwarks of Order, and re-affirm the sacred majesty of law. Anarchy or mob-rule is the worst of despotisms; it is the rule of thousands of savage tyrants, instead of one; it is the carnival of unbridled lust, brutality and ruffianism.

As an escape from this, the government even of Egypt or Naples would be joyfully accepted by all who prefer to walk in the quiet paths of industry and virtue.

Now Republics have their peculiar perils no less than monarchies, and they, though diverse, are not unrelated. What the sycophant, the courtier, is to the Sovereign Prince, the Demagogue is to the Sovereign People. The maxim that "The King can do no wrong" is as mischievous in a Free State as in any other.

Nations, as well as Kings, have their weaknesses, their vices, their temptations; they, too, need to be frequently reminded of the Macedonian's admonition, "Remember, Philip, thou art mortal."

They, too, are subject to the illusion of false glory. They are often impelled to kill or to enslave their neighbors under the pretence of liberating them; they are in danger of mistaking the promptings of ambition or covetousness for those of philanthropy or destiny.

Nowhere is their greater need of conservatism than in a young, powerful and martial Republic.

It was by no accident, or fortuitous concurrence of events, therefore, that Washington, Knox, Hamilton, and the great majority of those who had battled bravely and perseveringly for American Independence during the revolution, became afterwards the founders and champions of the more conservative and less popular party under the Federal Constitution.

When the country needed defense against foreign tyranny, and again when it required guidance through the perils of domestic anarchy, they were found at the post of danger and of duty.

That they committed errors in either case is quite probable, but

the patriotic instinct which summoned them to the defense of enfeebled Order was identical with that which had previously called them to battle under the flag of Liberty.

And while it is quite possible to err on the side of Order as well as that of Liberty, the tendency, the temptation, in a Democracy like ours, is almost wholly on the side of the latter.

Where the King is "the fountain of honor," self-seeking flatters and panders to the monarch; where the people are the sources of power, the courtier becomes a demagogue, and labors to ingratiate himself with that active, daring, reckless minority, who habitually attend political gatherings, give tone to the public sentiment of bar-rooms, always vote and solicit votes at elections, direct the most efficient party machinery, and thus virtually stand for what they assume to be—the people. The danger of erring lies inevitably on the same side with the temptation.

Strictly speaking, there is but one organized, disciplined party in our country—that which assumes to be the champion and embodiment of Democracy.

This party enjoys certain vast advantages in a contest over any which can be mustered against it.

In the first place, it has the more popular name—one which the most ignorant comprehend, in which the most depressed find promise of hope and sympathy, and which the humble and lowly immigrant, just landed from his Atlantic voyage, recognizes as the watchword of Liberty in the beloved land whence he is for Liberty's sake an exile.

Of course he rallies under the flag so invitingly inscribed, and suffers his prejudices to be enlisted on behalf of one party before he knows wherein and why it differs from the other.

Not one-fourth of our voters of European birth ever primarily considered the claims of the two parties respectively to their support, and gave an impartial judgment between them. They were never fairly in a position to do so.

Here are a half a million votes, to begin with, secured to the self-styled Democracy by their name, and there are at least as many natives of our soil who vote "the regular ticket" because of its name, and would at least *as* heartily support protection to Home Labor, River and Harbor Improvements, &c., as they now oppose them, if the Democratic label were taken from the one side, and affixed to the other.

This vast dead-weight fastened in one scale naturally attracts thither a large class of young lawyers and other aspirants who are more anxious to be on the winning than on the right side, and

whose gaze is fascinated and fixed by the prospect of judgeships, seats in the Legislature, &c., &c.

Thus the party termed Democratic, commences a struggle for ascendancy with nearly or quite one-third of the votes attached to its standard, not by any enlightened, unprejudiced judgment that the country will be benefited by its success, but by considerations quite foreign to this; whilst its antagonist obtains few or no votes but those of reading or thinking men, who, judging from experience, and the doctrines propounded and measures promoted on either side, earnestly believe the ascendancy of that self-styled Democratic party fraught with evil to the nation.

And yet, in spite of its immense advantages aside from the merits of the case, in spite, also, of the *prestige* of former triumphs, almost unbroken, that Democratic party has been beaten in two of the three last presidential elections, and barely succeeded in the other. Could such have been the fact, if its distinctive principles and practices had not been decidedly adverse to the plain requirements of the public weal?

Let me here briefly indicate, according to my understanding of the fact, that those distinctive characteristics are:

1. The party styling itself Democratic is, as regards foreign powers, the more belligerent and aggressive party.

It takes delight in shaking its fists in the face of mankind in general.

It made all the foreign wars in which our country has been involved since her independence was acknowledged.

In its secret councils the wresting of Texas from Mexico, and her annexation to this country, were plotted.

There the Mexican war was precipitated by the absurd claim that Texas extended to the Rio Grande del Norte, and by sending General Taylor down to take post in the very heart of a Mexican department, under the guns of its capital.

In those councils peace was refused to Mexico after she had been beaten into a concession of the Rio Grande boundary, unless she would further consent to sell us for money vast areas of Territory, which it was not even pretended that she owed us, which, by offering her fifteen millions therefor, our rulers plainly confessed that he had no just claim to.

In these councils were plotted the several invasions of Cuba, under the pretense that her inhabitants pined for deliverance from Spanish ascendancy—a pretense thoroughly exploded by the event.

Thence originated the mob-gatherings in our cities, to raise men and money in aid of Lopez; thence, also, the shameful riots in

New Orleans, wherein the property of peaceful and harmless Spanish residents was destroyed, their safety endangered, and their counsel barely saved from a violent death by taking refuge in a prison.

For these shameful outrages Democracy had never a word of regret, though it was eager enough to drive our government into hostile demonstrations against Spain, because her war steamer had compelled our *Falcon* to heave to and satisfy them that she was not engaged in landing invaders on the Cuban coast.

This harmless act of maritime police, which no captain of a war-steamer, under like circumstances, would have been justified in omitting, and which none who carried the American flag would ever have thought of omitting, had Spaniards been the invaders and our coast the scene of action, has been trumpeted through the land as a wanton and lawless aggression, for which the fullest reparation should be exacted, and which our Whig Cabinet evinced great pusillanimity in not promptly resenting.

This is a fair sample of the spirit by which that party was animated nearly twenty years ago. It threatened France with war, in case the money she owed our merchants for spoliations committed under her flag, since 1800, were not promptly paid; though an equal amount due our merchants for French spoliations before 1800, and which our government for a valuable consideration, by it received, had promised a half century since to discharge, though often petitioned for, then remained unpaid, and still remains so, one bill providing for its payment having been vetoed by a "Democratic" President, and another defeated in the House by a "Democratic" opposition.

And so, from first to last, partisan "Democracy" has steadily evinced a disposition to bully other nations for the payment of doubtful debts, while refusing on frivolous pretexts to pay indisputable debts of our own.

No reproach has been more commonly applied to the Whig party by its enemies than that of being a "peace party," and of "taking the side of the enemy," and nothing could be said, which, rightly regarded, redounds more to its praise.

It is easy and popular, in case of international disputes, to take extreme ground, to insist on all the points which favor our own country, and slur over those which make for its antagonist—easy to rouse the dogs of war, and cry havoc amidst the shouts of excited and admiring multitudes.

But to urge that there is another side of the picture, which also demands consideration—that men are not necessarily demons be-

cause they live across a river, or speak a different language from ourselves—that we have not only endured wrong but done wrong, and that the claims put forth on our behalf are beyond the measure of justice—this is not the way to win huzzas nor elections, yet it is the course often dictated by duty and genuine patriotism.

Honor, then, to that party which has repeatedly dared to stem the mad torrent of revenge and lust of conquest, and to receive into its own bosom the darts aimed at foreign people, States and nations, and calculated to stir up revengeful passions in their breasts in turn.

“Blessed are the peacemakers,” and blessed also are they who for half a century have stood forth the unshrinking antagonists of aggression and war!

“We are a land-stealing race!” was once exultingly propounded in Tammany Hall, by a chief actor in the theft of Texas, who is now a formidable aspirant for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

With our covetous, aggressive propensities thus broadly proclaimed, who shall say that credit is not due to that party which dares entrench itself across the path of national rapacity, and receive the first charge of the headlong host upon its own thinned ranks, rather than permit it to pour itself unchecked across the inviting possessions of our neighbors.

2. Opposed to the instinct of boundless acquisition, stands that of Internal Improvement. A nation cannot simultaneously devote its energies to the absorption of others' Territories, and the improvement of its own.

In a state of war, not law only is silent, but the pioneer's axe, the canal-digger's mattock, and the house-builder's trowel also.

Vainly should we hope to clear, and drain, and fence, and fertilize, our useless millions of acres, at the same time that we are intent on bringing the whole vast continent under our exclusive dominion.

It is by no accident, therefore, but by an instinct profounder than any process of reasoning, that the Democratic party arrays itself against the prosecution of Internal Improvements.

Individuals in that party may demur, and local or personal interests may overbear party tenents and tendencies, but it is none the less true that “the party” is essentially hostile to the Improvement policy.

We see this evinced in its votes against and vetoes of river and harbor improvement bills, in its repudiations, its hostility to corporations, &c., &c.

Individuals in the party will pretend to be in favor of the prosecution of such improvements, but not by the General Government, nor by the State Government, nor yet by a company of citizens, unless clogged with conditions which render such prosecution morally impossible.

Thus, New Hampshire, under "Democratic" guidance, undertook to saddle all corporations with the individual liability of each stockholder for the full amount of every debt incurred by the company, thus repelling men of large capital or caution, and effectually obstructing progress. To this succeeded a party attempt to make every railroad company buy every foot of land it was compelled to cross at the owner's valuation, in effect giving one rapacious or perverse landholder on the line of a projected railroad a power to prevent its construction.

This ground was finally receded from, when the combination of local interest with Whig resistance, threatened to revolutionize the State; but the spirit which dictated the effort still lives and reigns, though deterred by fear of consequences from that particular mode and measures of self-exhibition.

I watched with intense and painful interest, the last hours of the late Congress.

A bill had passed the House, supported by a few "Democratic," and nearly all the Whig votes, making appropriations for the further improvement of rivers and harbors throughout the country.

That bill came up in course to be acted on in the Senate. Every question involved in its passage had been heretofore discussed in either House, so as to be perfectly understood from the outset, and nothing could be effected by its discussion but the consumption of time.

But though a decided majority of the Senate, was of the party termed "Democratic," yet that majority included a number who, if this bill were pressed to a final vote, would be impelled by local interest or personal conviction to support it, so that such a vote would insure its passage; while several "Democratic" Senators, representing States deeply interested in the prosecution of these improvements, but themselves aspirants to the Presidency, and depending on anti-Improvement support, were unwilling to vote either for or against the bill.

In this dilemma, an understanding was had, in caucus, that the bill should be talked to death, no matter at what cost.

In pursuance of this plot, day after day was wasted in time-killing talk; amendment after amendment was moved, merely to hang speeches upon; and even old reports and veto messages sent

to the clerk, to be read through. Nearly all the important business of the session remained unperfected.

At length, on the last morning of the session, Mr. Clay, on behalf of the friends of the bill, rose and said substantially: "Gentlemen opposite! We know you can talk this bill to death if you will; and it is understood that you have agreed to do so.

If this be your determination, tell us so frankly, and I myself will move that this subject be laid on the table, and the Appropriation bills taken up instead."

We paused, but no one responded.

The men who had no scruple as to the deed were ashamed of its appearance, or afraid of its responsibility.

So the debate went on, and the game of staving off was persisted in, until four o'clock of the morning *after* the session should have closed, when all hopes of its passage having died out, a majority voted to lay the Harbor bill on the table, and proceed with the ordinary appropriations which were rushed through somehow by noon or a little after.

Can a party which thus fights Internal Improvement, and skulks from responsibility, have any just claim to be distinguished as Democratic?

So with the question of protection to Home Industry.

I am tolerably acquainted with all that has been urged on behalf of the policy known as Free Trade; but it has never shaken my conviction that a tariff of duties, wisely adjusted so as to afford both revenue and protection, is essential to the national growth and well-being.

What do we mean by Protection?

Simply the restriction of importations of foreign manufactures to such an extent that their younger and less hardy American rivals may take root and flourish.

How far do we propose to prosecute this policy?

Until our country's legitimate wants are supplied by her own labor, so far as nature may have interposed no impediment.

We never proposed, or intended to naturalize here any branch of industry for which nature had indicted a different soil or climate than our own, such as the growing of the coffee, or spices, or tropical fruits; but wherever nature is as propitious to the production on our own soil as any other, we maintain that self-interest, and the interest of labor universally, demand the encouragement and fostering of home production, up to that point where each production shall be found to equal the home consumption.

In other words, we hold it the interest of labor universally, that producer and consumer should everywhere be placed in as simple and direct relations as possible, so as to relieve them from the necessity of paying transportation, and three or four profits upon the interchange of their mutual products in different hemispheres, when those products might, with as little labor, have been produced in the same neighborhood.

We contend that in this great work of bringing consumer and producer nearer each other, and thus diminishing the cost of a factitious commerce, Government has an important and beneficent function assigned it, which it cannot abjure without gross direktion and serious detriment to the public weal.

Now that Protection, wisely directed, has greatly benefited and enriched our own and other countries, I can no more doubt than I can my own existence.

I defy any of its adversaries to point out an instance wherein a branch of industry, required for the supply of our own legitimate wants, has been naturalized among us by means of Protection, where such transfer has not decidedly conduced to the general welfare of our people. The reason of this is too plain to escape the discernment of any who with unprejudiced eyes will attempt to see.

That our cotton, corn, wheat, beef, pork, etc., come cheaper to their consumers in this country than they would if we imported them, is not more self-evident than that the cloths, silks, wares, crockery, etc., which we now import, *would* cost us less, if made on our own soil than they do while imported from Europe. For, to make them, whether in Europe or America, requires substantially the same amount of labor, which, in either case, must be paid for by our farmers, etc., with the fruits of *their* labor; but, so long as they are made in and imported from Europe, another large amount of labor will be required from one class or both classes of producers, to pay the heavy cost of transportation from producer to consumer, and to carry back our heavy staples, in which the payment must mainly be made.

It may easily be that the nominal or money price of our wares and fabrics shall be lower, while they are mainly produced abroad, and yet their real cost be far higher.

We say, the farmer pays so many dollars for his cloths, his wares, his tea and coffee; but practically he does not pay money, but grain or meat, even though he sell the latter for cash, and hands that over for his goods. The vital question with him is "Under which policy can I buy what I need, not for the least



money, but for the least aggregate of my own labor, as applied to the improving and tilling of my land?" and this question the money-test does not conclusively answer.

Suppose an Illinois or Wisconsin farmer could supply his annual needs of cloths, wares and groceries for eighty dollars, while we buy them mainly abroad, while it would cost him one hundred to buy them if produced (under stringent Protection) at home—what then?

"Then he saves twenty dollars by striking for free trade," says an advocate of that policy. Ah! no sir! We have answered quite too hastily, for the change from free trade to Protection inevitably brings markets for his own products nearer and nearer to his farm, increasing their cash value, and extending his range of profitable production.

With free trade and "our work-shops in Europe," he had no choice but to grow wheat and cattle for exportation, and to take such prices for them as the competition of all the world in the open markets of Great Britain would allow, less the cost of transportation from his farm to Liverpool; but let Protection supplant free trade, and now he begins to feel the stimulus of near and nearer markets urging him to produce other articles far more profitable than wheat-growing for the English market.

Should a manufactory of any kind be established within a few miles of him, he finds there a market for wood, vegetables, poultry, veal, fresh butter, hay, etc., etc., at prices much better than he could have obtained while we were buying our goods in Europe; his labor produces more annual value; his farm is worth more than it was or could be while we were dependent on Europe for a market. Many things are now turned off from his farm at good prices, which had no money value, while an ocean rolled between him and his market; he becomes thrifty and buys more, far more than formerly, because he is *able* to buy far more.

Instead of one or two hundred dollars' worth of wheat or pork to sell at one particular season, he is turning off a hundred dollars' worth of milk, fruit, timber, vegetables, etc., each month, keeping out of debt at the store and elsewhere, and laying up money.

He improves his buildings, and thus gives a job to his neighbor, the carpenter; he fills up his house with furniture, to the satisfaction of his neighbor, the cabinet-maker; he sends his children to a seminary, and thus increases the income of the teacher.

On every side, the farmer's prosperity overflows, and conducts to the prosperity of his townsmen. And the basis of all this is the fact that, by a benignant policy, adequate mar-

kets have been brought nearer his doors, whereby he receives eighty or ninety instead of forty or fifty per cent. of what the consumer of his products pays for them, and is enabled advantageously to grow many articles which, with our work-shops in Europe must have rotted on his hands, had he grown them.

Every dollar thus saved in the expense of needless transportation, by drawing the manufacturers nearer and nearer to the side of the former, is a new stimulus to production, and the hundred acres which gave scanty employment as herdsmen and wheat-growers to two or three hands, afford ample employment for a dozen to twenty, when, by reason of the neighborhood of manufacturing, wheat and grass have been in great part supplanted by gardens, fruit and vegetables.

There is no more mystery in the increase of production and prosperity under a judiciously directed Protective policy, than in the fact that a team immediately before a wagon will draw a heavier load than it would if fastened forty rods ahead of the load.

*Protection diverts labor from non-productive to productive employments*—that is the whole story.

By diversifying industry, it calls into active exercise a wider range of capacities, and develops powers which would otherwise have lain dormant and unsuspected. Thousands who, in a community wholly agricultural, or wholly manufacturing, would find nothing to do, are satisfactorily employed, are remunerated where diverse pursuits are being prosecuted all around them.

Protection and Internal Improvement work from opposite directions to one common end—namely, the diminution of expense in the transportation from producer to consumer. Protection aims to bring the consumer, wherever this may be practicable, to the side of the producer; Internal Improvement essays, where that is not practicable, to bring the product from the latter to the former at the least possible cost.

Now there was a time, when out of the narrow circle of importing influence, these truths were admitted and acted upon by the whole American people—at least, throughout the Free States.

Nobody pretended that Protection was anti-Democratic fifty, forty, thirty, or even twenty-five years ago.

On the contrary, Pennsylvania and Kentucky, then ranked among the most "Democratic" States, were the earliest and most decided champions of Protection, throughout the earlier decades of the struggle.

Gen. Jackson, when a candidate for President, and even after he had been transformed from a "Federal into *the* Democratic" can-

didate, was vaunted by his friends a sturdy Protectionist. His letter to Dr. Coleman, of North Carolina, was repeatedly published to sustain the claim.

The tariff of 1828 (the highest and most protective we have ever had) was framed by a Jackson Committee, passed by a Jackson Congress, and boasted of as a Jackson measure.

Party exigencies, and the supposed necessity of retaining the good will of the cotton-growing interest, have since veered "the party" completely off the Protective track, but it is none the less essentially "Democratic" on that account. Men are mutable, but principles are eternal.

Protection is just as Democratic to-day, as if it had been endorsed and commended by five regiments of ravenous office-seekers, styling themselves Democratic National Conventions.

4. There underlies the practical politics of our time and country a Radical diversity of sentiment respecting the appropriate sphere of government.

On the one hand, Republican government is regarded as the natural friend and servant of the people, whose proper function it is to lighten their burdens, to increase their faculties of intercourse or intelligence, and to contribute in all practicable way to their progress, comfort and happiness.

On the other, government is regarded with jealousy and distrust, as an enemy to be watched, an evil to be restricted within the narrowest limits.

The mottoes of this latter school are significant; "the world is governed too much"—"the best Government is that which governs least,"—"*laissez faire* (let us alone,)" etc., etc.

Now these maxims seem to me unwisely transferred from governments directed by despots, to governments controlled by and existing for the people.

They are nowhere recognized by the Democracy of Europe, which plainly contemplates the institution of governments more pervasive and efficient than the world has yet known, free education, insurance by the State, the right to labor—these are but a part of the ideas of like tendency, which the European Democracy stands ready to realize whenever it shall have the power.

Its policy is constructive, creative, and beneficent, while that of our self-styled "Democracy" is repulsive, chilling, nugatory—a bundle of negations, restrictions, and abjurations.

Can there be a rational doubt as to which of these is the true Democracy?

Who does not see that the fundamental ideas of our party Democracy are as radically hostile to common schools, and to tax-sustained common roads, as to a protective tariff, a national Bank, or to the national improvement of our rivers and harbors, if it dare but follow where its principals lead?

5. There is another point on which I must speak frankly; and I ask you not to take offense at, but earnestly ponder it.

You and I prefer the society and counsel of those who walk, so far as we may judge, in the ways of virtue, to that of the reckless, ostentatious servators of vice.

You, I am confident, will not stigmatize this preference as aristocratic, nor seek to confound poverty with vice, in the paltry hope of making capital out of the natural indignation of the former.

The great city of my residence is, perhaps, a fair sample politically of the whole country—its parties almost equal in numbers, and each composed of rich and poor, native and foreign born, informed and ignorant.

Doubtless, the great mass, of whatever party, sincerely desire the public welfare; doubtless, rogues and libertines are to be found in the ranks of each of the great parties.

But point wherever you please to an election district which you will pronounce morally rotten—given up in great part to debauchery and vice, whose voters subsist mainly by keeping policy-offices, gambling-houses, grog-shops, and darken dens of infamy—and that district will be found at nearly or quite every election, giving a large majority for that which styles itself the "Democratic" party.

Thus, the "Five Points" is the most "Democratic" district of our city; "The Hook" follows not very far behind it, and so on.

Take all the haunts of debauchery in the land, and you will find nine-tenths of their master spirits active partisans of that same "Democracy." What is the instinct, the sympathetic cord, which attaches them so uniformly to this party? Will you consider?

Democracy is, I know full well, a word of power. I know that it has a charm for the hopeful, the generous, the lowly and the aspiring, as well as for many darker spirits.

I know that he who aspires to influence, office and honors, rather than to usefulness and an approving conscience, will naturally be led to enlist under its banner, often drugging his moral sense with the sophistry that he who would do good must put himself in a position where the *power* to do good will most probably attach to him.

But I know also that names must lose their potency, as intelligence shall be diffused more and more widely.

I know that to *be* truly Democratic is of more importance than to win and wear the advantages connected with the name.

Of that Democracy which labors to protect the feeble, and uplift the fallen, I will endeavor not to be wholly destitute, while of that which claims a monopoly of office and honors as the due reward of its devotion to equality, I am content to be adjudged lacking.

Of that Democracy which robs the effeminate Mexican of half his broad domains, and regards with a covetous eye the last of declining Spain's valuable possessions—which plants its heel on the neck of the abject and powerless negro, and hurls its axe after the flying form of the plundered, homeless and desolate Indian—may it be written on my grave that I never was a follower, and lived and died in nothing its debtor!

My friend, I think you now understand what are my political convictions, and why I cherish them.

If they differ widely from yours, I can but hope that time and reflection may bring us nearer together, and that in whatever your views are humaner, more conducive to general well-being, more truly Democratic than mine, I shall learn of you, and become filled with your wisdom, and imbued with your spirit.

That our common country may discern and follow that path which leads through truth and right to prosperity and enduring greatness is ever the prayer of

Yours truly,

HORACE GREELEY.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1st, 1851.

The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the introduction of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, opened up, in and out of Congress, a new and extended field of political discussion, in which Mr. GREELEY took an active and earnest part.

After a long discussion of the subjects of freedom and slavery, the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty in the Territories and the final repeal of the Missouri Compromise, by the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, Stephen A. Douglas published in the September number, 1859, of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, a celebrated article, entitled: "The dividing line between Federal and Local authority, and popular sovereignty in the Territories." Mr.

GREELEY had scarcely more than returned home from California, when the article appeared; and as no one else in the country made a reply to Douglas, Mr. GREELEY at once tackled him, and replied in the *Tribune*, with masterly ability, as follows:

HISTORY VINDICATED—A LETTER TO THE HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, ON HIS HARPER ESSAY.

MR. SENATOR:—Your late magazine article, on “Popular Sovereignty in the Territories,” has already received adequate attention. That it has failed to conciliate opponents, but has rather increased their numbers and confirmed their resolution, is now evident. It has had this result, both at the North and at the South, and for a very intelligible reason. Most of the American people, who have any purpose whatever, earnestly desire, either that slavery should or should not be enabled to diffuse itself through the Federal Territories, growing with the growth, and being strengthened with the strength of the American Republic. Very few are indifferent to this overshadowing issue; few, except professional politicians, even affect to be.

You preach, therefore, the gospel of indifference of negation, of impotence, to mainly unwilling ears. I cannot feel, in reading your incubration, that you believe it yourself. Think me not uncharitable, but answer to yourself, this question—Suppose you were officially apprised that a majority of the Squatter Sovereigns of one of our Territories—we will say Utah, for example—had voted that the minority should be reduced to and held in slavery, for the benefit, and in the service of such majority, and had proceeded to enforce that determination by fire and sword—would you, as a Senator, hesitate to decide and declare that this rapacious, iniquitous purpose must be resisted and defeated by the power of the Federal Government? I know you would not. You would, in that case, inevitably recognize and affirm the duty of Congress to maintain justice in the Territories—to protect every innocent man in the peaceful enjoyment of the fair rewards of his own industry, and in the possession and enjoyment of liberty, family and honestly acquired property. The matter is too plain for argument, too certain for doubt. If, then, you uphold the right of some men to hold others as slaves in the Territories, you do it on the assumption that those ought to be masters, and these, slaves—that the slave-laws of Virginia or Texas, have rightful force and effect in Kansas or New Mexico—or on some other ground than the naked assumption of “Popular Sovereignty in the Territories.” That, you must

allow me to tell you, is but a politician's dodge, devised in 1848 by Gen. Cass, under the spur of a pressing danger, an urgent necessity, and only accepted by them who discern a means of escape from similar perils—a handy neck-yoke, to enable them to carry water on both shoulders. The Sovereignty you defer to, is that of a political necessity, not that of the people of the Territories.

But I do not propose to traverse all the logical subtleties and hair-splitting distinctions of your late elaborate essay. I did, indeed, at one time cherish a strong desire to reply to it at length, through the pages of the magazine, which gave it to the world; but, on intimating that purpose to its editor, I was denied a hearing in his columns, though it was graciously intimated that a similar demand from one of the "leading Republicans" might perhaps be favorably considered. Of course, that puts me out of Court; but whom does it let in? I cannot tell. Republicans are rather unused to being led, hence, a natural scarcity of Republican leaders. Gov. Seward, to whom you seem willing to accord the character of a leader, is known to be absent in Europe, and not likely to return for two months yet; so is Mr. Sumner; other "leading Republicans" are hardly within easy reach of the documents, essential to your systematic refutation.

Yet it seems to me important, that your misstatement of fact should be clearly exposed, even though the task should devolve on one so far from being a leader. Though the pages of the *Harper* are shut against me, those who have read your monstrous perversions of history, will never see their exposure, I am impelled to undertake the task, confining myself strictly to the historical features of your essay.

Your fundamental proposition is this, "The genius and spirit of our free institutions plainly require that the people of a Territory should be enabled and encouraged to establish and maintain human slavery on the soil of such Territory, if they see fit."

The Republicans deny this, insisting that no Government has any right to deprive innocent human beings of their liberty, accounting and holding them the mere chattels of others. They deny the right of any Territorial Government to establish or uphold such slavery, insisting that Congress is in duty bound to prohibit and prevent any such injustice in the Territories, which are common domain of the whole American people. On this main question, we are utterly irreconcilably at variance. I do not propose to argue it, or review your arguments upon it. But you proceed to assert, and to make history uphold your assertion, that your doctrine is that of the Revolutionary fathers—that the Revolution was made in its

behalf—that it was paramount in the earlier and purer days of the Republic. On this point I take issue, and appeal to the indubitable records. Here is their testimony :

The IXth Continental Congress, under the articles of Confederation, assembled at Philadelphia, Nov. 3, 1783, but adjourned next day to Annapolis, Md., where it was to have re-convened on the 26th, but a quorum was not obtained until Dec. 13, and the attendance continued so meager, that no important business was taken up until Jan. 13, 1784. The treaty of Independence and Peace with Great Britain, was unanimously ratified on the 14th—nine States represented. The House was soon left without a quorum, and so continued most of the time—of course, doing no business—till the 1st of March, when the delegates from Virginia, in pursuance of instructions from the Legislature of that State, signed the conditional deed of cession to the Confederation of her claims to territory north-west of the Ohio river. New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts had already made similar concessions to the Confederation of their respective claims to territory westward of their present limits.

Congress hereupon appointed Messrs. Jefferson of Virginia, Chase of Maryland, and Howell of Rhode Island, a select Committee, to report a plan of government for the western territory. This plan, drawn up by Thomas Jefferson, provided for the government of all the western Territory, including that portion which had not yet been, but which, it was reasonable to expect, would be surrendered to the Confederation, by the States of North Carolina and Georgia (and which now forms the States of Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi), as well as that which had already been conceded by the more northern States. All this territory, acquired and as yet unacquired, Mr. Jefferson and his associates, on this select Committee, proposed to divide into seventeen prospective, or new (embryo) States, to each of which the Report gave a name, eight of them being situated below the parallel of the falls of Ohio, (Louisville, Ky.,) and nine above that parallel—which is very near the boundary between the present Free and Slave States. To all these embryo or new States, the Committee proposed to apply this restriction :

That after the year 1800 of the Christian era, there shall be neither slavery, nor involuntary servitude in any of the said States, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the said party shall have been convicted to be personally guilty.

April 19 this reported plan came up for consideration in Congress. Mr. Spaight of N. C., moved that the above-quoted passage



be stricken out of the plan or ordinance, and Mr. Reed, of S. C., seconded the motion. The question was put in this form: "Shall the words moved to be stricken out, stand?" And on this question, the ays and nays were taken, and resulted as follows:

New Hampshire,	Mr. Foster,	ay
“ “	Mr. Blanchard,	ay
Massachusetts,	Mr. Gerry,	ay
“ “	Mr. Partridge,	ay
Rhode Island,	Mr. Ellery,	ay
“ “	Mr. Howell,	ay
Connecticut,	Mr. Sherman,	ay
“ “	Mr. Wadsworth,	ay
New York,	Mr. De Witt,	ay
“ “	Mr. Paine,	ay
New Jersey,	Mr. Dick,	ay—no quorum.
Pennsylvania,	Mr. Mifflin,	ay
“	Mr. Montgomery,	ay
“	Mr. Hand,	ay
Maryland,	Mr. McHenry,	no
“	Mr. Stone,	no
Virginia,	Mr. Jefferson,	ay
“	Mr. Hardy,	no
“	Mr. Mercer,	no
North Carolina,	Mr. Williamson,	ay
“ “	Mr. Spaight,	no—divided.
South Carolina,	Mr. Reed,	no
“ “	Mr. Beresford,	no.

Here we find the votes sixteen in favor of Mr. Jefferson's restriction, to barely seven against it, and the States divided six in favor to three against it. But the Articles of Confederation (Art. IX,) required an affirmative vote of a majority of all the States—that is, a vote of seven States—to carry a proposition; so this clause was defeated through the absence of one delegate from New Jersey, in spite of a vote of more than two to one in its favor. Had the New Jersey delegation been full, it must, to a moral certainty, have prevailed; had Delaware been then represented, it would probably have carried, even without New Jersey. Yet it is of this vote so given and recorded, but by you suppressed, that you say, in your account of the action of Congress on the bill, after amplifying on the ordinance as it passed, and claiming it as an endorsement of your views:

The fifth Article, which relates to the prohibition of slavery, after the year 1800, having been rejected by Congress, never became

a part of the Jeffersonian plan of government for the Territories, as adopted April 23, 1784. Is this a statesman's reading of American History, for the instruction and guidance of his countrymen? It certainly reminds me strongly of a blackleg turning up the knave from the bottom or middle of his pack, as though it came from the top. Who could not prove anything he wished by such unscrupulous manipulation of his authorities?

But there is no denying the fact that the last Continental Congress—that of 1787—did unanimously pass Nathan Dane's Ordinance, for the Government of the Territory north-west of the Ohio, whereby slavery is peremptorily excluded from said Territory, in the following terms :

There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said Territory, otherwise than in punishment of crimes, whereof the parties shall be duly convicted.

How do you get along with this? I will quote your very words. You are seeming to argue that by the term "States," or "new States," the Congress of that day often implied what we now designate as Territories, and you say :

The word States, is used in the same sense in the Ordinance of the 13th July, 1787, for the government of the territory north-west of the river Ohio, which was passed by the remnant of the Congress of the Confederation, sitting in New York, while its most eminent members were at Philadelphia, as delegates to the Federal Convention, aiding in the formation of the Constitution of the United States.

Let us see about this: You give us your bare word for this belittling and setting aside of the Congress of 1787, as a mere "remnant." There may be those with whom your assertion suffices, but I prefer to look at the record.

The Ordinance of 1787, just referred to, and containing the inhibition of slavery, quoted above, passed Congress on the 13th of July; and, on recurring to the journals, I find the vote on its passage, recorded as follows :

Massachusetts,	Mr. Holten,	ay
"    "	Mr. Dane,	ay
New York,	Mr. Smith,	ay
"    "	Mr. Haring,	ay
"    "	Mr. Yates,	no
New Jersey,	Mr. Clark,	ay
"    "	Mr. Scheurman,	ay
Delaware,	Mr. Kearney,	ay
"    "	Mr. Mitchell,	ay

Virginia,	Mr. Grayson,	ay
“	Mr. Richard Henry Lee,	ay
“	Mr. Covington,	ay
North Carolina,	Mr. Blount,	ay
“ “	Mr. Hawkins,	ay
South Carolina,	Mr. Kean,	ay
“ “	Mr. Huger,	ay
Georgia,	Mr. Few,	ay
“	Mr. Baldwin,	ay

Here was Virginia and every State south of her represented, and voting. Voting unanimously ay. The only negative vote cast, came from New York. It is quite true that New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Maryland were not represented on this vote; but the first four of them had unanimously voted to sustain Mr. Jefferson's original restriction, and no man can doubt that they would have voted in 1787, as they did in 1784, now that even the Carolinas and Georgia had come over to the support of the policy of Restriction. The members absent from their seats in order to attend the sittings of the Convention at Philadelphia, were Rufus King and Nathaniel Gorham of Massachusetts, William Samuel Johnson of Connecticut, Mr. Madison of Virginia, and C. Pinckney of South Carolina, and possibly one or two others, whose names I have not detected—for I can find no list of the members of the Congress, save as I pick it up from page to page of the journal, as they severally dropped in from day to day. That a few members of this Congress were transferred to seats in the Convention, is true; but in no single instance was a State left by such transfer, unrepresented in Congress, nor is there a shadow of reason for supposing that the slavery Inhibition, embodied in the glorious Ordinance, would have been struck out or modified, had no Convention been sitting. What becomes, then, of your sneer at “the remnant of the Congress?”

Here, then, we have two distinct declarations, by overwhelming majorities of the Continental Congress, in favor of the principle of slavery Inhibition—the first, by more than two to one, (though not enough to carry it under the Articles of Confederation.) Acting under the lead of Thomas Jefferson, backed by such men as Elbridge Gerry, and Rodger Sherman, assembled directly after the close of the Revolution, and while New York was still held by a British army; the second, by a vote of eight States to none in the last confederated or Continental Congress, sitting in New York simultaneously with the Convention which framed our present Federal Constitution, at Philadelphia. Here are two explicit affirmations

by the Revolutionary Fathers, of the right and duty of Congressional Inhibition of slavery in the Territories. Can there be any honest doubt as to their views on the subject?

But the Federal Constitution was framed and adopted: perhaps this abolished or modified the power over slavery in the Territories, claimed and exercised by the Continental Congress. Certainly, the presumption is strongly the other way; for the Constitution was framed to strengthen, not weaken, the Federal authority. Let us again consult the records:

The first Federal Congress convened at New York, March 4, 1789; of its members, the following had been also members of the Convention which had just before framed the Federal Constitution:

From New Hampshire—John Langdon and Nicholas Gilman.

From Massachusetts—Elbridge Gerry and Caleb Strong.

From Connecticut—Wm. Sam'l Johnson, Rodger Sherman and Oliver Ellsworth.

From New York—Rufus King—Elected to the Convention from Massachusetts.

From New Jersey—William Paterson.

From Pennsylvania—Robert Morris, George Clymer and Thomas Fitzsimons.

From Delaware—George Read and Richard Bassett.

From Maryland—Daniel Carroll.

From Virginia—James Madison, jr.

From Georgia—Wm. Few and Abr'm Baldwin.

In this first Congress, under the Federal Constitution, composed in large measure, of the most eminent of the framers of that Constitution, Mr. Fitzsimons of Pennsylvania, (himself a member also of the Convention,) reported (July 16, '89,) a bill to provide for the government of the territory north-west of the Ohio, which was then read a first time; the next day had its second reading, and was committed; on the 20th, was considered in Committee of the whole, reported and engrossed; and on the 21st read a third time, and passed without dissent. It was received that day in the Senate, and had its first reading; was read a second time on the 31st; was further considered August 3d: and had its third reading next day, when it passed, without a voice raised against it.

As you do not seem to have heard of this act, allow me to quote it. It is a good deal shorter and sweeter than your Nebraska bill, and refers to the same subject. Here it is:

An Act to provide for the government of the territory north-west of the river Ohio:

WHEREAS, In order that the Ordinance of the United States, in Congress assembled, for the government of the territory north-west of the river Ohio, may continue to have full effect, it is requisite that certain provisions be made, so as to adapt the same to the present Constitution of the United States :

*Be it enacted, etc.,* That in all cases in which, by the said Ordinance, any information is to be given, or communication made by the Governor of said Territory, to the United States, in Congress assembled, or to any of their officers, it shall be the duty of said Governor to give such information, and to make such communication to the President of the United States; and the President shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint all officers, which, by the said Ordinance, were to have been appointed by the United States, in Congress assembled, and all officers so appointed, shall be commissioned by him, and in all cases where the United States, in Congress assembled, might, by the said Ordinance, revoke any commission, or remove from any office, the President is hereby declared to have the same powers of revocation and removal.

2. *And be it further enacted,* That in case of the death, removal, resignation or necessary absence of the Governor of said Territory, the Secretary thereof shall be, and he is hereby, authorized and required to execute all the powers, and perform all the duties of the Governor, during the vacancy occasioned by the removal, resignation or necessary absence of the said Governor.

Approved Aug. 7, 1789.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

Are you reading, Mr. Senator? Here is the act passed by the first Congress, under the Federal Constitution—James Madison, Rodger Sherman, Rufus King, Elbridge Gerry, John Langdon, Robert Morris, and other eminent members of the Constitutional Convention, being also members of this Congress—to give full effect to the Ordinance of '87, and to adapt it to the Federal Constitution—not one voice being raised from any quarter, against either the avowed purpose or the special provisions of the act. Do you doubt that Washington, Madison, Gerry, Sherman, etc., understood the Constitution which they had framed scarcely two years before? This, at least, was no “remnant of a Congress.” Its members were not absent from their seats, concocting a new Constitution. Why, then, in giving what purports to be a history of the action of Congress on this subject, do you ignore them, and their act of '89? Are they beyond even your power of manipulation?

Yet once more, and I leave you to your reflections. The matter

on which we are at variance, is no vague abstraction, but a grave practicality. Indiana Territory, embracing the State you now represent, and all else between the Ohio and Mississippi, except the State of Ohio, early evinced dissatisfaction with the slavery Inhibition, embodied in the Ordinance of '87, and kept in force under the act of '89. Her former settlers were nearly all immigrants from slave States, and they hankered after negroes. They held a Convention in 1802—Gen'l Harrison, their Governor, presiding—and memorialized Congress in favor of a temporary removal of the slavery Inhibition. That memorial was presented to the Congress of 1802-3, Mr. Jefferson being then President, and Congress largely Republican, it was referred by the House, to a select Committee of three, two of them from the slave States, John Randolph being Chairman. March 2, 1803, Mr. Randolph presented their unanimous report, denying the prayer of the petitioners, and saying that

The Committee deem it highly dangerous and inexpedient to impair a provision wisely calculated to promote the happiness and prosperity of the north-western country, &c., &c.

Congress thought so too, and refrained from any action on the subject.

The next year, the memorial aforesaid was referred to a new committee—Cæsar Rodney, of Delaware, Chairman—who, (Feb. 17, 1804,) reported in favor of the prayer of the petitioners. No use! the House took no action on the subject. February 14, 1806, another report was made—this time by Mr. Garnett, of Virginia—in favor of the temporary suspension prayed for; but Congress persisted in its policy of non-action. February 12, 1807, a third report was made by Mr. Parke, (Delegate) of Indiana, in favor of letting the Squatter Sovereigns of Indiana Territory have liberty to hold slaves therein for a limited term; but Congress still declined to take the subject up for consideration. Finally a memorial of the Territorial Legislature of Indiana, asking permission to import and temporarily hold slaves, was submitted, January 21, 1807, to the Senate, by which it was referred (Nov. 7) to a select committee, of which Mr. Franklin, of North Carolina, was Chairman, who reported (Nov. 13) that "it is not expedient" to let upon the Slavery restriction, and there the subject rested forever. The Indiana Sovereigns by this time became sick or ashamed of their negro-begging—Why is it, Mr. Douglas, that we find no allusion to these efforts to evade or subvert the ordinance of '87, and their uniform failure, in your *resume* of the history of this subject? Why, but because the facts are at deadly feud with your theory, and prove it the novel heresy it truly is?

There were statesmen in Congress in 1802-7, who would gladly have procured a repeal or suspension of the Ordinance of '87, so far as it forbade the extension of slavery; but there was not one—so far as I can discover—who denied the right of Congress to preclude such extension. The doctrine which denies to Congress the right to inhibit slavery in the Territories had its origin in the perplexities of a presidential aspirant, no longer ago than 1848. When office-seekers cease to have special need of it, it will die the death of the humbugs, and be buried in their open grave.

You speak of the antagonistic doctrine which confides the guardianship of impartial freedom in the Territories of the United States to the whole people as represented in the Congress of the United States rather than to the few thousands of their number who first gain a footing on these Territories as strife-breeding, feud-inciting, as between diverse sections of the Union. History does not sustain that imputation. The Ordinance of '87, and the Missouri restriction successively secured to the country long terms of comparative rest from slavery agitation. The Nebraska bill has given us—what you see. It has distracted not merely the country, but the Democratic party. Even you give three several interpretations of the spirit and drift of that act, and of the "Popular Sovereignty" which it embodies, as held by different sections of that body. Mr. Senator, allow me to say in conclusion, that of these diverse interpretations yours seems to me the most unsatisfactory and irritating. I comprehend, I word with a certain respect, the fire-eater who tells me "The Constitution guarantees me the right of taking slaves into the Territories, and holding them there; I demand of Congress such legislation as will render that right impregnable." I trust he comprehends and respects me when I respond: "The Constitution gives you no right to carry slavery into the Territories; therefore, I shall endeavor to keep it out, and will favor no such legislation as you require;" but how can either of us respect you—how can you respect yourself—when you say in effect: "True, you slave-holders have a right to fill the Territories with your slaves; but the Squatter Sovereigns may nullify that right by 'unfriendly legislation,' and you are without remedy." Mr. Senator, whenever I realize that the slave-holders have a constitutional right to carry their human chattels into the Territories, and hold them there, I will respect that right in its legitimate scope and spirit, and not attempt to whittle it away, as you do in your comments on the Dred Scott decision. The topic is a grave one; the time is earnest; the peo-

ple intent on facts, and in no mood to be amused or cajoled by mere words.

I think you misconceive alike topic, time and people, to your own serious damage.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

During the late Rebellion, new questions of government and politics, of every conceivable kind, came up for discussion. The nation was thrust into an experience, unknown to her people, and unprovided for by her laws. And, with enemies within and without, the friends of the Union were compelled to confront all manner of opposing arguments and questions, which tested all the ability and mind of the loyal people, as well as the arms of the soldiers of the Union. During all that bitter contest, no heart beat true to the Union, nor was there any hand more willing to work for its triumph over Rebellion, than Mr. GREELEY'S. He was ever on the alert with his pen, to attack the enemy, or encourage the friends of the Union. Probably, there was no question during the whole trouble, that seemed to be so difficult of solution, as that involved in the status of the border States. They had not really gone into Rebellion, and yet treason and loyalty were struggling in blood and fire upon the soil of each of them, and State officials denying the right of United States troops to occupy or cross over their soil.

It was at the beginning of this conflict of authority and law, when new questions were arising daily, for discussion and solution, that Mr. GREELEY addressed, through the *Tribune* of January 7, 1861, the following able letter to Kentucky's then greatest living statesman, upon

#### THE ATTITUDE OF THE NORTH.

*To the Hon. John J. Crittenden, U. S. Senate:*

DEAR SIR:—The people of the Free States observe and appreciate your efforts to reconcile what are improperly termed "sectional" differences, and maintain the integrity of the Union. They do not doubt your sincerity nor your patriotism. They realize that, even when you most wronged yourself in upholding the policy em-



bodied in the Nebraska bill, and the consequent dragooning of the free settlers of Kansas with intent to bend their necks to the yoke of slavery, you yielded to a local ignorance and prejudice which you could not control, and which, because you would not minister unreservedly to its wild exactions, has consigned you to private life after the 4th of March next. They make due allowance for the ferocity of the pro-slavery fanaticism which has thus ostracised you, and leniently judge that, though a bolder man might have done better, an average man would have done worse; and they are not ungrateful for your honest and earnest efforts to save the Union from disruption, and the country from the horrors of civil war. They feel sure that, were the people of the Slave States in the average as enlightened and as just as you are, the dangers now impending might be dispelled or averted. Nevertheless, they do not and will not assent to the compromise proposed by you—that is a fixed fact. Here and there one who never shared their convictions, but only affected them, in order to get himself elected to some high office, or who owns real estate in Washington city, and feels that it is likely to be ruined by disunion, or who has a great railroad contract in Missouri or some other Slave State, and may be broken by the depreciation of that State's bonds, or who is a lame duck in the stock market, and hopes to win back all he has lost and more with it if a compromise can be fixed up, may accede to your project, or to something equivalent; but ninety-nine of every hundred Republicans are opposed to any such bargain, and will not be concluded by it if made. Moreover, thousands of Democrats and of Conservatives who stood with you on the platform of "The Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the Laws," are also opposed to any such arrangement while the Federal authority is defied and the Union threatened with subversion. Let me briefly set forth the reasons which unite the North in resistance to any compromise at present:

I. One State to-day is in open rebellion against the Federal authority; others are preparing to follow her immediately. Federal arsenals and forts, containing great numbers of cannon, many thousand stand of arms, and great quantities of military stores, have been siezed, and are now held by the insurgents, not in South Carolina only, but in Georgia, Alabama, and I believe other Slave States which have not yet declared themselves out of the Union. The slender Federal garrison of the forts in Charleston harbor is this hour in peril of destruction by an overwhelming Rebel force, and not only its commander, but the President of the United States is railed at and defamed, because that commander has concentrated

his three or four score soldiers in that fortress where they can hold out longest and sell their lives most dearly. The Federal Custom House at Charleston has been turned over to the State, and the late U. S. Collector assumes to clear vessels on the authority of the nation of South Carolina. That pseudo nation assumes to be out of the Union, withdraws her members from Congress, and sends ambassadors to Washington as to a foreign capital. In view of these high handed proceedings, and the scarcely dissembled menaces that all the Federal forts in the South will soon be seized by the disunionists, and the inauguration of Lincoln at Washington on the 4th of March next, prevented by an insurgent force, the people of the Free States very naturally repel any compromise that will enable these Rebels to boast that they have frightened or backed down the North. We are *not* frightened hereabouts; we do not feel a bit sorry for what we have done; and we do not capitulate with traitors. If, then, what you propose were inherently admissible, we could not assent to it now.

II. I need not tell you that what you propose (the line of 36 deg. and 30 min., with free course to slavery below it,) has been thrice offered to and thrice rejected by the Free States. We deem it unfair on many grounds, but conspicuously because, when Louisiana, Florida and Texas were successively acquired, the fact that they were previously slaveholding was relied on to bar any demand that they should henceforth be even half free; and we insist that the rule which gave them to Slavery now consecrates New Mexico and Arizona to Freedom. You would not expect Republicans to vote for your project if there were no threats and no danger of disunion or violent resistance to Mr. Lincoln's rule; and you must not hope to extort from our fears what you could not expect us to concede from a sense of justice. You do not mean to degrade us, but your proposition, if accepted, would have that effect; and you must allow us to judge what is due to our own honor.

III. Your friends in the Slave States do not talk right. Take the following samples from the resolves of a *Union* meeting held on the 1st inst., in your own city of Frankfort, Kentucky, and addressed by your friend, Gen. Combs:

"8th. That the resolutions of compromise submitted by Mr. Crittenden in the U. S. Senate, should have met with prompt acceptance by the people of all the States, and by their constituted representatives, and while we ask for nothing more, *we will submit to nothing less.*

"9th. That we condemn all hasty and precipitate action by individuals or States; but, being under like condemnation, we cordially sympathize with the people of the other Slave States, and if all other redress shall fail, *we will cordially and promptly appeal with*

*them to the God of Battles*, in defense of our common rights, and in redress for our common wrongs."

Is this conciliation? Your friends propose to decide the matter in issue between themselves and us, and then to enforce their decision by a prompt appeal to "the God of Battles." Is not yours a God of ballot-boxes as well as of battles? You claim to have a majority of the people on your side: why not appeal to votes rather than to bullets? Nay: You have already (it is said,) secured a majority in both Houses of the next Congress: why not appeal to that? You have the Supreme Court fast against us for at least the full term of Mr. Lincoln: why not appeal to the tribunals? We have passed no act of Congress whereof you complain: you do not fear that we shall have power to pass any. You have three departments of the Federal Government out of four, and say you would have had the fourth had you not quarreled among yourselves; then why should you appeal to "the God of Battles?" If you have the people, as you surely have Congress and the Judiciary on your side, what need have you to threaten rebellion because we have the President?

IV. I am not forgetting that you propose a submission of your proposition to the judgment of the people, each Congressional District to have one vote upon it. But this would not be fair, for many reasons. In the first place, the Slave States would have a dozen more, the Free States a dozen less, than their present population entitles them to respectively. But, beyond this, you know, as I know, that there can be no fair submission to a popular vote. In every district of the Free States, your side of the question could and would be fully and fairly argued; it could not on our side be argued, nor could votes be polled in the Slave States. You, for example, need not be told that you will be heard with polite attention by large audiences in any Republican State; but I assure you that Governor Wise and Mr. Yancy may speak as freely, and will be heard as patiently in Worcester, in Auburn, in St. Lawrence, in Wilmot's district, as any Republican. But would I be allowed to set forth to the non-slaveholding whites of the Slave States my reasons for wishing slavery excluded from the Territories? Could I even be allowed freely to distribute throughout the Slave States journals and documents setting forth my view of the question? You know that we could not be allowed to present our side to the people of the Slave States, though you may not know the fact that not one-third of those citizens of Slave States who wanted Mr. Lincoln elected, dared vote for him. It was so in your own State; so in others; it would be so if a vote were taken on your proposi-

tion. We would not be allowed to present our case to your people; and even those who, without such presentation, are with us, would not be free to vote as they think. Have you forgotten the destruction of more than one Anti-Slavery press by Kentucky mobs? Do you not recall the expulsion of the leading families from Berea, in your State, for no pretense of fault but their hostility to slavery? You are a lawyer and a good one: would you like to submit a great case to a jury, one-half of whom were not allowed to hear your argument, and could only give you a verdict at the peril of their lives?

V. The people of the Slave, and especially the Cotton States, have for thirty years been taught that the Union taxes and impoverishes them for the benefit of the North. Believing this, they are frequently impelled to menace us with disunion, presuming that we will do or say anything to avert that calamity to our section. It is high time that mischievous delusion were dispelled, since the North can have neither equality nor peace in the Union, until it shall be. The issue having been fairly made up—let the North recede from its principles or bid adieu to the Union—I do not see how we can make *any* concession of principle without dishonor. We regard it as a dictate of conscience—so Mr. Webster taught us—that we should never consent to an extension of the area of slavery. We mean to be faithful to that conviction.

Mr. Crittenden! The people of the Free States, with every respect for you, propose to stand by the Constitution as it is; to respect the rightful authorities, State and Federal; to let Congress enact such laws as to the majority shall seem good; and to back the Executive in enforcing those laws and maintaining the integrity of the Union. For whatever troubles may impend or arise, those who conspire and rebel are justly responsible; if they would submit when beaten, as we do, there would be unbroken peace and prosperity. If the system established by our fathers is to give place to one of South American *pronunciamentos* and revolts by the defeated, in each election, let us know it now, and be prepared to act accordingly. In any case, allow me with deference, to suggest that *your* proper place is with those who, whether in or out of power, defer to rightfully-constituted Government, and uphold the majesty of law.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY

NEW YORK, Jan. 7, 1861.

No man in the country was more able, and willing, and ready

to confront, in the interest of the Union, all questions presented for solution by the enemy, than Mr. GREELEY. And when the rebellion was over, no man was more ready than he was to heal up the wounds of a kindred people, and obliterate and forget the ravages and sad recollections of war. He declared in favor of amnesty for all who were engaged in the Rebellion, soon after the surrender of Gen. Lee, and constantly urged a settlement of the question of reconstruction upon the basis of Universal Amnesty and Universal Suffrage. When the Fifteenth Amendment was ratified, he published in the *Tribune* of April 8, 1870, the following editorial, still urging Congress to do what mercy and justice required toward the misguided of our brethren in the South :

CLOSE THE BOOKS !

This day, the colored men of our city celebrate, by a procession, followed by a public meeting, the completion of the good work of their emancipation by the ratification of the XVth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. We ardently trust that the day may be propitious, and that all may unite in the fervent hope that the rights won for the black race may be so exercised as to benefit not themselves only, but our whole people.

To-morrow, the American Anti-Slavery Society—which has fought the battle of Universal Freedom bravely, if not always wisely, for the last forty years—meets to disband its organization, in testimony that its warfare is accomplished. Seldom has so small a body contended so persistently, unflinchingly, for so great a truth ; seldom has a cause which, at the outset, seemed, to ordinary vision, so hopeless, achieved such unqualified triumph in the lifetime of its first apostles.

That triumph is of moment not alone in our country. It tolls the knell of Human Bondage throughout the civilized world. For the second time, the truth is to be established and enforced that a Christian can neither originate nor prolong the hereditary enslavement of any race of men. It may take a few more years to banish the last vestiges of human chattelhood from tropical America ; but the end is no longer doubtful nor remote. The dawn of the next century will irradiate no slave-hut in Christendom.

For what has been achieved, as also for its fruits not yet realized, let universal thanksgivings ascend to God. The Millennium is not here, and not likely soon to be. Injustice, oppression and

tyranny—fraud, profligacy and misery—still darken the earth. Sensuality and iniquity abound. Corruption and prodigality profane the high places of the land. Abject poverty and brutal ignorance are still the lot of millions, even in this boasted land of freedom and opportunity. Yet it is very much to have established firmly the principle that the law is no good man's enemy, but the friend of every virtuous effort. If the State is yet unable to lift all men up, it no longer holds any down. The child born to-morrow in the most squalid hovel may yet become President of the United States.

And now is the time to seal our great triumph by enacting and proclaiming Universal Amnesty. Our civil war virtually closed with Lee's surrender five years ago. No armed force has marched or fired a shot under the flag of the Southern Confederacy since May, 1865. There are bad men who still commit outrages; there is not, and for years has not been, an open, embodied resistance to the Federal authority and laws. It is high time that every one were officially assured that no penalty still impends over him for anything done or threatened in the interest and under the flag of the Rebellion.

We ought, for our own sakes, to identify Universal Amnesty with Universal Suffrage.

Other questions of great national concern have been discussed with ability and wisdom by Mr. GREELEY, in a manner only done by the able and advanced statesman.

He has not yet espoused the cause of Woman Suffrage, and he is not likely to; nor has the subject been sufficiently advanced to settle the question of the correctness of his position upon it.

Notwithstanding the labors done by the public press, and on the lecture platform on the subject of Woman Suffrage, there are but comparatively few who believe that the admission of women to the use of the ballot would in the least advance the social and political interests of the women of the country, or contribute to the general good of society.

The wise statesman knows that civil government, in essence, is organized force, for the purpose of establishing justice among men, and securing to each citizen a fair chance in the race of life, and that no portion of the human race contributes force that

does not possess it. The ballot in a Republican Government is the means by which to maintain force in an organized condition.

That the male half of the race possesses the will or force power, there is no question of doubt. That the female half does not possess one particle of maintaining or resisting power is equally true. In evidence of this, woman's official position as ruler of nations has only been nominal. She has never made or controlled revolutions, nor carved empires and States out of chaos and disorder. She has never led the way to discovery and colonization, nor to dominion in any of the great fields of social and political triumph; and whether in the very nature of things her admission to the ballot box, and consequently to the legislative halls, will not precipitate a repetition, in our age, of the debased Senate of Heliogabalus is a question to be gravely met, not by silly agitators, but by wise statesmen, and earnest woman. But it is charged that Mr. GREELEY, by opposing Woman Suffrage, virtually favors, the infliction of a wrong upon women which is despotic and subversive of their rights. This is the beginning and the end of the doctrine of Woman Suffrage; but when we test this assumption by a never-varying law of God, we find there is no truth in it, viz: It is a law of God, to remove, by armed revolution, great errors that grow upon nations, if men do not remove them by legislation. No people can escape the enforcement of this law. Now let us test the correctness of Woman Suffrage by this law of God, which he has executed in all ages, and among all people. If Woman Suffrage is right in the very nature of things, then to debar her from the exercise of that right, is an oppression universal and absolute, which, if men do not dispose of by legislation, God will, in his own good time, dispose of by armed revolution, and throw the shackles from women, and lift them out of bondage, and give them the full and free use of the ballot, and "put a new song in their mouths, even praises to God."

But does any sane man or woman think for a single second of time, that God will ever send an armed revolution to any nation, for the purpose of establishing Woman Suffrage? If not, then Mr.

GREELEY'S statesmanship is forever vindicated, in opposing this unnatural and inexpedient conventionality in government—Woman Suffrage. The agitation grows out of the misunderstood and misdirected premonitions of a great social revolution, which is imperceptibly, though instinctively, heralded to the human race ; and which will, in its coming, form a new era in the moral and social development of mankind.

Voting is not a finality in securing the rights of man. In the abstract, it neither elevates nor enlightens individuals or States. It is only incidental in directing the forms of government, by wielding the people in mass, instead of the few. And whether Woman Suffrage is, with an unconquerable fanaticism, pressed to success and sad experience, or not ; beyond the temporary insanity of the people, will arise a new reason and a new statesmanship, tried and enlarged by a terrible experience, that will vindicate in truest terms, the wisdom of HORACE GREELEY, in opposing such an unnatural political demand.

In the meantime, let it be said to his credit, that through all his long life of earnest toil for his fellows, he has been an advanced advocate of Woman's Rights, and has done more for the education and elevation of woman, than all the modern rampant women lecturers and writers of the country, together with all the Woman Suffrage conventions that have been held, and that, too, in good part, before many of the hot-headed women of the present day were born.

To sum up HORACE GREELEY, and consider him in his true light, he must be assigned a place in the front rank of American statesmen ; with acknowledged scope of intellect and sagacity of mind, to place him in advance of his countrymen, in advance of the world's civilization and progress. He must be written as a statesman of singular moral worth and courage, who dared to do—in spite of error and ignorance, among the people—in spite of demagogueism and cowardice in State Legislatures—in spite of conservative power and party despotism in the national Congress, and among the people's chosen representatives, with equal ability and equal honor, to stand in the front rank of the great men of his



country, and with a heroic soul that dared to step in advance of the legal and conventional usages and political creeds of his countrymen, he must be recorded as a statesman essentially in advance of his age; a statesman whose life seems destined to be crowned with the honors of the sage. Like the industrious and frugal husbandman, who, at the close of a season of arduous toil, reaps the rich reward for his unremitant labors, and receives the praises of his neighbors and friends when he lies down to sweet sleep in the quiet of his own home, sanctified by the consciousness of having always been faithful to his own convictions, of having lived righteously toward himself, his fellow men, his country, and his God, will HORACE GREELEY close his career, at peace with himself; and, honored and loved by the people, of a nation, will lie down to sweet sleep in the loving arms of universal nature.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### HORACE GREELEY AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

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HIS is, without a question of doubt, an age of unprecedented mental activity. Mankind of the nineteenth century are far more advanced in intellectual growth, than in the days of Grecian classics, or Roman supremacy; and it is altogether possible that if Frederick the Great, could again, at this time, survey the mental status of the present inhabitants of the globe, he would find more than two hundred thousand of the entire number, properly enlightened.

Not only are the masses of the people more enlightened now than at any other period of the history of the race, but the individual has grown up to be a mental giant, having gathered to himself the knowledge of all lands, and of all men. If we inquire why the mentality of our age is so far in advance, and unceasingly tending to still mightier triumphs of the mind, we find that it comes from the fact that man has brought into requisition the productive energies and mechanical forces of nature—the coal and the iron, the steam and the lightning, and the thousand forms of mechanical appliances. From the use of these have come the vast growth of modern commercial activity and mentality. From these have come the superior growth of the printing press, the school books, the lecture platform, the teacher, and the editor.

In the procession of the great mental growth of our country, came HORACE GREELEY. He is one of the legitimate offspring of this unparalleled mental age. He was born with this century, and has grown upon its mighty tide of progress, and now stands unsurpassed by any man, in the unfolded embodiment of his mentality and manhood. From the lowest walks of poverty and adversity, he grew

up from a printer boy to editor, politician, statesman, and man of letters.

From the editorial chair he enlarged his sphere of mental work to the lecture platform, and has, from time to time, during more than twenty-five years, lectured to audiences in different parts of the country, upon subjects of an educational and reformatory character. Still advancing in mental growth, and constantly gathering knowledge by study, experience and investigation, he, in due time, arose from editor and lecturer, to author. His first book was made of lectures and essays on educational and reformatory subjects, and entitled, "Hints toward Reforms," and was published in 1850. A second edition of this book, with additions, was published in 1857, with the following title-page:

HINTS TOWARD REFORMS,

IN

LECTURES, ADDRESSES, AND OTHER WRITINGS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

Hasten the day, just Heaven !  
 Accomplish thy design,  
 And let the blessings thou hast freely given,  
 Freely on all men shine ;  
 Till equal rights be equally enjoyed,  
 And human power for human good employed ;  
 Till Law, and not the Sovereign, rule sustain,  
 And Peace and Virtue undisputed reign.

—HENRY WARE.

Listen not to the everlasting Conservative, who pines and whines at every attempt to drive him from the spot where he has lazily cast his anchor. \* \* \* \* \*

Every abuse must be abolished.

The whole system must be settled on the right basis.

Settle it ten times and settle it wrong, you will have the work to begin again.

Be satisfied with nothing but the complete enfranchisement of humanity, and the restoration of man to the image of his God.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Once the welcome light has broken  
 Who shall say  
 What the unimagined glories  
 Of the day?  
 What the evil that shall perish  
 In its ray?  
 Aid the daring, tongue and pen!  
 Aid it, hopes of honest men  
 Aid it, paper, aid it type!  
 Aid it, for the hour is ripe;  
 And our earnest must not slacken  
 Into play;  
 Men of thought and men of action,  
 Clear the way.

—CHARLES MACKAY

SECOND EDITION ENLARGED,

WITH

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AND ITS LESSONS.

---

This volume contained the following generous dedication

TO

THE GENEROUS, THE HOPEFUL, THE LOVING,

WHO,

FIRMLY AND JOYFULLY BELIEVING IN THE IMPARTIAL AND  
 BOUNDLESS GOODNESS OF OUR FATHER

TRUST,

THAT THE ERRORS, THE CRIMES, AND THE MISERIES, WHICH  
 HAVE LONG RENDERED EARTH A HELL, SHALL YET BE  
 SWALLOWED UP AND FORGOTTEN, IN A FAR EX-  
 CEEDING AND UNMEASURED REIGN OF  
 TRUTH, PURITY AND BLISS,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

This work contained the following preface, by the author :

PREFACE.

Carlyle, if I rightly remember, tells us of an impulsive Frenchman, who, in the very crisis of the great Revolution, when the frenzied public mind was intent on nothing short of the world's regeneration, and the due and ample feeling of the Guillotine, as essential thereto, rose in the National Convention, full to bursting with an idea which he could no longer stifle, and vociferated, "Mr. President, I move that *all* the knaves and dastards be arrested!"—the very thing, you see, that the whole people were intent on, expressed in one very compact sentence.

Where prisons could be found to hold the arrested, or jailers to guard them—much more, provisions to subsist them—the mover had never stopped to calculate.

He saw clearly that the fundamental evil, parent and fountain of all others, was the impunity allowed, the favor manifestly shown, to knavery and cowardice, and he was bent on a Radical Reform.

A right good fellow, he was, too, at heart, I am sure, though not, perhaps, so practically sagacious, so readily cognizant of the relations of means to ends, as he might have been.

As he grew older, he doubtless became cooler, sager, more considerate, more conservative; yet one may well doubt whether he ever rose above the moral attitude of his single recorded inspiration.

This apprehension of *all* the knaves and dastards, if you but consider, is one of the chief ends of man's existence and effort on earth.

A very arduous and tedious work, you may well pronounce it, especially when you observe that they who should combine to do it, including many of those who think they *are* doing it, with those who make a show of doing it, in the hope of imposing on their contemporaries, if not on themselves, are personally of the very class on whom the operation needs to be performed.

It were a study to see the work really effected, and note how many, who at the outset were flourishing handcuffs, and trying to fit them to their neighbor's wrists, holding up ponderous jai-keys, and calling out, "This way, brother officers! Here's where the culprits are to be secured, till further orders!" would find themselves wearing the ruffles and tenanting cells at the close, with eyes of blank amazement, and visages of yard measure. Not entirely a novel spectacle would this be, and yet deeply interesting and in-

structive. Yes, "the arrest of *all* the knaves and dastards"—or rather their thorough cure of knavery and cowardice—is a task given us to perform, and each must strive to do his part of it, even though with painful distrust—that he himself is not wholly free from the vices he is laboring to eradicate.

The more evil he discerns or suspects in himself, the harder he should labor for the general abolition and extinction of evil, beginning with his own faults, but not forgetting that others also deserve and require effort for their eradication.

Perchance in the general warfare against injustice, meanness and wrong, the sincere soul finds the best attainable discipline and corrective for its own faults and errors.

The volume herewith presented, is mainly composed of lectures, prompted by invitations to address popular lyceums and young men's associations, generally those of the humbler class, existing in country villages and rural townships. These lectures were written in the years from 1842 to 1848 inclusive, each in haste, to fulfill some engagement already made, for which preparation had been delayed, under the pressure of seeming necessities, to the latest moment allowable.

A calling, whose exactions are seldom intermitted for a day, never for a longer period, and whose requirements, already excessive, seem perpetually to expand and increase, may well excuse the distraction of thought, and rapidity of composition, which it renders inevitable. At no time has it seemed practicable to devote a whole day, seldom a full half-day, to the production of any of the essays contained in this volume. Not till months after the last of them was written, did the idea of collecting and printing them in this shape, suggest itself; and a hurried perusal is all that has since been given them. The lecture, here entitled "The organization of labor," has been recast in part, to conform it to the existing state of facts; the others are printed as they were delivered. Some of them are more florid in style than my present mood would dictate—that entitled "Human Life," especially—but they were faithful transcripts of the mind, whence they emanated at the time they were written, and I could not now change without destroying them. Should their diction provoke the critic's sneer, so be it.

I am tolerably case-hardened to the shafts of periodical wit, and shall receive any that may be in store for me, with fortitude, if not with complacency. I am quite aware that the literary merits of this volume are inconsiderable, indeed. But this work has a loftier and worthier aim than that of fine writing.

It aspires to be a mediator, an interpreter, a reconciler, be-

tween Conservatism and Radicalism—to bring the two into such connection and relation that the good in each way obey the law of chemical affinity, and abandon whatever portion of either is false, mistaken or outworn, to sink down and perish.

It endeavors so to elucidate and commend what is just and practical in the pervading demands of our time for a social renovation that the human and philanthropic can no longer misrepresent and malign them as destructive, demoralizing or infidel, in their tendencies, but must joyfully recognize in them the fruits of past, and the seeds of future progress in the history of our race.

Defective and faulty as these “hints” may be found or judged, I feel confident that their tendency is to practical beneficence, and that their influence, however circumscribed, cannot be otherwise than wholesome.

In the absence of any reasonable ground of hope for personal gain or popularity, this trust must justify my intrusion upon the public, for the first, and perhaps for the last time, as the author of a book.

The great truths that every human being is morally bound, by a law of our social condition, to leave the world somewhat better for his having lived in it—that no one able to earn bread has any moral right to eat *without* earning it—that the obligation to be industrious and useful is not invalidated by the possession of wealth, nor by the generosity of wealthy relatives—that useful doing in any capacity or vocation is honorable and noble, while idleness and prodigality in whatever station of life, are base and contemptable—that every one willing to work has a clear, social and moral right to opportunity to labor, and to secure the fair recompense of such labor, while society cannot deny him without injustice—and that these truths demand and predict a comprehensive social reform based upon and moulded by their dictates—these will be found faithfully if not forcibly set forth and elucidated in the following pages.

Of course, as the lectures were written independently of each other, and with intervals of months and often years between them, the reader can hardly fail to find the same proposition restated, the same arguments adduced, the same illustrations employed, in two or more instances. Each lecture is a separate thesis, deriving (I trust) confirmation and support from others, but not maintaining connection therewith.

And in the arrangement of the volume, so far as any plan was kept in view, diversity and variety rather than continuity and consecutiveness, were deemed desirable.



I know how easily the public mind grows weary of dry discussion.

Of the briefer essays which conclude the volume, two only—that on “Death by Human Law,” and that on “Flogging in the Navy”—have been recast expressly for this work, and these but to give a more compact and methodical expression to views already submitted in other forms to the ordeal of public judgment.

Four or five of these essays (mainly of a religious cast,) were written from year to year for “The Rose of Sharon” annual, while the residue have in good part appeared at various times in the columns of the *Tribune*.

These were generally suggested by some recent event, some apparent public necessity, but I hope they will not be found antiquated nor out of place, now and here.

I trust this explanation of the impulse and character of these “hints” will not be mistaken for an apology. I make none, and solicit no lenity. I inculcate no partial friend, no delighted auditor, as instigating this volume.

If there be no true worth in it, let the serious guilt of adding another to the deplorable multitude of books unfit to be read, rest on my shoulders alone. But if it shall be found to utter any word calculated to irradiate, however faintly or transiently, the onward pathway of our race, then it will stand fully justified, though all the critics should unite to blast it by their fiercest maledictions, or their more fatal silence.

H. G.

NEW YORK, April 20, 1850.

A striking and remarkable page of “Hints toward Reforms,” is the following epitaph by Mr. GREELEY written to the memory of the martyrs to human liberty, who fell in 1857 while bravely defending Rome:

IN MEMORY  
OF THE  
MARTYRS TO HUMAN LIBERTY,

WHO FELL

DURING THE SIEGE, MAY AND JUNE, 1849.

AS

DEFENDERS OF ROME,

AGAINST

THE MACHINATIONS OF DESPOTISM, THE WILES OF AMBITIOUS HYPOCRISY

AND

THE INFERNAL PERFDY OF MONARCHICAL VILLIANS WHO HAVE STOLEN POWER IN FRANCE,

BY MEANS OF

HOLLOW PROFESSIONS OF THAT REPUBLICANISM THEY MORTALLY  
HATE, AND SWEARING FIDELITY TO THAT CONSTITUTION WHICH  
THEY HASTENED MOST GLARINGLY TO VIOLATE;

Thus Richly deserving,

*The loathing detestation of the honest and just.*

NOT SO THEY

WHO FELL ON THE RAMPARTS OF ROME,

Sternly Struggling

AGAINST OVERWHELMING NUMBERS, AGAINST AMPLE MUNITIONS, AGAINST FATE:  
THEIR HIGHEST HOPE THAT IN THEM, LIVING OR DEAD, THE SACRED CAUSE SHOULD NOT  
BE DISHONORED.

Their proudest wish

THAT FREEDOM'S CHAMPIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD MIGHT  
RECOGNIZE THEM AS BRETHERN,

Nobly Dying

THAT SURVIVING MILLIONS MAY DULY ABHOR TYRANNY AND LOVE LIBERTY:

Closing their eyes serenely,

IN THE GENEROUS FAITH THAT RIGHTS FOR ALL, DOMINION FOR NONE, WILL SOON  
REVIVIFY THE EARTH BAPTIZED IN THEIR BLOOD.

Stay, heedless Wanderer!

DEFILE NOT WITH LISTLESS STEP THE ASHES OF HEROES!

BUT

ON THE RELICS OF THESE MARTYRS SWEAR A DEEPER AND STERNER HATE TO EVERY FORM  
OF OPPRESSION.

Here learn to feel

A DEARER LOVE FOR ALL WHO STRIVE FOR LIBERTY.

Here breathe a Prayer

FOR THE SPEEDY TRIUMPH OF RIGHT OVER MIGHT, LIGHT OVER  
NIGHT;

AND FOR ROME'S FALLEN DEFENDERS,

THAT THE GOD OF THE OPPRESSED AND AFFLICTED MAY HAVE THEM IN HIS  
HOLY KEEPING.

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"They never fall who die  
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;  
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs  
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—  
But still their spirit walks abroad."  
BYRON—Marino Faliero, Act II., Scene 2.

In the Spring of 1851, (April) Mr. GREELEY visited Europe. In the prosecution of his journey, he wrote letters from time to time, to the New York *Tribune*, comprising reflections, observations and incidents of his journey. When he returned in the Fall, an enterprising publishing house in New York, applied for a copy of the letters, forty-four in number, for publication. Terms were agreed upon, and Mr. GREELEY'S name appeared in October, 1851, to another and second volume of his writings, bearing the following title-page, as well as the foregoing preface, to the volume :

GLANCES AT EUROPE ;  
 IN A  
 SERIES OF LETTERS  
 FROM  
 GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, ETC.,  
 DURING  
 THE SUMMER OF 1851.  
 INCLUDING NOTICES OF THE  
 GREAT EXHIBITION, OR WORLD'S FAIR.  
 BY HORACE GREELEY.

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NO APOLOGY.

If there be any reader impelled to dip into notes of foreign travel, mainly by a solicitude to perfect his knowledge of the manners and habits of good society, to which end he is anxious to learn how my Lord Shuffleton waltzes, what wine Baron-Hob-and-Nob patronizes, which tints predominate in Lady Highflyer's dress, and what is the probable color of the Duchess of Doublehose's garters, he will only waste his time by looking through this volume.

Even if the species of literature he admires had not already been overdone, I have neither taste nor capacity for increasing it.

It was my fortune sometime while in Europe, to "sit at good men's feasts," but I brought nothing away from them for the pub-

lic, not even the names of my entertainers and their notable guests. If I had felt at liberty to sketch what struck me as the personal characteristics of some gentlemen of note or rank, whom I met, especially in England, I do not doubt that the popular interest in these letters would have been materially heightened. I did not, however, deem myself authorized to do this. In a few instances, where individuals challenged observation and criticism, by consenting to address public gatherings, I have spoken of the matter and manner of their speeches, and indicated the impressions they made on me. Beyond this, I did not feel authorized to go, even in the case of public men speaking to the public through reports for the daily press; while those whom I only met privately, or in the discharge of kindred duties, as jurors at the Exhibition, I have not felt at liberty to bring before the public at all.

Having thus explained what will seem to many a lack of piquancy, in the following pages, implying a privation of social opportunities, I drop the subject. No one can realize more fully than the writer, the utter absence of literary merit in these letters. He does not deprecate nor seek to disarm criticism; he only asks that his sketches be taken for what they profess and strive to be, and for nothing else. That they are superficial, their title proclaims; that they were hurriedly written, with no thought of style nor of enduring interest, all whom they are likely to interest or to reach, must already know. A journalist traveling in foreign lands, especially those which have been once the homes of his habitual readers, or at least of their ancestors, cannot well refrain from writing of what he sees and hears; his observations have a value in the eyes of those readers, which will be utterly unrecognized by the colder public outside of the sympathizing circle. For the habitual readers of the *Tribune* especially, were these letters written, and their original purpose has already been accomplished. Here they would have rested, but for the unsolicited offer of the publishers to reproduce them in a book at their own cost and risk, and on terms ensuring a fair share of any proceeds of their sale to the writer.

Such offers from publishers, to authors who have no established reputation as book-makers, are rarely made, and even more rarely refused. Therefore, sir Critic! whose dog-eared manuscript has circulated from one publisher's drawer to another, until its initial pages are scarcely readable, while the ample residue retain all their pristine freshness of hue, you are welcome to your revenge! Your novel may be tedious beyond endurance; your epic a preposterous

waste of once valuable foolscap ; but your slashing review is sure to be widely read and enjoyed.

My aim in writing these letters, was to give a clear and vivid daguerreotype of the districts I traversed, and the incidents which came under my observation. To this end, I endeavored to see, so far as practicable, through my own eyes, rather than those of others. To this end, I generally shunned guide books, even those of the "indispensable" Murray, and relied mainly for routes and distances on the shilling hand-book of Bradshaw.

That I have been misled into many inaccuracies, and some gross blunders, as to noted edifices, works of art, etc., is quite probable ; but that I have truthfully, though hastily, indicated the topography, rural aspects, agricultural adaptations, and more obvious social characteristics of the countries I traversed, I am nevertheless confident.

I made a point of penning my impressions of each day's journey within the succeeding twenty-four hours, if practicable, for I found that even a day's postponement impaired the distinctness of my recollections of the ever-varying panorama of hill and dale, moor and mountain, with long, level or undulating stretches of intermingled woods, grain, grass, etc., etc.

I trust the picture I have attempted to give of out-door life in Western Europe, the workers in its fields, and the clusters in its streets, will be recognized by competent judges, as substantially correct.

The opinions expressed with respect to national characteristics or aptitudes, will of course appear crude and rash to those who regard them as based exclusively on the few day's personal observation in which they may seem to have originated. To those who regard them as grounded in some knowledge of history, and of the present political and social condition of those nations, corrected and modified indeed, by the personal observation aforesaid, their crudity and audacity will be somewhat less astounding. No one will doubt that other travelers in Europe have been far better qualified to observe and to judge than I was, yet I see and think, and am not forbidden to speak.

We know already how Europe appears in the eyes of the learned and wise ; but if some Nepaulese ambassador, or vagrant Camanche were to publish his "first impressions" of Great Britain or Italy, should we utterly refuse to open it because Baird or Thackeray could give us more accurate information on that identical theme ? Would not the Camanche's criticism possess some value as his, quite apart from their intrinsic worth or worthlessness ? Might

they not afford some insight into Indian modes of thought, if none into European modes of life ?

I deeply regret that the general impression made on me by the Italians, was such, that my estimate of their character and capabilities gave offence to their brethren now settled in this country. Their feeling is a natural, creditable one ; I will not reply to their strictures, yet I must let what I wrote in Italy of the Italians, stand unmodified. I shall be most happy, indeed, to confess my mistake whenever it shall have been proved such, but I cannot as yet perceive it. And to those who, not unreasonably, dilate on the rashness of such judgment on the part of one who was only some few weeks in Italy, and did not even understand its people's language, I beg leave to commend a perusal of "Casa Guidi Windows," by Elizabeth Barret Browning. I had not seen it when I wrote, and the coincidence of its estimate of the Italians with mine, is of course utterly unpremeditated. Mrs. Browning speaks Italian and knows the Italians ; she lived among them throughout the late eventful years ; she sympathizes with their sufferings, and prays for their deliverance, but without shutting her eyes to the faults and grave defects of character which impede that deliverance, if they do not render it doubtful. To those who will read her brief, but noble poem, I need say no more ; on those who refuse to read it, words from me would be wasted.

Believing that among the most imminent perils of the Republican cause in Europe, is the danger of a premature, sanguinary, fruitless insurrection in Italy ; I have done what I could to prevent any such catastrophe. When liberty shall have been re-vindicated in France, and shall thereupon have triumphed in Germany, the reign of despotism will speedily terminate in Italy ; until that time, I do not see how it can wisely be even resisted.

A word of explanation as to the "World's Fair," must close this too long introduction : The letters in this volume which refer to the great Exhibition of Industry, were mainly written when the persistent and unsparing disparagement of the British press had created a general impression that the American Exposition was a mortifying failure, and when even some of the Americans in Europe, taking their cue from that press, were declaring themselves "ashamed of their country," because of such failure. Of course, these letters were written to correct the then prevalent errors. More recently, the tide has completely turned, until the danger now imminent is that of extravagant, if not groundless exultation, so that this Fair would be treated somewhat differently, if I were now to write about it. The truth lies midway between the ex-

tremes already indicated. Our share in the exhibition was creditable to us as a nation not yet a century old, situated three to five thousand miles from London; it embraced many articles of great practical value, though uncouth in form and utterly unattractive to the mere sight-seer; other nations will profit by it, and we shall lose no credit. But it fell far short of what it might have been, and did not fairly exhibit the progress and present condition of the useful arts in this country. We can and must do better next time, and that without calling on the Federal treasury to pay a dollar of the expense.

Friends in Europe! I may never meet the greater number of you on earth; allow me thus informally to tender you my hearty thanks for many well remembered acts of unsought kindness, and unexpected hospitality. That your future years may be many and prosperous, and your embarkation on the great voyage which succeeds the journey of life, may be serene and hopeful, is the fervent prayer of

Yours sincerely,

H. G.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1851.

The following is the first letter of the series, by the author, in which he very naturally treats of the voyage across the "dark, and deep-blue ocean:"

#### CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

LIVERPOOL, (Eng.) April 28, 1851.

The leaden skies, the chilly rain, the general out-door aspect and prospects of discomfort prevailing in New York, when our good steamship, Baltic, cast loose from her dock, at noon, on the 16th inst., were not particularly calculated to inspire and exhilarate the goodly number who were then bidding adieu, for months, at least, to home, country, and friends. The most sanguine of the inexperienced, however, appealed for solace to the wind, which they, so long as the city completely sheltered us on the east, insisted was blowing from "a point *west* of North"—whence they very logically deduced that the north-east storm, now some thirty-six to forty-eight hours old, had spent its force, and would soon give place to a serene and lucid atmosphere. I believe the barometer at no time countenanced this augury, which a brief experience sufficed most signally to confute.

Before we had passed Coney Island, it was abundantly certain that our freshening breeze hailed directly from Labrador, and the

icebergs beyond, and had no idea of changing its quarters. By the time we were fairly outside of Sandy Hook, we were struggling with as uncomfortable and damaging a cross-sea, as had ever enlarged *my* slender, nautical experience; and in the course of the next hour, the high resolves, the valorous defiances, of the scores who had embarked in the settled determination that they *would not* be sea-sick, had been exchanged for pallid faces and heaving bosoms.

Of our two hundred passengers, possibly one-half were able to face the dinner-table at 4 P. M.; less than one-fourth mustered to supper at 7; while a stern, but scanty remnant—perhaps twenty in all—answered the summons to breakfast next morning. I was not in any one of these categories. So long as I was able, I walked the deck, and sought to occupy my eyes, my limbs, my brain, with something else than the sea and its perturbations. The attempt, however, proved a signal failure.

By the time we were five miles off the Hook, I was a decided case; another hour laid me prostrate, though I refused to leave the deck; at six o'clock, a friend, finding me recumbent and hopeless in the smokers' room, persuaded and helped me to go below. There I unbooted, and swayed into my berth, which endured me, perforce, for the next twenty-four hours. I then summoned strength to crawl on deck, because, while I remained below, my sufferings were barely less than while walking above, and my recovery hopeless.

I shall not harrow up the souls nor the stomachs of landsmen, as yet reveling in blissful ignorance of its tortures, with any description of sea-sickness. They will know all, in ample season; or, if not, so much the better. But naked honesty requires a correction of the prevalent error, that this malady is necessarily transient and easily overcome. Thousands, who imagine they have been sea-sick on some river or lake steamboat, or even during a brief sleigh-ride, are annually putting to sea with as little necessity or urgency, as suffices to send them on a jaunt to Niagara, or the White Mountains. They suppose they may very probably be "qualmish" for a few hours, but that (they fancy,) will but lighten the general enjoyment of the voyage.

Now it is quite true that any green sea-goer *may* be sick, for a few hours only; he may even not be sick at all. But the *probability* is very far from this, especially when the voyage is undertaken in any other than one of the four sunniest, blandest months in the year. Of every hundred who cross the Atlantic for the first time, I am confident that two-thirds endure more than they had done in



all the five years preceding—more than they would do, during two months' hard labor as convicts in a State-prison.

Of *our* two hundred, I think fifty did not see a healthy or really happy hour during the passage; while as many more were suffering for at least half the time. The other hundred were mainly ocean's old acquaintances, and on that account, treated more kindly; but many of these had some trying hours.

Utter indifference to life, and all its belongings, is one of the characteristics of a genuine case of sea-sickness No. 1. I enjoyed some opportunities of observing this, during our voyage. For instance: One evening I was standing by a sick gentleman, who had dragged himself or been carried on deck, and laid down on a water-proof mattress, which raised him two or three inches from the floor. Suddenly a great wave broke square over the bow of the ship, and rushed aft in a river, through either gangway—the two streams re-uniting beyond the purser's and doctor's offices, just where the sick man lay. Any live man would have jumped to his feet as suddenly as if a rattlesnake were whizzing in his blanket; but the sufferer never moved, and the languid coolness of eye, wherewith he regarded the rushing flood which made an island of him, was most expressive. Happily, the wave had nearly spent its force, and was now so rapidly diffused, that his refuge was not quite overflowed. Of course, those who have voyaged and not suffered, will pronounce my general picture grossly exaggerated; wherein they will be faithful to their own experience, as I am to mine.

I write for the benefit of the uninitiated, to warn them, not against braving the ocean when they must or ought, but against resorting to it for pastime. Voyaging cannot be enjoyment to most of them; it must be suffering.

The sonorous rhymesters in praise of "a life on the ocean wave," "The sea! the sea! the open sea!" etc., were probably never out of sight of land in a gale, in their lives. If they were ever "half seas over," liquid which buoyed them up, was not brine, but wine, which is quite another affair.

And, as they are continually luring people out of soundings who might far better have remained on *terra firma*, I lift up my voice in warning against them. "A home on the raging deep," is *not* a scene of enjoyment, even to the sailor, who suffers only from hardship and exposure; no other laborer's wages are so dearly earned as his, and his season of enjoyment is not the voyage, but the stay in port. He is compelled to work hardest just when other outdoor laborers deem working at all out of the question.

To him night and day are alike in their duties as in their exemp-

tions; while the more furious and blinding the tempest, the greater must be his exertions, perils and privations.

In fair weather, his hours of rest are equal to his hours of labor; in bad weather he may have *no* hours of rest whatever.

Should he find such, he flings himself into his bunk for a few hours in his wet clothes, and turns out smoking like a coal-pit at the next summons to duty, to be drenched afresh in the cold affusions of sea and sky—and so on.

An old sea-captain assured me that his crew were sometimes in wet clothing throughout an Atlantic voyage. Our weather was certainly bad, though not the worst. We started on our course, after leaving Sandy Hook, in the teeth of a North-Easter, and it clung to us like a brother. It varied to east, north-east, east, south-east, south, east, and occasionally condescended to blow little from nearly north or nearly south, but we had not six hours of westerly or semi-westerly wind throughout the passage.

There may have been two days in all, though I think not, in which some of the principal sails could be made to draw; but they were necessarily set so sharply at angles with the ship as to do little good. Usually, one or two try-sails were all the canvass displayed, and they rather served to steady the ship than to aid her progress; while for days together, stripped to her naked spars, she was compelled to push her bow-sprit into the wind's very eye by the force of her engines alone. And that wind, though no hurricane, had a will of its own; while the waves rolled perpetually against her bow by so long a succession of easterly winds, were a decided impediment to our progress.

I doubt whether there is another steamship which could have made the passage safely and without extra effort, in less time than the Baltic did.

Our weather was not all bad, though we had no thoroughly fair day—no day entirely free from rain—none in which the decks were dry throughout. In fact, the spray often kept them thoroughly drenched, especially aft, when there was no rain at all.

During four or five of the twelve days we had some hour or more of semi-sunshine either at morning, midday, or toward night. The only gales of much account were those of our first night off Long Island, and our last before seeing land, (Saturday) when on coming into soundings off the coast of Ireland, we had a very decided blow and (the ship having become very light by the consumption of most of her coal) the worst kind of a sea. It gave me my sickest hour, though not my worst day. Our dreariest days were Wednesday and Thursday, 23d and 24th, when we

were a little more than half way across. With the wind precisely ahead and very strong, the skies black and lowering, a pretty constant rain, and a driving, blinding spray which drenched everything above the decks, themselves ankle-deep in water, I cannot well imagine how two hundred fellow-passengers, driven down and kept down in the cabins and state-rooms of a steamship, could well be treated to a more dismal prospect.

I thought the philosophy even of the card-players (who were by far the most industrious and least miserable class among us,) was tried by it. Spacious as the Baltic is, two hundred passengers with fifty or sixty attendants, confined for days together to her cabins, fill her quite full enough.

For those who are thoroughly well, there are society, reading, eating, play and other pastimes; but for the sick and helpless, who can neither read nor play, whom even conversation fatigues, and to whom the underdeck smell, especially in connection with food, is intensely revolting, I can imagine no heavier hours short of absolute torture.

Having endured these, I had nothing beyond them to dread, and it was rather a satisfaction, on reaching the Irish coast, to be greeted with a succession of hail squalls, to work up the channel against a wet North-Easter, and be landed in Liverpool (after a tedious detention for lack of water on the bar at the mouth of the Mersey) under sullen skies, and in a dripping rain.

I wanted to see the thing out, and would have taken amiss any deceitful smiles of fortune after I had learned to dispense with her favors.

There yet remains the grateful duty of speaking of the mitigations of our trials. And in the first place, the Baltic herself is unquestionably one of the safest and most commodious sea-boats in the world. She is probably not the fastest, especially with a strong head-wind and sea, because of her great bulk and the area of resistance she presents both above and below the water-line; but for strength and excellence of construction, steadiness of movement, and perfection of accommodation, she can have no superior. Her wheels never missed a revolution from the time she discharged her New York pilot, till the time she stopped them to take on board his Liverpool counterpart, off Halyhead; and her sailing qualities, tested under the most unfavorable auspices, are also admirable. She needs but good weather to make the run in ten days from dock to dock; she would have done it this time had the winds been the reverse of what they were, or as the Asia had them before her. The luck cannot always be against her.

Praise of commanders and officers of steamships has become so common that it has lost all emphasis, all force.

I presume this is for the most part deserved; for it is not likely that the great responsibility of sailing these ships would be entrusted to any other than the very fittest hands; and this is a matter wherein mistakes may by care be avoided.

The qualities of a seaman, a commander, do not lie dormant; the ocean tries and proves its men; while in this service the whole traveling public are the observers and judges. But such a voyage as we have just made, tries the temper as well as the capacity; it calls into exercise every faculty, and lays bare defects, if such there be.

To sweep gaily on before a fresh, fair breeze, is comparatively easy, but few landsmen can realize the patient assiduity and nautical skill required to extract propelling power from winds determined to be dead ahead.

How nicely the sails must be set at the sharpest angle with the course of the vessel, and sometimes that course itself varied a point or two to make them draw at all; how often they must be shifted, or reefed, or furled; how much labor and skill must be put in requisition to secure a very slight addition to the speed of the ship—all this I am not seaman enough to describe, though I can admire. And during the entire voyage, with its many vicissitudes, I did not hear one harsh or profane word from an officer, one sulky or uncivil response from a subordinate. And the perfection of Captain Comstock's commandership in my eyes was that, though always on the alert, and giving directions to every movement, he did not need to command half so much, nor to make himself anything like so conspicuous as an ordinary man would. I willingly believe that some share of the merit of this is due to the admirable qualities of his assistant, especially Lieutenants Duncan and Hunter, of the U. S. Navy.

In the way of food and attendance, nothing desirable was wanted but health and appetite. Four meals per day were regularly provided—at 8, 12, 4 and 7 o'clock respectively—which would favorably compare with those proffered at any but the very best hotels; and some of the dinners—that of the last Sunday especially—would have done credit to the Astor or Irving. Of course I state this with the reservation that the best water and the best milk that can be had at sea are to me unpalatable, and that, even when I can eat under a deck, it is a penance to do so.

But these drawbacks are ocean's fault, or mine; not the Baltic's. Many of the passengers ate their four meals regularly, after the first day out, with abundant relish; and one young New-Yorker

added a *fifth*, by taking a supper at ten each night with a capital appetite, after doing full justice to the four regular meals. If he could only patent his digestion and warrant it, he might turn his back on merchandize evermore.

The attendance on the sick was the best feature of all.

Aside from the constant and kind assiduities of Dr. Crary, the ship's physician, the patience and watchfulness with which the sick were nursed and tended, their wants sought out, their wishes anticipated, were remarkable. Many had three meals per day served to them separately in their berths or on deck, and even at unseasonable hours, and often had special delicacies provided for them, without a demur or sulky look. As there was no extra charge for this, it certainly surpassed any preconception on my part, of steamship amenity. I trust the ever-moving attendants received something more than their wages for their arduous labors; they certainly deserved it.

The notable incidents of our passage were very few. An iceberg was seen to the northward one morning about sunrise, by those who were on deck at that hour; but it kept at a respectful distance, and we thought the example worthy of our imitation. I understand that the rising sun's rays on its surface produced a fine effect. A single school of whales exhibited their flukes for our edification—so I heard. Several vessels were seen, the first morning out, while we were in the Gulf stream; one or two from day to day, and of course a number as we neared the entrance of the channel on this side; but there were days wherein we saw no sail but our own; and I think we traversed nearly a thousand miles at one time on this great highway of nations, without seeing one. Such facts give some idea of the ocean's immensity, but I think few can realize, save by experiment, the weary length of way from New York to Liverpool, nor the quantity of blue water which separates the two points.

Friends who went to California by Cape Horn, and were seasick, I proffer you my heart-felt sympathies! It was some consolation to me, even when most ill and impatient, to reflect that the gales so adverse to us, were most propitious to the many emigrant-freighted packets, which at this season are conveying thousands to our country's shores, and whose clouds of canvas occasionally loomed upon us in the distance. What were our "light afflictions" compared with those of the multitudes crowded into *their* stifling steerages, so devoid of conveniences and comforts! Speed on, O favored coursers of the deep, bearing swiftly those suffering exiles to the land of Hope and Freedom!

We had a law trial by way of variety, last Saturday—Captain

Comstock having been duly indicted and arraigned for *humbug*, in permitting us to be so long beset by all manner of easterly winds, with never a puff from the westward. Hon. Ashbel Smith, from Texas, officiated as Chief Justice; a jury of six ladies and six gentlemen, were empaneled; James I. Brady conducted the prosecution with much wit and spirit; while Æolus, Neptune, Captain Cuttle, Jack Bunsby, etc., testified for the prosecution, and Fairweather, Westwind, Brother Johnathan, and Mr. Steady, gave evidence for the defense. The fun was rather heavy, but the audience was very good natured, and whatever the witnesses lacked in wit, they made up in extravagance of costume, so that two hours were whiled away quite endurably. The jury not only acquitted the Captain without leaving their seats, but subjected the prosecutors to heavy damages, (in wine,) as malicious defamers. The verdict was received with unanimous and hearty approval. But I must stop and begin again.

Suffice it, that though we ought to have landed here inside of twelve days from New York, the difference in time (Liverpool using that of Greenwich, for railroad convenience,) being all but five hours—yet the long prevalence of easterly winds had so lowered the waters of the Mersey, by driving those of the Channel westerly into the Atlantic, that the pilot declined the responsibility of taking our ship over the bar, till high water, which was nearly seven o'clock. We then ran up opposite the city, but there was no dock-room for the Baltic, and passengers and light baggage were ferried ashore in a "steam tug," which we in New York should deem unworthy to convey market garbage. At last, after infinite delay and vexation, caused in good part by the necessity of a Custom House scrutiny, even of carpet-bags, because men *will* smuggle cigars ashore here, even in their pockets, we were landed about nine o'clock, and to-morrow I set my watch by an English sun.

There is promise of brighter skies. I shall hasten up to London to witness the opening of the World's Fair; and so, "my native land, good night."

The following choice passage from his closing letter, written just before he entered the ship to return to his loved home on his native land:

But I must not linger. The order to embark is given; our good ship Baltic is ready; another hour and I shall have left England and this continent, probably forever. With a fervent good-bye to the friends I leave on this side of the Atlantic, I turn my steps

gladly and proudly toward my own loved Western home—toward the land wherein man enjoys larger opportunities than elsewhere to develop the better and the worse aspects of his nature, and where evil and good have a freer course, a wider arena for their inevitable struggles, than is allowed them among the heavy fetters and cast-iron forms of this rigid and wrinkled Old World. Doubtless, those struggles will long be arduous and trying; doubtless, the dictates of duty will there often bear sternly away from the halcyon bowers of popularity; doubtless, he who would be single and wholly right, must there encounter ordeals as severe as those which here try the souls of the would-be-champions of progress and liberty. But political freedom, such as white men enjoy in the United States, and the mass do not enjoy in Europe, not even in Britain, is a basis for confident and well-grounded hope; the running stream, though turbid, tends ever to self-purification; the obstructed, stagnant pool grows daily more dark and loathsome. Believing most firmly in the ultimate and perfect triumph of good over evil, I rejoice in the existence and diffusion of that liberty, which, while it intensifies the contest, accelerates the consummation. Neither blind to her errors, nor a panderer to her vices, I rejoice to feel that every hour henceforth till I see her shores, must lessen the distance which divides me from my country, whose advantages and blessings this four months' absence has taught me to appreciate more clearly, and to prize more deeply than before.

With a glow of unwonted rapture, I see our stately vessel's prow turned toward the setting sun, and strive to realize that only some ten days separate me from those I know and love best on earth. Hark! the last gun announces that the mail-boat has left us, and that we are fairly afloat on our ocean journey; the shores of Europe recede from our vision; the watery waste is all around us; and now, with God above, and death below, our gallant bark and her clustered company, together brave the dangers of the mighty deep. May infinite mercy watch over our onward path, and bring us safely to our several homes; for to die away from home and kindred, seems one of the saddest calamities that could befall me. This mortal tenement would rest uneasily in an ocean shroud; this spirit reluctantly resign that tenement to the chill and pitiless brine; these eyes close regretfully on the stranger skies and bleak inhospitality of the sullen and stormy main. No! let me see once more the scenes so well remembered and beloved; let me grasp, if but once again, the hand of friendship, and hear the thrilling accents of proved affection, and when, sooner or later, the hour of mortal agony shall come, let my last gaze be fixed on eyes that will

not forget me when I am gone, and let my ashes repose in that congenial soil which however I may there be esteemed or hated, is still

“My own green land, forever.”

The constant growth of the anti-slavery sentiment of the country, together with the persistent effort of a large body of our people to maintain and spread slavery, rendered that question one of the most exciting and wide spread subjects of discussion, in our country. Mr. GREELEY being a zealous and prominent anti-slavery man, studied the subject thoroughly, and familiarized himself with its whole history, and in 1856, published a work embracing an outline history of the legislation of the country upon the subject of slavery, with the following title :

A  
HISTORY OF THE STRUGGLE  
FOR  
SLAVERY EXTENSION OR RESTRICTION  
IN THE  
UNITED STATES,  
FROM THE  
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,  
TO THE PRESENT DAY.

We quote the first chapter of the work as follows :

SLAVERY IN THE COLONIES.

Human slavery, as it existed in the pagan world, and especially in the infancy, vigor, and decline of Greek and Roman civilization, gradually died out in the advancing light of christianity.

When Columbus opened the New World to European enterprise and settlement, the serfdom of Russia and Hungary, and the mild bondage of Turkey—each rather an Asiatic or Scythian than a European power—were the last remaining vestiges of a system which had pervaded, and mastered, and ruined, the vast empires of Alexander and the Cæsars. The few ignorant and feeble dependents elsewhere held in virtual bondage, by force rather of custom than



of positive law, serve rather to establish than disprove his general statement. Lust of gold and power was the main impulse of Spanish migration to the marvelous regions beyond the Atlantic, and the soft and timid aborigines of tropical America, especially of its islands, were first compelled to surrender whatever they possessed of the precious metals, to the imperious and grasping strangers; next forced to disclose to those strangers the sources whence they were most readily obtained; and finally driven to toil and delve for more, wherever power and greed supposed they might most readily be obtained.

From this point, the transition to general enslavement was ready and rapid. The gentle and indolent natives, unaccustomed to rugged, persistent toil, and revolting at the harsh and brutal severity of their christian masters, had but one unfailing resource—death. Through privation, hardship, exposure, fatigue and despair, they drooped and died, until millions were reduced to a few miserable thousands within the first century of Spanish rule in America.

A humane and observant priest, (Las Casas,) witnessing these cruelties and sufferings, was moved by pity to devise a plan for their termination.

He suggested and urged the policy of substituting for these feeble and perishing "Indians" the hardier natives of Western Africa, whom their eternal wars and marauding invasions were constantly exposing to captivity and sale as prisoners of war, and who, as a race, might be said to be inured to the hardship and degradations of slavery by an immemorial experience.

The suggestion was unhappily approved, and the woes and miseries of the few remaining aborigines of the islands known to us as "West Indies," were inconsiderably prolonged by exposing the whole continent for unnumbered generations to the evils and horrors of African slavery. The author lived to perceive and deplore the consequences of his expedient.

The sanction of the Pope having been obtained for the African slave-trade by representations which invested it with a look of philanthropy, Spanish and Portuguese mercantile avarice was readily enlisted in its prosecution, and the whole continent, north and south of the tropics, became a slave-mart before the close of the sixteenth century.

Holland, a comparatively new and Protestant State, unable to shelter itself from the reproaches of conscience and humanity behind a Papal hull, entered upon the new traffic more tardily; but its profits soon over-bore all scruples, and British merchants were not proof against the glittering evidences of their success.

But the first slave-ship that ever entered a North American port for the sale of its human merchandise, was a Dutch trading-vessel, which landed twenty negro bondmen at Jamestown, the nucleus of Virginia, almost simultaneously with the landing of the Pilgrims of the Mayflower on Plymouth Rock, Dec. 22d, 1620.

The Dutch slaver had chosen his market with sagacity. Virginia was settled by Cavaliers—gentlemen-adventurers aspiring to live by their own wits and other men's labor—with the necessary compliment of followers and servitors. Few of her pioneer's cherished any earnest liking for downright, persistent, muscular exertion; yet some exertion was urgently required to clear away the heavy forest which all but covered the soil of the infant colony, and grow the Tobacco which easily became its staple export, by means of which nearly everything required by its people but food, was to be paid for in England.

The slaves, therefore, found ready purchasers at satisfactory prices, and the success of the first venture induced others; until not only Virginia but every part of British America was supplied with African slaves. This traffic, with the bondage it involved, had no justification in British, nor in the early colonial laws; but it proceeded, nevertheless, much as an importation of dromedaries.

Georgia was the first among the colonies to resist and remand it in her original charter under the lead of her noble founder-governor, General Oglethorpe; but the evil was too formidable and inveterate for local extirpation, and a few years saw it established, even in Georgia; first evading or defying, and at length moulding and transforming the law.

It is very common at this day to speak of our revolutionary struggle as commenced and hurried forward by a union of free and slave colonies; but such is not the fact.

However slender and dubious its legal basis, slavery existed in each and all of the colonies that united to declare and maintain their independence. Slaves were proportionately more numerous in certain portions of the South; but they were held with impunity throughout the North, advertised like dogs or horses, and sold at auction, or otherwise, as chattels.

Vermont, then a Territory in dispute between New Hampshire and New York, and with very few civilized inhabitants, mainly on its southern and eastern borders, is probably the only portion of the Revolutionary confederation never polluted by the tread of a slave.

The spirit of liberty, aroused or intensified by the protracted struggle of the colonists against usurped and abused power in the mother country, soon found itself engaged in natural antagonism against the current form of domestic despotism.

How shall we complain of arbitrary or unlimited power exerted over us, while we exert a still more despotie and inexcusable power over a dependent and benighted race, was very fairly asked.

Several suits were brought in Massachusetts—where the fires of liberty burnt earliest and brightest—to test the legal right of slaveholding; and the leading Whigs gave their money and their legal services to support these actions, which were generally, on one ground or another, successful.

Efforts for an express law of emancipation, however, failed even in Massachusetts; the Legislature, doubtless, apprehending that such a measure, by alienating the slaveholders, would increase the number and power of the Tories; but in 1777, a privateer having brought a lot of captured slaves into Jamaica, and advertised them for sale, the General Court, as the legislative assembly was called, interfered, and had them set at liberty.

The first continental Congress which resolved to resist the usurpations and oppressions of Great Britain by force, had already declared that our struggle would be “for the cause of human nature,” which the Congress of 1776, under the lead of Thomas Jefferson, expanded into the noble affirmation of the right of “all men of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness” contained in the immortal preamble to the Declaration of Independence.

A like everment that, “All men are born free and equal,” was in 1780 inserted in the Massachusetts Bill of Right; and the Supreme Court of that State, in 1783, on an indictment of a master for assault and battery, held this declaration at bar to slave-holding henceforth in the State.

A similar clause in the second constitution of New Hampshire, was held by the courts of that State to secure freedom to every child, born therein after its adoption. Pennsylvania in 1780, passed an act prohibiting the further introduction of slaves, and securing freedom to all persons born in that State thereafter.

Connecticut and Rhode Island passed similar acts in 1784, Virginia, 1778, on motion of Mr. Jefferson, prohibiting the further importation of slaves; and in 1782, removed all legal restrictions on emancipation. Maryland adopted both of these in 1783.

North Carolina, in 1786, declared the introduction of slaves into

that State "of evil consequences and highly impolitic," and imposed a duty of £5 per head thereon.

New York and New Jersey followed the example of Virginia and Maryland, including the domestic in the same interdict with the foreign slave trade. Neither of these States, however, declared a general emancipation until many years thereafter, and slavery did not wholly cease in New York until about 1830, nor in New Jersey till a much later date. The distinction of free and slave States, with the kindred assumption of a natural antagonism between the North and South, was utterly unknown to the men of the Revolution. Before the Declaration of Independence, but during the intense ferment which preceded it, and distracted public attention from everything else, Lord Mansfield had rendered his judgment from the King's Bench, which expelled slavery from England, and ought to have destroyed it in the colonies as well.

The plaintiff in this famous case was James Somerset, a native of Africa, carried to Virginia as a slave, taken thence by his master to England, and there incited to resist the claim of his master to his services, and assert his right to liberty.

In the first recorded case, involving the legality of modern slavery in England, it was held (1697) that negroes, "being usually bought and sold among merchants as merchandise, and *also being infidels*, there might be a property in them sufficient to maintain travel." But this was overruled by Chief Justice Holt from the King's Bench (1697,) ruling that "so soon as a negro lands in England he is free;" and again, (1702) that "there is no such thing as a slave by the law of England."

This judgment proving exceedingly troublesome to planters and merchants from slaveholding colonies visiting the mother country with their servants, the merchants concerned in the American trade, in 1729, procured from Yorke and Talbot, the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General of the Crown, a written opinion, that negroes, legally enslaved elsewhere, might be held as slaves in England, and that even baptism was no bar to the master's claim. This opinion was, in 1749, held to be sound law by Yorke, (now Lord Hardwicke,) sitting as judge, on the ground that, if the contrary ruling of Lord Holt were upheld, it would abolish slavery in Jamaica or Virginia, as well as in England; British law being paramount in each.

Thus the law stood, until Lord Mansfield, in Somerset's case, reversed it with evident reluctance, and after having vainly endeavored to bring about an accommodation between the parties. When

delay would serve no longer, and a judgment must be rendered, Mansfield declared it in these memorable words :

We cannot direct the law ; the law must direct us. \* \* \*  
 The state of slavery is of such a nature that it is incapable of being introduced on any reasons, moral or political, but only by positive law, which preserves its force long after the reasons, occasion, and time itself, whence it was created, is erased from the memory. It is so odious, that nothing can be sufficient to support it but positive law. Whatever inconveniences, therefore, may follow from the decision, I cannot say this case is allowed or approved by the law of England, and therefore the black must be discharged.

The natural, if not necessary effect of this decision on slavery in these colonies, had their connection with the mother country been continued, is sufficiently obvious.

#### SLAVERY UNDER THE CONFEDERATION.

The disposition or management of unpeopled territories, pertaining to the thirteen recent colonies, now confederated as independent States, early became a subject of solicitude and of bickering among those States, and in Congress.

By the terms of their charters, some of the colonies had an indefinite extension westwardly, and were only limited by the power of the grantor. Many of these charters conflicted with each other—the same territory being included within the limits of two or more totally distinct colonies.

As the expenses of the Revolutionary struggle began to bear heavily on the resources of the States, it was keenly felt by some, that their share in the advantages of the expected triumph, would be less than that of others.

Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia, laid claim to spacious dominions outside of their proper boundaries ; while New Hampshire, (save in Vermont,) Rhode Island, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, and South Carolina, possessed no such boasted resources, to meet the war debts constantly augmenting.

They urged, therefore, with obvious justice, that these unequal advantages ought to be surrendered, and all the lands included within the territorial limits of the Union, but outside of the proper and natural boundaries of the several States, respectively, should be ceded to, and held by Congress, in trust for the common benefit of all the States, and their proceeds employed in satisfaction of the debts and liabilities of the Confederation. This reasonable requisition was ultimately, but with some reservations, responded to,

Virginia reserved a sufficiency beyond the Ohio, to furnish the bounties promised to her revolutionary officers and soldiers. Connecticut, a western reserve, since largely settled from the parent State. Massachusetts reserved five millions of acres, located in western New York, which she claimed to be entitled, by her charter, to own.

In either of these cases, the foe only was reserved, the sovereignty being surrendered. The cessions were severally made, during, or directly after the close of the Revolutionary War. And one of the most obvious duties devolved on the Continental Congress, which held its sessions in Philadelphia, directly after the close of that exhausting struggle, was the framing of an Act or Ordinance for the government of the vast domain, thus committed to its care and disposal. The responsible duty of framing this Ordinance, was devolved by Congress on a select Committee, consisting of Mr. Jefferson of Va., (Chairman,) Chase of Md., and Howell of R. I.; who, in due time, reported a plan for the government of the Western Territory, contemplating the whole region included within our boundaries, west of the old thirteen States, and as far South, as our 31st degree of North latitude; territory as yet partially ceded to the Confederation, but which was expected to be so, and embracing several of our present slave States. This plan contemplated the ultimate division of this Territory, into seventeen States, eight of them situated below the parallel of the Falls of the Ohio, (now Louisville,) and nine above it. Among other rules reported from this Committee, by Mr. Jefferson, for the government of this vast region, was the following:

That after the year 1800, of the Christian era, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the said *States*, otherwise than in punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been convicted to be personally guilty.

APRIL 19, 1784.—Congress having the aforesaid Report under consideration, Mr. Spaight of N. C., moved the striking out of the above paragraph. Mr. Read, of S. C., seconded the motion.

The ays and nays, being required by Mr. Howell, were ordered, and put in this form: "Shall the words moved to be stricken out, stand?" and decided as follows:

New Hampshire	Mr. Foster,	ay
“ “	Mr. Blenvilt,	ay
Massachusetts,	Mr. Gerry,	ay
“ “	Mr. Partridge,	ay
Rhode Island,	Mr. Ellery,	ay
“ “	Mr. Howell,	ay

Connecticut,	Mr. Sherman,	ay
“	Mr. Wadsworth,	ay
New York,	Mr. DeWitt,	ay
“ “	Mr. Perine,	ay
New Jersey,	Mr. Dick,	ay
Pennsylvania,	Mr. Mifflin,	ay
“	Mr. Montgomery,	ay
“	Mr. Hand,	ay
Maryland,	Mr. McHenry,	no
“	Mr. Stone,	no—divided.
Virginia,	Mr. Jefferson,	ay
“	Mr. Hardy,	no
“	Mr. Mercer,	no
North Carolina,	Mr. Williamson,	ay
“ “	Mr. Spaight,	no
South Carolina,	Mr. Read,	no
“ “	Mr. Beresford,	no

So the question was lost, and the words were struck out.

Last—although six States voted aye, to only three nay; and though of the members present, fifteen voted for, to six against, Mr. Jefferson's proposition. But the articles of confederation required a vote of nine States to carry a proposition; and failing to receive so many, this comprehensive exclusion of slavery from the Federal Territories, was defeated. The ordinance, thus depleted, after undergoing some further amendments, was finally approved April 23d—all the delegates but those from South Carolina, voting in the affirmative. In 1787, the last Continental Congress, sitting in New York simultaneously with the convention at Philadelphia, which framed our Federal Constitution, took up the subject of the government of the Western Territory, raising a committee thereon, of which Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, was Chairman. That committee reported (July 11th,) “an Ordinance for the government of the Territory of the United States, *northwest of the Ohio*,”—the larger area contemplated by Mr. Jefferson's bill not having been ceded by the Southern States claiming dominion over it. This bill embodied many of the provisions originally drafted and reported by Mr. Jefferson, but with some modification, and concludes with six unalterable articles of perpetual compact, the last of them as follows: “There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said Territory, otherwise than in punishment of crimes, whereof the parties shall be duly convicted.” To this was added, prior to its passage, the stipulation for the delivery of fugitives from labor or service, soon after embodied in the Federal Consti-

tution; and in this shape, the entire ordinance was adopted (July 13th,) by a unanimous vote, Georgia and the Carolinas concurring.

UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.

The old Articles of Confederation having proved inadequate to the creation and maintenance of a capable and efficient national or central authority, a convention of delegates from the several States was legally assembled in Philadelphia, in 1787—George Washington, president; and the result of its labors was our present Federal Constitution, though some amendments, mainly of the nature of restrictions on Federal power, were proposed by the several State conventions assembled, to pass upon that Constitution, and adopted. The following are all the provisions of that instrument, which are presumed to relate to the subject of slavery:

(Preamble:) We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

Art. I, § 1. All legislative powers herein granted, shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

§ 2. \* \* \* Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to servitude for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons.

§ 9. The migration or importation of such persons, as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the year 1808; but a tax or duty may be imposed, not exceeding ten dollars on each person.

The privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it.

No bill of attainder, or *ex post facto* laws shall be passed.

Art. III, § 3. Treason against the United States, shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort.

Art. IV, § 2. The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges of citizens in the several States.



No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.

§ 3. New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State; nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States, or parts of States, without the consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned, as well as of the Congress.

The Congress shall have power to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States; and nothing in this Constitution shall be so construed as to prejudice any claims of the United States, or of any particular State.

§ 4. The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union, a Republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion; and on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive, when the Legislature cannot be convened, against domestic violence.

Art. VI. This Constitution, and the laws of the United States, which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all the treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

The above are all—and perhaps more than all—the clauses of the Constitution, that have been quoted on one side or the other as bearing upon the subject of slavery. It will be noted that the word “slave” or “slavery” does not appear therein.

Mr. Madison, who was a leading and observant member of the convention, and who took notes of its daily proceedings, affirms that this silence was designed—the convention being unwilling that the Constitution of the United States should recognize property in human beings. In passages where slaves are presumed to be contemplated, they are uniformly designated as “persons,” never as property. Contemporary history proves that it was the belief of at least a large portion of the delegates, that slavery could not long survive the final stoppage of the slave trade, which was expected to (and did,) occur in 1808. And, were slavery this day banished forever from the country, there might, indeed, be some superfluous stipulations in the Federal compact or charter; but there are

none which need be repealed, or essentially modified. A direct provision for the restoration of fugitive slaves to their masters, was, at least once, voted down by the convention. Finally, the clause respecting persons "held at service or labor," was proposed by Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, and adopted with little or no opposition. The following among the amendments to the Constitution, proposed by the ratifying conventions of one or more States, and adopted, are supposed by some to bear on the questions relative to slavery:

Art. I. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or of the rights of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

Art. II. A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

Art. V. No person shall be \* \* \* deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation."

#### CESSIONS OF SOUTHERN TERRITORY.

The State of Kentucky was set off from the State of Virginia, in 1790, by mutual agreement, and admitted into the Union by act of Congress, passed February 4, 1791; to take effect June 1, 1792. It was never a territory of the United States, nor under Federal jurisdiction, except as a State, and inherited slavery from the "Old Domain."

The State of North Carolina, like several others, claimed, during and after the Revolution, that her territory extended westward to the Mississippi. The settlers west of the Alleghanies, resisted this claim, and a portion of them assumed to establish (1784-5,) the State of Frankland, in what is now East Tennessee; but North Carolina forcibly resisted and subverted this, and a considerable portion of the people of the embryo State, derided its authority, and continued to act and vote as citizens of North Carolina. A delegate (William Coeke,) was sent from Frankland to the Continental Congress, but was not received by that body.

On the 22nd of December, 1789, however—one month after her ratification of the Federal Constitution—North Carolina passed an act, ceding, on certain conditions, all her territory west of her present limits, to the United States. Among the conditions exacted by

her, and agreed to by Congress, (Act approved April 21, 1790,) is the following :

*Provided, always,* That no regulations made, or to be made by Congress, shall tend to emancipate slaves.

Georgia, in like manner, ceded (April 2, 1802,) the Territories lying west of her present limits, now forming the States of Alabama and Mississippi. Among the conditions exacted by her, and accepted by the United States, is the following :

Fifthly. That the Territory thus ceded, shall become a State, and be admitted into the Union, as soon as it shall contain sixty thousand free inhabitants, or, at an earlier period, if Congress shall think it expedient, on the same conditions and restrictions, with the same privileges, and in the same manner, as is provided in the Ordinance of Congress, of the 13th day of July, 1787, for the government of the western Territory of the United States ; which Ordinance shall, in all its parts, extend to the territory contained in the present act of cession, the article only excepted, which forbids slavery.

#### EARLY ATTEMPTS TO OVERRIDE THE ORDINANCE.

When Ohio (1802-3,) was made a State, the residue of the vast regions, originally conveyed by the Ordinance of '87, was continued under Federal pupilage, by the name of "Indian Territory," whereof Wm. Henry Harrison (since President,) was appointed Governor.

An earnest, though quiet effort, was made by the Virginia element, which the location of her military bounty warrants on the soil of Ohio, had infused into that embryo State, to have slavery for a limited term authorized in her first Constitution ; but it was strenuously resisted by the New England element, which was far from considerable, and defeated. The Virginians either had, or professed to have the countenance of President Jefferson, though his hostility to slavery, as a permanent social state, was undoubted. It was quite commonly argued that, though slavery was injurious in the long run, yet, as an expedient while clearing away the heavy forests, opening settlements in the wilderness, and surmounting the inevitable hardships and privations of border life, it might be tolerated, and even regarded with favor.

Accordingly, the new Territory of Indiana made repeated efforts to procure a relaxation in her favor, of the restrictive clause of the Ordinance of '87, one of them through the instrumentality of a Convention, assembled in 1802-3, and presided over by the Territorial Governor ; so he, with the great body of his fellow-delegates,

memorialized Congress, among other things, to suspend temporarily, the operation of the sixth article of the Ordinance aforesaid.

This memorial was referred in the House, to a select Committee of three, two of them from slave States, with the since celebrated John Randolph, as Chairman. On the 2nd of March, 1803, Mr. Randolph made, what appears to have been a unanimous report from this Committee, of which we give so much as relates to slavery—as follows :

The rapid population of the State of Ohio sufficiently evinces, in the opinion of your Committee, that the labor of slaves is not necessary to promote the growth and settlement of colonies in that region.

That this labor—demonstrably the dearest of any—can only be employed in the cultivation of products, more valuable than any known to that quarter of the United States ; that the Committee deem it highly dangerous and inexpedient to impair a provision wisely calculated to promote the happiness and prosperity of the north-western country, and to give strength and security to that extensive frontier.

In the salutary operation of this sagacious and benevolent restraint, it is believed that the inhabitants of Indiana will, at no very distant day, find ample remuneration for a temporary privation of labor, and of emigration.

The Committee proceed to discuss other subjects, set forth in the prayer of the memorial, and conclude with eight resolves, whereof the only one relating to slavery, is as follows :

*Resolved*, That it is inexpedient to suspend, for a limited time, the operation of the sixth article of the compact between the original States, and the people and States west of the river Ohio.

This Report, having been made at the close of the session, was referred at the next, to a new Committee, whereof Cæsar Rodney, a new Representative from Delaware, was Chairman. Mr. Rodney, from this Committee, reported, (February 17, 1804,)

That, taking into their consideration, the facts stated in the said memorial and petition, they are induced to believe that a qualified suspension, for a limited time, of the sixth article of compact between the original States and the people and States west of the river Ohio, might be productive of benefit and advantage to said Territory.

The Report goes on to discuss the other topics embraced in the Indiana memorial, and concludes with eight resolves, of which the first (and only one relative to slavery,) is as follows :

*Resolved*, That the sixth article of the Ordinance of 1787, which

prohibited slavery within the said Territory, be suspended in a qualified manner, for ten years, so as to permit the introduction of slaves, born within the United States, from any of the individual States; *provided*, that such individual State does not permit the importation of slaves from foreign countries: *and provided, further*, that the descendants of all such slaves shall, if males, be free at the age of twenty-five years, and, if females, at the age of twenty-one years.

The House to no action on this Report.

The original memorial from Indiana, with several additional memorials of like purport, was again, in 1805-6, referred by the House to a select Committee, whereof Mr. Garnett of Virginia, was Chairman; who, on the 14th of February, 1806, made a report in favor of the prayer of the petitioners, as follows:

That, having attentively considered the fact stated in the said petitions and memorials, they are of opinion that a qualified suspension, for a limited time, of the sixth article of compact between the original States, and the people and States west of the river Ohio, would be beneficial to the people of the Indiana Territory.

The suspension of this article, is an object almost universally desired in that Territory. It appears to your Committee, to be a question entirely different from that between slavery and freedom; inasmuch as it would merely occasion the removal of persons already slaves, from one part of the country to another. The good effect of this suspension, in the present instance, would be to accelerate the population of that Territory, hitherto retarded by the operation of that article of compact, as slave-holders emigrating into the Western country, might then indulge any preference which they might feel for a settlement in the Indiana Territory, instead of seeking, as they are now compelled to do, settlements in other States or countries, permitting the introduction of slaves.

The condition of the slaves themselves, would be much ameliorated by it, as it is evident from experience, that the more they are separated and diffused, the more care and attention are bestowed on them by their masters—each proprietor having it in his power to increase their comforts and conveniences, in proportion to the smallness of their members.

The dangers, too, (if any are to be apprehended,) from too large a black population existing in any one section of country, would certainly be very much diminished, if not entirely removed. But whether dangers are to be feared from this source or not, it is certainly an obvious dictate of sound policy to guard against them, as far as possible.

If this danger does exist, or there is any cause to apprehend it, and our western brethren are not only willing but desirous to aid us in taking precautions, against it, would it not be to accept their assistance?

We should benefit ourselves, without infusing them, as their population must always so far exceed any black population which can ever exist in that country, as to render the idea of danger from that source chimerical.

After discussing other subjects embodied in the Indiana memorial, the committee close with a series of resolves, which they commend to the adoption of the House.

The first and only one german to our subject is, as follows:

*Resolved*, That the sixth article of the Ordinance of 1787, which prohibits slavery within the Indiana Territory, be suspended for ten years, so as to permit the introduction of slaves, born within the United States, from any of the individual States.

This report and resolve were committed and made a special order on the Monday following, but were never taken into consideration.

At the next session, a fresh letter from Gov. William Henry Harrison, inclosing resolves of the Legislative Council and House of Representatives in favor of suspending, for a limited period, the sixth article of compact aforesaid, was received (Jan. 21, 1807) and referred to a select committee, whereof, Mr. B. Parke, delegate from said Territory, was made Chairman.

The entire Committee (Mr. Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, being now Speaker) consisted of Messrs. Alston, of North Carolina; Masters, of New York; Morrow, of Ohio; Parke, of Indiana; Rhea, of Tennessee; Sandford, of Kentucky; Trigg, of Virginia.

Mr. Parke, from this committee, made (Feb. 12) a *third* report to the House in favor of granting the prayer of the memorialists. It is as follows:

The resolution of the Legislative Council and House of Representatives of the Indiana Territory, relate to a suspension, for the term of ten years of the sixth article of compact between the United States and the Territories and States north-west of the river Ohio, passed the 13th July, 1787.

That article declares that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said Territory.

The suspension of the said article would operate an immediate and essential benefit to the Territory, as emigration to it will be inconsiderable for many years, except from those States where

slavery is tolerated. And, although it is not considered expedient to force the population of the Territory, yet it is desirable to connect its scattered settlements, and, in admitted political rights, to place it on an equal footing with the different States.

From the interior situation of the Territory, it is not believed that slaves could ever become so numerous as to endanger the internal peace or future prosperity of the country. The current of emigration flowing to the western country, the Territories should all be opened to their introduction.

The abstract question of Liberty and Slavery is not involved in the proposed measure, as slavery now exists to a considerable extent in different parts of the Union; it would not augment the number of slaves, but merely authorize the removal to Indiana of such as are held in bondage in the United States.

If slavery is an evil, means ought to be devised to render it least dangerous to the community, and by which the hapless situation of the slaves would be most ameliorated; and to accomplish these objects, no measure would be so effectual as the one proposed.

The Committee, therefore, respectfully submit to the House the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That it is expedient to suspend, from and after the 1st day of January, 1808, the sixth article of compact between the United States and the Territories, and States north-west of the Ohio, passed the 13th day of July, 1787, for the term of ten years! This report, with its predecessors, was committed, and made a special order, but never taken into consideration.

The same letter of General Harrison, and resolves of the Indiana Legislature, were submitted to the Senate, Jan. 21, 1877. They were laid on the table "for consideration," and do not appear to have ever been referred at that session; but at the next, or first session of the fourth Congress, which convened Oct. 26, 1807, the President (Nov. 7,) submitted a letter from Gen. Harrison and his Legislature—whether a new or the old one does not appear—and it was now referred to a select committee, consisting of Messrs. J. Franklin, of North Carolina; Kitchel, of New Jersey, and Triffin, of Ohio.

Nov. 13th, Mr. Franklin, from said Committee, reported as follows:

The Legislative Council and House of Representatives, in their resolutions, express their sense of the propriety of introducing slavery into their Territory, and solicit the Congress of the United States to suspend, for a given number of years, the sixth article of

compact, in the ordinance for the government of the Territory northwest of the Ohio, passed the 13th day of July, 1887.

That article declares: "There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude within the said Territory."

The citizens of Clark County, in their remonstrance, express their sense of the impropriety of the measure, and solicit the Congress of the United States not to act on the subject, so as to permit the introduction of slaves into the Territory; at least, until their population shall entitle them to form a constitution and State government.

Your Committee, after duly considering the matter, respectfully submit the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That it is not expedient at this time to suspend the sixth article of compact for the government of the Territory of the United States north-west of the river Ohio.

And here ended, so far as we have been able to discover, the effort, so long and earnestly persisted in, to procure a suspension of the restriction in the Ordinance of 1787, so as to admit slavery, for a limited term, into the Territory lying between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, now forming the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

#### THE FIRST MISSOURI STRUGGLE.

The vast and indefinite Territory known as Louisiana, was ceded by France to the United States, in the year 1803, for the sum of \$15,000,000, of which \$3,750,000 was devoted to the payment of American claims on France. This Territory had just before been ceded by Spain to France, without pecuniary consideration. Slaveholding had long been legal therein, alike under Spanish and French rule, and the treaty of cession contained the following stipulation:

Art. III. The inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated into the union of the United States, and admitted as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages and immunities of citizens of the United States; and in the meantime they shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and the religion which they profess.

The State of Louisiana, embodying the southern portion of this acquired Territory, was recognized by Congress in 1811, and fully admitted in 1812, with a State Constitution. Those who choose to dwell among the inhabitants of the residue of the Louisiana purchase, henceforth called Missouri Territory, continued to hold slaves in its sparse and small, but increasing settlements, mainly



in its south-eastern quarter, and a pro-slavery court—perhaps any court—would undoubtedly have pronounced slavery legal anywhere on its vast expanse, from the Mississippi to the crest of the Rocky Mountains, if not beyond them, and from the Red river of Louisiana to the Lake of the Woods.

The XVth Congress assembled at Washington, on Monday, December 1, 1817. Henry Clay was chosen Speaker of the House. Mr. John Scott appeared on the 8th, as delegate from Missouri Territory, and was admitted to a seat as such. On the 16th of March following, he presented petitions of sundry inhabitants of Missouri, in addition to similar petitions already presented by him, praying for the admission of Missouri into the Union as a State, which were, on motion, referred to a select committee, consisting of Messrs. Scott, of Missouri; Poindexter, of Mississippi; Robertson, of Kentucky; Hendricks, of Indiana; Livermore, of New Hampshire; Mills, of Massachusetts, and Baldwin, of Pennsylvania.

April 3d, Mr. Scott, from this committee, reported a bill to authorize the people of Missouri Territory to form a Constitution and State government, and for the admission of such State into the Union, as an equal footing with the original States; which bill was read the first and second time, and sent to the Committee of the Whole, where it slept for the remainder of the session. That Congress convened at Washington for its second session, on the 16th of November, 1818.

February 13th, the House went into Committee of the Whole—Gen. Smith, of Maryland, in the Chair—and took up the Missouri bill aforesaid, which was considered through that sitting, as also that of the 15th, when several amendments were adopted, the most important of which was the following, moved in committee by Gen. James Tallmadge, of Dutchess county, New York, (lately deceased.)

*And provided also,* That the further introduction of slavery or involuntary servitude, be prohibited, except for the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall be duly convicted; and that all children of slaves, born within the said State, after the admission thereof into the Union, shall be free, but may be held to service until the age of twenty-five years.

On coming out of committee, the yeas and nays were called on the question of agreeing to this amendment, which was sustained by the following vote, (taken first on agreeing to so much of it as precedes and includes the word “convicted:”)

## YEAS—FOR THE RESTRICTION.

New Hampshire—Clifton Clagett, Samuel Hale, Arthur Livermore and Nathaniel Upham—4.

Massachusetts, (then including Maine)—Benjamin Adams, Samuel C. Allen, Walter Folger, jr., Timothy Fuller, Joshua Gage, Enoch Lincoln, Elijah H. Mills, Marcus Morton, Jeremiah Nelson, Benjamin Orr, Thomas Rice, Nathaniel Ruggles, Zabdill Sampson, Nathaniel Silsbee and John Wilson—15.

Rhode Island—James B. Mason—1.

Connecticut—Sylvester Gilbert, Ebenezer Huntington, Jonathan O. Mosely, Timothy Pitkin, Samuel B. Sherwood, Nathaniel Terry and Thomas S. Williams—7.

Vermont—Samuel C. Crafts, William Hunter, Orsamus C. Merrill, Charles Rich, Mark Richards—5.

New York—Oliver C. Comstock, John P. Cushman, John R. Drake, Benjamin Ellicott, Josiah Hasbrouch, John Herkimer, Thomas H. Hubbard, William Irving, Dorrance Kirtland, Thomas Lawyer, John Palmer, John Savage, Phillip J. Schuyler, John C. Spencer, Treadwell Scudder, James Tallmadge, John W. Taylor, Caleb Tompkins, George Townsend, Peter H. Wendover, Rensselaer Westerlo, James W. Walkin and Isaac Williams—23.

New Jersey—Ephraim Bateman, Benjamin Bennett, Charles Kinsey, John Linn and Henry Southard—5

Pennsylvania—William Anderson, Andrew Boden, Isaac Darlington, Joseph Heister, Joseph Hopkinson, Jacob Hostetter, William Maclay, William P. Maclay, David Merchand, Robert Moore, Samuel Moore, John Murray, Alexander Ogle, Thomas Patterson, Levi Pawling, Thomas J. Rogers, John Sergeant, James M. Wallace, John Whiteside and William Wilson—20.

Ohio—Levi Barber, Phileman Beecher, John W. Campbell, Samuel Herrick and Peter Hitchcock—5.

Indiana—William Hendricks—1.

Delaware—Willard Hall—1.

Total yeas 87—only one (the last named,) from a slave State.

## NAYS—AGAINST THE RESTRICTION.

Massachusetts—John Holmes, Jonathan Mason and Henry Shaw—3.

New York—Daniel Cruger, David A. Ogden and Henry R. Storrs—3.

New Jersey—Joseph Bloomfield—1.

New Hampshire—John F. Parrot—1.

Ohio—William Henry Harrison—1.

Illinois—John McLean—1.

[10 from Free States.]

Delaware—Louis McLean—1.

Maryland—Archibald Austin, Thomas Baily ; Thomas Culbreth, Peter Little, George Peter, Philip Reed, Samuel Ringgold, Samuel Smith and Philip Stuart—9.

Virginia—William Lee Ball, Philip P. Barbour, Bourwell Bassett, William A. Burwell, Edward Colston, Robert S. Garnett, James Johnson, William McCoy, Hugh Nelson, Thomas M. Nelson, John Pegram, James Pindall, James Pleasants, Ballard Smith, Alexander Smyth, Henry St. George Tucker and John Tyler—18.

North Carolina—Joseph H. Bryan, William Davidson, Weldon N. Edwards, Charles Fisher, Thomas H. Hall, James Owen, Samuel Sawyer, Thomas Little, Jesse Slocumb, James G. Smith, James Stewart, Felix Walker and Lewis Williams—13.

South Carolina—James Ervin, William Lowndes, Henry Middleton, Wilson Nesbitt, Elbert Simkins and Sterling Tucker—6.

Georgia—Joel Abbot, Thomas W. Cobb, Zadoc Cook and William Terrell—4.

Kentucky—Richard C. Anderson, jr., Joseph Desha, Richard M. Johnson, Anthony New, Thomas Newton, George Robertson, Thomas Speed, David Trimble and David Walker—9.

Tennessee—William G. Blout, Francis Jones, George W. S. Marr and John Rhea—4.

Mississippi—George Poindexler—1.

Louisiana—Thomas Butler—1.

Total nays, 76—10 from Free States, 66 from slave States.

The House now proceeded to vote on the residue of the reported amendment (from the word "convicted" above,) which was likewise sustained. Yeas 82; nays 78.

Messrs. Barber and Campbell of Ohio, Linn of N. J., and Mason of R. I., who, on the former division voted yea, now voted nay.

Messrs. Schuyler and Westers of N. Y., (yeas before,) did not vote now. Gen. Smith of Md., changed from nay before, to yea now.

So the whole amendment—as moved by Gen. Tallmadge, in Committee of the Whole, and there carried—was sustained, when reported to the House.

Mr. Storrs of New York (opposed to the restriction,) now moved the striking out of so much of the bill, as provides that the new State shall be admitted into the Union "on an equal footing with

the original States"—which he contended, was nullified by the votes just taken.

The House negatived the motion.

Messrs. Desha of Ky., Cobb of Ala., and Rhea of Tenn., declared against the bill as amended.

Messrs. Scott of Mo., and Anderson of Ky., preferred the bill as amended to none.

The House ordered the bill, as amended, to a third reading; yeas 98; nays 58.

The bill thus passed the House next day, and was sent to the Senate.

The following sketch of the debate on this question, (Feb. 15th,) appears in the Appendix to Nile's Register, Vol. XVI.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, }  
Feb. 15, 1819. }

Mr. Tallmadge of New York, having moved the following amendment, on the Saturday preceding:

*And provided, that the introduction of slavery, or involuntary servitude, be prohibited, except for the punishment of crimes, whereof the party has been duly convicted, and that all children born within the said State, after the admission thereof into the Union, shall be declared free at the age of twenty-five years :*

The discovery of gold in California, and subsequently at Pike's Peak, led thousands of our people over the "Plains," to those wild and unsubdued regions, and opened a rugged pathway of civilization, over which a few of those belonging to the olden States, and fixed in business at home, were gradually induced to travel. Actuated by a desire to see that distant country, and learn something of its resources, and of the industry of the people who had gathered there.

Mr. GREELEY set out in May, 1859, from his home in New York, to make the journey from the Atlantic, "overland" to the Pacific. He wrote letters to the *Tribune*, from time to time, as he went forward across the continent, from the rising to the setting sun, describing the country, and narrating scenes and incidents along his journey.

On his return home, his letters, thirty-three in number, were collected, and published in one volume, with the following title, and preface:

AN  
OVERLAND JOURNEY,  
FROM  
NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO,  
IN  
THE SUMMER OF 1859,  
BY  
HORACE GREELEY.

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## PREFACE.

The following letters, as is generally known, were written to the *New York Tribune*, during a journey through Kansas, Utah and California, last summer. No one can be more conscious than the writer, that they present the slightest possible claims to literary merit, or enduring interest. Their place is among the thousand ephemeral productions of the press, on which the reading public, if good-natured, bestows a kindly glance, then charitably forgets them. Ten years hence, hardly a hundred persons will be able, without sustained effort, to recollect that these letters were ever printed. Hurriedly written, mainly in wagons, or under the rudest tents, while closely surrounded by the (very limited) appliances and processes of pioneer meal getting, far from books of reference, and often in the absence of even the commonest map, they deal with surfaces only, and these under circumstances which preclude the idea of completeness of information, or uniform accuracy of statement.

The value of such a work, if value it have, must be sought in unstudied simplicity of narration, in the freshness of its observations, and in the truth of its averments, as transcripts of actual experiences and current impressions.

By consulting and studying the reports of eminent official explorers and pioneers, from Lewis and Clark, to Fremont and Lander, who have traversed the Plains, the Rocky Mountains, and the Great Basin, a far more complete and reliable book might have been made, but one extending to several volumes, and of which the public does not seem to stand in conscious, urgent need.

That herewith submitted, though of far humbler pretensions, was at least the merit of owing little or nothing to any other. If any excuse for printing these letters were wanted, it might be found in the fact that much of the ground passed over by the writer, was absolutely new—that is, it had never before been traversed and described. The route up Solomon's fork, and the upper portion of the Republican, from the forks of the Kansas to Cherry Creek; that from Denver to the gold diggings in the Rocky Mountains, near Ralston's fork of Clear Creek; the trail from Denver to Laramie, along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains; and that from Salt Lake southwestwardly through central Utah to Pleasant Valley, and thence northwestwardly to the Humboldt at Gravelly Ford, are believed to stand in this category.

But another reason for printing these hasty sketches, is found in the fact that very great and rapid changes in most of the region lying directly between Missouri and California, are inevitable. The Leavenworth Express route, through the heart of what, in June, is the buffalo region, which was hardly four weeks old when I traveled it, was soon after abandoned, and has reverted to the domain of the wolf and the savage; while the rude beginning of a settlement I found, scarcely three weeks old, at "Gregory's Diggings," has since been "Mountain City," with its municipality, its newspaper, and its thousands of inhabitants; and is now in its decline, having attained the ripe age of nearly half a year; Captain Simpson has, since July, completed his exploration of a military and mail route through central Utah, whereby more than a hundred miles of that I traveled are saved, and the detested Humboldt wholly avoided; and Carson Valley, under the impetus of rich mineral discoveries, is rapidly increasing in population and consequence, and about to stand forth, the nucleus of the embryo Territory of Nevada. Whoever visits California a few years hence, will doubtless find it greatly changed from the California so hastily run over, but faithfully described by me in August, 1859.

Should, then, a few copies of this book, lost in the dustiest recess of some all-embracing, indiscriminate library, evade the trunk-makers to the close of the next decade, the antiquary of 1870 may derive gratification, if not instruction, from a contrast of the populous, enterprising, and thrifty central North America of his day, with that same region overrun and roughly depicted by me in the summer of 1859. Should such prove the fact, I commend my hasty letters to his generous indulgence.

H. G.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1, 1859.

His first letter, with title and date, we give below :

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY—FROM NEW YORK TO KANSAS.

ATCHISON, KANSAS, May 15, 1859.

I left New York by Erie railroad, on Monday evening, the 9th inst., just as our fortnight of bright, hot, planting weather was closing. Two hours later, the gathered clouds burst upon us in a rain, which continued through the night, though the city was not refreshed by it till some hours later. We had glimpses of sunshine as we skirted the southern shore of lake Erie, on Wednesday, and some more after a heavy shower at Chicago on Thursday; beside these, cloudy skies, easterly winds, and occasional rain, have been my portion since I bade adieu to the hot, dusty streets of New York. But it is breaking away as I write, and I hope to see Kansas, for the first time, under skies which image her sunny future rather than her stormy past.

Coming up the Erie road, I tried a "sleeping car" for the third time, and not very successfully. We all "retired" at ten o'clock, with a fair allowance of open windows and virtuous resolutions; but the rain poured, the night was chill and damp; and soon every orifice for the admission of external air, save the two or three humbug ventilators overhead, was shut, and a mephitic atmosphere produced, in which the soul of John G. Saxe might have disported and fancied it elysium. After gasping a while, like a netted fish on a hot sandbank, I rose to enter my solemn protest against all sleeping cars not provided with abundant and indefeasible means of ventilation. I tried one two nights later on the Michigan Southern road, which served much better, though still far from perfect. It is very true that no arrangement can secure a healthy circulation of air by night, in any passenger car, while the popular ignorance is so dense, that the great majority imagine any atmosphere healthful, which is neither too cold nor too hot, and rather laugh at the wit than pity the blindness of Saxe, in holding up to ridicule a woman who knows (and does,) better than to sit all night in a close car, with thirty or forty other human beings, all breathing an atmosphere, which they, in twenty minutes, render absolutely poisonous; but the builders of cars have no right to be ignorant of the laws of life with which they tamper; and two or three presentments by grand juries, of the makers of unventilated cars, especially sleeping cars, as guilty of manslaughter, would exert a most salutary influence. I commend this public duty to the immediate consideration of jurors and prosecutors.

Stopping at Hornellsville, at seven next morning, I took the train for Buffalo thence at noon, and halted at Castile, to fulfill an engagement to speak at Pike, formerly in Alleghany, now in Wyoming county. I left Pike for Castile at five on Wednesday morning; took the cars to Buffalo at half past seven; was in ample season for the Lake Shore train at ten; ran into Cleveland a little after five; left at six for Toledo, where we changed cars between ten and eleven, and were in Chicago at seven next morning, as aforesaid.

Along the south shore of Lake Erie, as in our own State, it was plain that the area plowed on or before the 11th of May, was greater this year than ever before; and well it might be, for the country was hardly ever so bare of food for man and beast, as in this same May of 1859. Flour is higher, and wheat and corn scarcely lower in Chicago than in New York or Liverpool; oats nearly the same. Thousands of cattle, throughout the Prairie States, have died of starvation this Spring, though prairie hay might almost anywhere have been put up last Fall, at a cost of less than two dollars per ton; Minnesota, with perhaps the best soil for winter wheat, in America, is buying flour in Chicago by the thousand barrels; and I hear from different sections of this great granary of nations—from Illinois, from Iowa, from Missouri—of whole neighborhoods destitute alike of bread and of the wherewithal to buy it. Unpropitious as last season was, it does not fully explain this scarcity, especially of fodder. I trust the like will never occur to need explanation again. Coming down through Illinois from Chicago, south-westwardly, to Quincy, (268 miles,) it was gratifying to see how general are the effort and obvious resolve to look starvation out of countenance this year. Though the breadth of winter wheat was but moderate, owing to the incessant rains of last autumn, it is plain that the farmers began to plow and sow as early as possible this Spring; putting in first, Spring wheat, then oats, latterly corn; and they mean to keep putting in corn and oats for a month yet. If Illinois and Iowa do not grow far more grain this year than ever before, it will hardly be the fault of the cultivators, for they are bent on doing their utmost. Considering their bad fortune last year, this resolute industry does them credit; but they are generally in debt, out of money, and almost out of credit, and are making a final stand against the sheriff. I heartily wish them a good deliverance. And, despite the hard times, Illinois is growing. There are new blocks in her cities, new dwellings in her every village, new breakings on this or that edge of almost every prairie. The short, young grass is being cropped by large herds of cattle, whose improved appearance within the last fortnight is said



by those who have observed them from day to day, to be beyond credence on any testimony but that of eye-sight. Here, every horse or ox that can pull, is hitched to a plow or harrow whenever darkness or rain does not forbid; and by plowing the dryest ridges first and seeding them, then taking the next dryest and serving them just so, nearly every cultivator can keep putting in seed at least four days per week from March till June. Many will plant corn this year till the middle of June, and even later, unless compelled sooner to desist, in order to commence cultivating that first planted. Then cultivating will require every hour till harvesting begins; and this (including haying,) will last till it is full time to plow for winter wheat. No busier season was ever seen than this is to be; from the Hudson to the Mississippi, you see four horses or oxen at work to one in pasture; and there are thousands of farmers who would plant or sow a quarter more, if they had grain to feed their teams, than they will now be able to do. There are few traveling in the cars, few idling about stores or taverns, but many in the fields. May a bounteous Heaven smile on their labors!

Illinois is just beginning to be cultivated. I presume she has no railroad along which half the land within a mile has ever been touched by a plow. Back from the roads, there is of course still less cultivation; probably less than a tenth of her soil has even yet been unbroken. Possibly one-fourth of her spontaneous product of grass may now be eaten by animals that contribute to the sustenance or comfort of man, though I think one-tenth would be nearer the mark. She has far more coal than Great Britain—I believe more than any other State—but has hardly yet begun to mine it. Her timber is not so excellent; she lacks pine and all the evergreens, but she is bountifully and cheaply supplied with these from Michigan and Wisconsin. Boards are sent through her canal from Chicago to the Illinois, and thence around by St. Louis and up the Missouri, to build houses in Kansas and Nebraska. Her timber, such as it is, palpably increases from year to year, and will increase still more rapidly as roads and plowing check the sweep of prairie fires. If her prairies were more rolling, they would be dryer and could be worked earlier; but then they would wash more, and probably have less depth and richness of soil.

Doubtless, the child is born who will see her a State of ten millions of people, one million of them inhabiting her commercial emporium.

I stopped over night at Quincy, and took the steamboat Pike at half past seven next morning, for Hannibal, twenty miles below. I had repeatedly crossed the Mississippi, but this was my first pas-

sage on it. The river is very high, so that its banks are submerged, and the water flows under the trees which line every shore. Islets covered with trees and shrubbery, abound; the bluffs recede some miles on either hand, and are softened to the view by the deep green of the young foliage; hardly a clearing breaks the uniformity of the almost tropical prospects; though here and there a miserable little hut, in the last stages of decay, tells where a chopper of steamboat-wood held on, until whisky or the ague took him off.

In flood, as it is, the river is turbid, not muddy, and pursues its course with a deliberation and gravity, befitting the majestic Father of Waters, to whom, with head bare and reverent spirit, I wave a respectful adieu. For our good boat has reached Hannibal, the first point below Quincy, at which the Missouri bluff approaches the river, and whence the valley of a streamlet makes up through the hills, to the broad, level prairie.

Hannibal is pleasantly situated on the interval of the creek, and up the side of the bluff, so as to be entirely commanded by a steamboat passing up the river. It is a bustling, growing village, of some four thousand inhabitants, which the new "Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad" has suddenly raised from local to general importance. Like most villages on the great western rivers, it has no wharf, and the river is now threatening to eat away a part of the bank on which railroad and steamboat freight is heaped in wild disorder. Its new consequence must soon work a change. I look for a wharf and a great storehouse, when I next land or embark here.

The Pike rounded to, and sent us ashore; the train backed down to within forty feet of her; the passengers got aboard the cars, followed by their baggage, and in half an hour we were streaming up through the woody ravine, to emerge on one of the largest prairies on northern Missouri. Across this—or, rather, along it—we took our course westward, almost as the crow flies, to St. Joseph, on the Missouri, two hundred and six miles distant, which we reached in a little more than twelve hours, or at half past ten, last evening.

The road was completed in hot haste last winter, in order to profit by the "Pike's Peak" immigration, this Spring; no gravel is found on this line, unless in the immediate vicinity of the Mississippi; and it was raining pitilessly for the second day, nearly throughout, so that the roadbed was a causeway of mortar or ooze, into which the passing trains pressed the ties, first on one side, then on the other, making the track as bad as track could well be.

A year hence, it must be better, even with the frost just coming out of the ground ; after a dry week, it will probably be quite fair ; but yesterday it afforded more exercise to the mile, than any other railroad I ever traveled. About one-third of the way from Hannibal, it is intersected by the "North Missouri Railroad," from St. Louis, which city is about one hundred miles further from St. Joseph, than Hannibal is ; the train from St. Louis starting at 5 A. M. to connect with ours, which ought to have left Hannibal at half past nine.

Each road is completed, so that St. Louis, as well as Hannibal, is within a day's ride by rail, of St. Joseph, which faces Kansas almost up to the Nebraska line. Though the day was dreary, I noted, with deep interest, the country through which we passed, which disappointed me in these respects :

1. The land is better than I had supposed ;
2. It is of more uniform grade—hardly anything worth calling a hill being seen after rising the bluff from the Mississippi, till we come in sight of the bluffs which enclose the Missouri ;
3. There is more prairie, and less timber, than I had expected ;
- and 4. There are infinitely less population and improvement.

Of course, this road was run so as to avoid the more settled districts, and thus to secure a larger allotment of the public lands, whereof the alternate sections, for a width of five or six miles, were granted to the State, in aid of its construction ; but I had not believed it possible to run a railroad through Northern Missouri, so as to strike so few settlements.

Palmyra, near the Mississippi, and Chillicothe, a hundred miles further west, are county seats, and villages of perhaps two hundred dwellings each ; besides these, there is no village of any size, unless it be one of those we passed in rain and darkness, as we neared the Missouri.

For some fifty miles after passing Palmyra, we traversed a level prairie, admirably grassed, but scarcely broken, save where the needs of the railroad had called up two to half a dozen petty buildings.

Yes, for the most of the way, timber was in sight on one side, or on both, often within a mile ; and the soil, though but a thin, black mold resting on a heavy clay, therefore not so well adapted to grain as prairie soils are apt to be, is admirably fitted for stock-growing.

It seems incredible that such land, in a State forty years old, could have remained unsettled till now.

We traversed other prairies, five to twenty miles long, separated by the richest intervals, skirting Grand River, and sundry smaller

streams, well timbered with elm, hickory, etc. Interposed between the prairies, are miles on miles of gently rolling ridges, thinly covered with white oak, and forming "oak openings," or "timbered openings," while a thick growth of young wood, now that the annual fires are somewhat checked by roads and cultivation, is coming forward under the full-grown oaks, the whole forming one of the most beautiful and inviting regions I ever passed over. They tell me that the rolling prairies near St. Joseph, to which we passed after dark, are richer and finer than those I saw; but they surely need not be. With such soil and timber, the Mississippi on one side, the Missouri on the other, and a railroad connecting them, it must be that northern Missouri is destined to increase its population speedily and rapidly.

I am sure beef can be made there at less cost per pound than in any other locality I ever visited.

St. Joseph is a busy, growing town, of some ten thousand inhabitants. It is beautifully situated on a bend of the Missouri, partly on its interval (which the river is gouging out and carrying away,) and partly on the southward slope of the bluff, which rises directly from the river bank, on the north end of the town. Other towns on the Missouri may have a grander future; I doubt that any has a finer location.

The river bank must be piled or docked, or in some way fortified against the boiling current which sets against the town-site with fearful power and effect. I believe this is further west than any other point reached by a railroad connecting eastward with the Atlantic ports. At all events, the travel and a part of the trade of the vast wilderness watered by the upper Missouri and its tributaries, seem to center here.

At the City Hotel, where I stopped, some of the guests were of and from Salt Lake; one, an Indian trader from the head waters of the Columbia, who came down the Yellow Stone from the Rocky Mountains last Fall in a canoe, and is now returning.

Army officers and sutlers for the forts far up the Missouri and its tributaries, are constantly arriving and departing. I may never see St. Joseph again, but she will long be to me a pleasant recollection.

Elwood, in Kansas, opposite, is a small place, which must grow with the country behind her. The mighty, boiling flood, which is tearing away the soil of St. Joseph, is piling up new bars and banks in front of, and just below Elwood, rendering approach to her wharf (if wharf she has or should have,) difficult for river steamboats, and thus shutting her out from the up-river trade.

I took passage from St. Joseph for this place at eight this morning on the good steamer *Platte Valley*, Captain Coursey, and defied the chill east wind, and damp, cold atmosphere, to take my first lesson in Missouri navigation. The distance by water is some forty miles; by land, considerably less; the river being here, as everywhere crooked and capricious. I regretted to note that it tends, if unchecked, to grow worse and worse; the swift current rapidly forming a bank below every projecting point, and thus setting the stream with everincreasing force against the yielding crumbling mold or silt of the interval which forms the opposite shore, which is thus rapidly undermined and falls in, to be mingled with and borne away by the resistless flood. The banks are almost always nearly perpendicular, and are seldom more than two or three feet above the surface of the water at its present high stage, so that the work of devastation is constantly going on. The river is at once deep, swift, and generally narrow—hardly so wide in the average as the Hudson below Albany, though carrying the water of thirty Hudsons. It cannot be half a mile wide opposite this city. Its muddiness is beyond all description; its color and consistency are those of thick milk porridge; you could not discern an egg in a glass of it. A fly floating in a teacup of this dubious fluid, an eighth of an inch below the surface would be quite invisible.

With its usually bold bluffs, two or three hundred feet high, now opposing a rocky barrier of its sweep, now receding to a distance of two or three miles, giving place to an interval, many feet deep, of the richest mold, usually covered by a thrifty growth of elm, cotton-wood, etc., its deep, rapid, boiling, eddying current, its drifting logs and trees, often torn from its banks by its floods, and sometimes planted afresh in its bed, so that the tops rise angularly to a point just below or just above the surface of the water, forming the sawyer or snag so justly dreaded by steamboats, the Missouri stands alone among the rivers of the earth, unless China can show its fellow. I have not yet learned to like it. Atchison gives me my first foot-hold on Kansas. It was long a border-ruffian nest, but has shared the fortunes of many such in being mainly bought out by free State men, who now rule, and for the most part own it. For the last year, its growth has been quite rapid; of its four or five hundred dwellings, I think two-thirds have been built within that period.

The Missouri at this point runs further to the west than elsewhere in Kansas; its citizens tell me that the great roads westward to Utah, etc., from St. Joseph on the north, and from Leav-

enworth on the south, pass within a few miles of Atchison when thrice as far from their respective starting-points.

Hence, the Salt Lake mail, though made up at St. Joseph, is brought hither by steamboat, and starts overland from this place; hence, many trains are made up here for Laramie, Green River, Fort Hall, Utah, and I hear even for Santa Fee.

I have seen several twelve-ox teams, drawing heavily loaded wagons, start for Salt Lake, etc., to-day; there are others camped just outside the corporate limits, which have just come in; while a large number of wagons from a *carral* (yard inclosure or encampment) some two miles westward. A little further away, the tents and wagons of parties of gold-seekers, with faces set for Pike's Peak, dot the prairie; one of them in charge of a grey-head, who is surely old enough to know better.

Teamsters from Salt Lake, and teamsters about to start, lounge on every corner; I went out three or four miles on the high prairie this afternoon, and the furthest thing I could see was the white canvas of a moving train. I have long been looking for the West, and here it is at last.

But I must break off somewhere to prepare for an early start for Leavenworth and Lawrence to-morrow, in order to reach Osawatamie next day in season to attend the Republican Convention, which is to assemble at that place on Wednesday, the 18th.

After having visited the gold regions near Pike's Peak and Denver, Mr. GREELEY writes to the *Tribune* upon the subject, and one of his letters he moralizes in the following manner:

But, will disemboweling these mountains in quest of gold *pay*?  
A very pregnant question.

I answer—It will pay some; it will fail to pay others.

A few will be amply and suddenly enriched by finding "leads" and selling "claims;" some by washing those "claims;" others by supplying the mountains with the four apparent necessities of mining life—whiskey, coffee, flour and bacon; others by robbing the miners of their hard earnings through the instrumentality of cards, roulette, and the "little joker;" but ten will come out here for gold for every one who carries back so much as he left home with, and thousands who hasten hither flushed with hope and ambition, will lay down to their long rest beneath the shadows of the mountains, with only the wind-swept pines to sigh their requiem.

Within the last week, we have tidings of one young gold-seeker,

committing suicide, in a fit of insanity, at the foot of the mountains; two more were found in a ravine, long dead, and partially devoured by wolves; while five others, with their horse and dog, were overtaken some days since, while on a prospecting tour not far from Gregory's, by one of those terrible fires which, kindled by the culpable recklessness of some camping party, finds ready aliment in the fallen pine leaves, which carpet almost the entire mountain region, and are fanned to fury by the fierce gales which sweep over the hill-tops, and thus were all burned to death, and so found and buried, two or three days since—their homes, their names, and all but their fearful fate, unknown to those who rendered them the last sad offices.

Ah! long will their families and friends vainly await and hope for the music of footsteps destined to be heard no more on earth!

Thus, death seems to be more busy and relentless on these broad, breezy plains, these healthful, invigorating mountains, than even in the crowded city or the rural districts, thick-sown with venerable graves.

In one of his letters from California, when writing of the big trees in Mariposas county, California, which he regarded larger than those of Calaveras, he expressed himself thus:

We went up to the Mariposas trees early next morning. The trail crosses a meadow of most luxuriant wild grass, then strikes eastward up the hills, and rises almost steadily, but in the main not steeply, for five miles, when it enters and ends in a slight depression or valley, nearly on the top of this particular mountain, where the big trees have been quietly nestled for I dare not say how many thousand years.

That they were of very substantial size when David danced before the Ark, when Solomon laid the foundations of the Temple, when Theseus ruled in Athens, when Æneas fled from the burning wreck of vanquished Troy, when Sesostris led his victorious Egyptians into the heart of Asia, I have no manner of doubt. The big trees, of course, do not stand alone, I apprehend that they could not stand at present, in view of the very moderate depth at which they are anchored to the earth.

Had they stood on an unsheltered mountain top, or even an exposed hill-side, they would doubtless have been prostrated, as I presume thousands like them were prostrated, by the hurricanes of centuries before Christ's advent. But the localities of these, though probably two thousand five hundred feet above the South

Merced, and some four thousand five hundred above the sea, is sheltered and tranquil, though several of these trees have manifestly fallen within the present century.

Unquestionably, they are past their prime, though to none more than to them is applicable the complimentary characterization of "a green old age."

The great event, of the American conflict, upon the subject and overthrow of slavery, could not be otherwise than one of vast record and discussion, for the historian and the author. In many respects it was the most gigantic conflict of arms known to mankind, and at once afforded a theme for the greatest talent and the most ready writers of the country. It was, therefore, very natural that Mr. GREELEY should be chosen to record its history.

Having been a long and distinguished actor in American politics, and occupying high rank in public affairs, his experience, combined with his abilities, eminently fitted him for the historian of a struggle so gigantic, and the achievement of a cause so decisive, in its results, upon the welfare and progress of mankind. His fitness for a work so important, was at once comprehended, and before the close of the struggle, an enterprising and wealthy publishing house of Hartford, Connecticut, Messrs. O. D. Case and Company, requested Mr. GREELEY to write a history of the causes and conflict of the great Rebellion. They proffered the financial aid, and the enterprise was decided upon, and, in 1864, the first volume of the work was issued, with title-page and dedication, as follows:



THE  
AMERICAN CONFLICT,  
A HISTORY  
OF  
THE GREAT REBELLION  
IN THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,  
1860-64:  
ITS  
CAUSES, INCIDENTS, AND RESULTS;  
INTENDED TO EXHIBIT ESPECIALLY ITS MORAL AND POLITICAL PHASES,  
WITH THE  
DRIFT AND PROGRESS OF AMERICAN OPINION,  
RESPECTING  
HUMAN SLAVERY  
FROM 1776 TO THE CLOSE OF THE WAR FOR THE UNION,  
BY HORACE GREELEY,  
ILLUSTRATED BY PORTRAITS ON STEEL OF GENERALS, STATESMEN, AND OTHER EMINENT MEN; VIEWS OF PLACES OF HISTORIC INTEREST, MAPS, DIAGRAMS OF BATTLE-FIELDS, NAVAL ACTIONS, ETC., FROM OFFICIAL SOURCES.

VOL. I.

TO

JOHN BRIGHT,

BRITISH COMMONER AND CHRISTIAN STATESMAN

THE FRIEND OF MY COUNTRY,

BECAUSE THE FRIEND OF MANKIND.

THIS RECORD OF A NATION'S STRUGGLE

UP

FROM DARKNESS AND BONDAGE TO LIGHT AND LIBERTY,

IS REGARDFULLY, GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

That the reader may get a proper understanding and explanation of Mr. GREELEY'S views, on the subject of the history of the Rebellion, and the spirit that actuated him in making that bloody record of the American people, one with another, we give below, his

## PRELIMINARY EGOTISM.

No one can realize more vividly than I do, that the History through whose pages our great-grand-children will contemplate the momentous struggle whereof this country has recently been, and still is the arena, will not and cannot now be written; and that its author must give to the patient, careful, critical study of innumerable documents and letters, an amount of time and thought, which I could not have commanded, unless I had been able to devote years, instead of months only, to the preparation of this volume.

I know, at least, what History is, and how it must be made; I know how very far this work must fall short of the lofty ideal. If any of my numerous fellow-laborers in this field, is deluded with the notion that he has written *the* history of our gigantic civil war, I, certainly, am free from like hallucination.

What I have aimed to do, is so to arrange the material fact, and so to embody the more essential documents, or parts of documents,

illustrating those facts, that the attentive, intelligent reader may learn from this work, not only what were the leading incidents of our civil war, but its causes, incitements and the inevitable sequence whereby ideas proved the germ of events. I believe the thoughtful reader of this volume can hardly fail to see that the great struggle in which we are engaged, was the unavoidable result of antagonisms imbedded in the very nature of our heterogeneous institutions;—that ours was indeed “an irrepressible conflict,” which might have been precipitated or postponed, but could by no means, have been prevented; that the successive “compromises,” whereby it was so long put off, were—however intended—deplorable mistakes, detrimental to our National character; that we ought—so early, at least, as 1819—to have definitely and conclusively established the right of the constitutional majority to shape our National policy according to their settled convictions, subject only to the Constitution as legally expounded and applied.

Had the majority then stood firm, they would have precluded the waste of thousands of millions of treasure, and rivers of generous blood.

I presume this work goes further back, and devotes more attention to the remoter, more recondite causes of our civil strife, than any rival.

At all events, I have aimed to give a full and fair, though necessarily condensed view, of all that impelled to our desperate struggle.

I have so often heard or read this demurrer—“You abolitionists begin with secession, or the bombardment of Sumpter, slurring over all that you had done, through a series of years, to provoke the South to hostilities,” that I have endeavored to meet that objection fairly and fully. If I have failed to dig down to the foundation, the defect flows from lack of capacity or deficiency of perception in the author; for he has intently purposed and aimed to begin at the beginning.

I have made frequent and copious citations from letters, speeches, messages, and other documents, many of which have not the merit of rarity; mainly because I could only thus present the views of political antagonists in terms which they must recognize and reject as authentic.

In an age of passionate controversy, few are capable even of stating an opponent’s position, in language that he will admit to be accurate and fair. And there are thousands who cannot to-day realize that they ever held opinions, and accepted dogmas to which they unhesitatingly subscribed less than ten years ago.

There is, then, but one safe and just way to deal with the tenets and positions from time to time, held by contending parties—this namely: to cite fully and fairly from the “platforms,” and other formal declarations of sentiment put forth by each; or (in the absence of these,) from the speeches, messages, and other authentic utterances of their accepted, recognized chiefs. This I have constantly and very freely done throughout this volume.

Regarding the progress of opinion toward absolute, universal justice, as the one great end which hallows effort, and recompenses sacrifice, I have endeavored to set forth clearly, not only what my countrymen at different times, have done, but what the great parties into which they are, or have been divided, have believed and affirmed, with regard, more especially, to human slavery, and its rights and privileges in our Union.

And, however imperfectly my task may have been performed, I believe that no pre-existing work has so fully and consistently exhibited the influences of slavery, in moulding the opinions of our people, as well as in shaping the destinies of our country.

To the future historian, much will be very easy, that now is difficult; as much will in his day be lucid, which is now obscure; and he may take for granted, and dispatch in a sentence, truths that have now to be established by pains-taking research and elaborate citation. But it is by the faithful fulfillment of the duties incumbent on us, his predecessors, that his labors will be lightened, and his averments rendered concise, positive and correct.

Our work, well done, will render his task easy, while increasing the value of its fruits.

Some ancient historians favor their readers with speeches of generals and chiefs to their soldiers, on the eve of battle, and on other memorable occasions; which, however characteristic and fitting, are often of questionable authenticity.

Modern history draws on ampler resources, and knows that its materials are seldom apocryphal. What Franklin, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Laurens, the Pinckneys, Marshall, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, etc., etc., have from time to time propounded as to the nature and elements of our Federal fact, the right or wrong of secession, the extension or restriction of slavery under our National flag, etc., etc., is a record; and we know, beyond the possibility of mistake, its precise terms, as well as its general purport.

We stand, as it were, in the immediate presence of the patriot sages and heroes, who make us a nation, and listen to their well-weighed utterances, as if they moved in life among us to-day. Not

to have cited them in exposure and condemnation of the novelties that have so fearfully disturbed our peace, would have been to slight and ignore some of the noblest lessons ever given by wisdom and virtue, for the instruction and guidance of mankind. It has been my aim to recognize more fully than has been usual, the legitimate position and necessary influence of the Newspaper Press of our day, in the discussion and decision of the great and grave questions, from time to time arising among us. To-day, the history of our country is found recorded in the columns of her journals, more fully, promptly, vividly, than elsewhere.

More and more is this becoming the case with other countries throughout the civilized world.

A history which takes no account of what was said by the Press in memorable emergencies benefits an earlier age than ours.

As my plan does not contemplate the invention of any facts, I must, of course, in narrating the events of the war, draw largely from sources common to all writers on this theme, but especially from the Rebellion Record of Mr. Frank Moore, wherein the documents elucidating our great struggle are, in good part, preserved.

Perhaps the events of no former war were ever so fully and promptly embodied in a single work, as are those of our great contest in the Record, which must prove the generous fountain whence all future historians of our country may draw at will.

But I am also considerably indebted to Mr. Orville J. Victor's History of the Southern Rebellion, wherein is embodied much valuable, important, and interesting material not contained in the Record.

I shall doubtless appear to have made more use of Mr. Edward A. Pollard's Southern History of the War; which I have often cited, and shall continue to cite, for peculiar reasons. Its author is so hot-headed a devotee of Slavery and the Rebellion, that nothing which seems to favor that side is too marvelous for his deglutition; so that, if he were told that a single Confederate had constrained a Union regiment to lay down their arms and surrender, he would swallow it, without scrutiny or doubt.

His work, therefore, is utterly untrustworthy as a whole; yet in certain aspects, it has great value. He is so headlong and unquestioning a believer in the Confederacy, that he never dreams of concealing or disavowing the fundamental ideas whereon it is based; it is precisely because it stands and strikes for slavery that he loves, and glories in the Confederate cause.

Then his statements of the numbers engaged, or of the losses on either side, are valuable in one aspect: You know that he never

overstates the strength nor the losses of the Confederates; while he seems, in some instances, to have had access to official reports and other documents which have not been seen this side of the Potomac. Hence the use I have made, and shall doubtless continue to make, of his work.

But I trust that it has been further serviceable to me, in putting me on my guard against those monstrous exaggerations of the numbers opposed to them with which weak, incompetent, and worsted commanders habitually excuse, or seek to cover up, their failures, defeats and losses.

I have not found, and do not expect to find, room for biographic accounts of the generals and other commanders, who figure in our great struggle, whether those who have honored and blessed, or those who have betrayed and shamed their country.

To have admitted these would have been to expand my work inevitably beyond the prescribed limits.

By nature little inclined to man-worship, and valuing individuals only as the promoters of measures, the exponents of ideas, I have dealt with personal careers only when they clearly exhibited some phase of our national character, elucidated the state of contemporary opinion, or palpably and powerfully modified our national destinies.

Thomas Jefferson, Eli Whitney, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Benjamin Sundry, Elijah P. Lovejoy, John Brown—men differing most widely in intellectual caliber as well as in aspirations, instincts, convictions, and purposes—may fairly be regarded as, in their several spheres, representative Americans, each of whom in some sense contributed to lay the train which we have seen fired by the Secessionists of our day with so magnificent a pyrotechnic display, so majestic a resulting conflagration, and of these, accordingly, some notion may be acquired from the following pages; while, of our Generals and Commodores, the miniature portraits contained in these volumes, and the record of their respective achievements, are all that I can give. So many battles, sieges, marches, campaigns, etc., remain to be narrated, that—ample as this work would seem to be, and capacious as are its pages—a naked record of the remaining events of the war, especially should it be protracted for a full year more, will test to the utmost my power of condensation to conclude the work in another volume of the generous amplitude of this. My subject naturally divides itself into two parts: 1. How we got into the war for the Union; and 2, how we got out of it. I have respected this division in my cast of the present work, and submit this vol-

ume as a clear elucidation of the former of these problems, hoping to be at least equally satisfactory in my treatment of the latter.

It is the task of the historian to eliminate from the million facts that seemed important in their day and sphere respectively, the two or three thousand that have an abiding and general interest, presenting these in their due proportions, and with their proper relative emphasis.

Any success in this task must, of course, be comparative and approximate; and no historical work ever was or will be written whereof a well-informed and competent critic might not forcibly say, "Why was this fact stated, and that omitted? Why give a page to this occurrence, and ignore that, which was of at least equal consequence? Why praise the achievements of A, yet pass over that of B, which was equally meritorious and important?"

But, especially in dealing with events so fresh and recent as those of our great convulsion, must the historian expose himself to such strictures.

Time, with its unerring prospective, reduces every incident to its true proportions; so that we are no longer liable to misconceptions and apprehensions which were once natural, and all but universal.

We know beyond question, that Braddock's defeat and death before Fort Du Quesne had not the importance which they seemed to wear in the eyes of those who heard of them within the month after their occurrence; that Bunker Hill, though tactically a defeat, was practically a triumph to the arms of our Revolutionary fathers; that the return of Bonaparte from Elba exerted but little influence over the destinies of Europe, and that little of questionable beneficence; and that "fillibusterism," so called, since its first brilliant achievement in wresting Texas from Mexico, and annexing her to this country, though attempting much, has accomplished very little toward the diffusion either of freedom or slavery.

And so, much that now seems of momentous consequence will doubtless have shrunk, a century since, to very moderate dimensions, or perhaps been forgotten altogether.

The volume which is to conclude this work cannot, of course, appear till some time after the close of the contest; and I hope to be able to bestow upon it at least double time that I was at liberty to devote to this. I shall labor constantly to guard against Mr. Pollard's chief error—that of supposing that all the heroism, devotedness, humanity, chivalry evinced in the contest, were dis-

played on one side; all the cowardice, ferocity, cruelty, rapacity, and general depravity on the other.

I believe it to be the truth, and as such I shall endeavor to show that, while this war has been signalized by some deeds disgraceful to human nature, the general behavior of the combatants on either side has been calculated to do honor even to the men who, though fearfully misguided, are still our countrymen, and to exalt the prestige of the American name. That the issue of this terrible contest may be such as God, in His inscrutable wisdom, shall deem most directly conducive to the progress of our race in knowledge, virtue, liberty and consequent happiness, is not more the fervent aspiration, than it is the consoling and steadfast faith, of

H. G.

NEW YORK, April 10, 1864.

The second volume of this work was published in 1867, bearing the same title-page, but differently dedicated, as follows:

TO

THE UNION VOLUNTEERS

OF 1861-64,

WHO FELL TO THE RESCUE OF THEIR IMPERILED COUNTRY,

BECAUSE

THEY SO LOVED HER, THAT THEY JOYFULLY PROFFERED THEIR  
OWN LIVES TO SAVE HERS;

THIS VOLUME

BEING A RECORD OF THEIR PRIVATIONS, HARDSHIPS AND SUFFERINGS,

AS ALSO OF THEIR

VALOR, FIDELITY, CONSTANCY AND TRIUMPH,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

The author introduces the second volume to the reader with the following



## EXPLANATION :

The history which this volume completes, was not contemplated by its author till just after the Draft Riots, by which this emporium was damaged and disgraced in July, 1863. Up to the occurrence of those riots, I had not been habitually confident of an auspicious immediate issue from our momentous struggle. Never doubting that the *ultimate* result would be such as to vindicate emphatically the profoundly wise beneficence of God, it had seemed to me more probable—in view of the protracted and culpable complicity of the North in whatever of guilt or shame, of immorality or debasement, was inseparable from the existence and growth of American slavery—that a temporary triumph might accrue to the Confederates. The real danger of the Republic was not that of permanent division, but of *general* saturation by, and subfugation to, the despotic ideas and aims of the slave-holding oligarchy.

Had the Confederacy proved able to wrest from the Federal authorities an acknowledgment of its independence, and had peace been established and ratified on that basis, I believe the Democratic party in the loyal States would have forthwith taken ground for “restoration” by the succession of their respective States, whether jointly or severally, from the Union, and their adhesion to the Confederacy under its Montgomery constitution—making slavery universal and perpetual. And, under the moral influence of Southern triumph and Northern defeat, in full view of the certainty that thus only could reunion be achieved, there can be little doubt that the law of political gravitation, of centripetal force, thus appealed to, must have ultimately prevailed. Commercial and manufacturing thrift would have gradually vanquished moral repugnance. It might have required some years to heal the wounds of war, and secure a popular majority in three or four of the Border States, in favor of annexation ; but the geographic and economic incitements to union are so urgent and palpable, that State after State would have concluded to go to the mountain, since it stubbornly refused to come to Mahomet ; and, all the States that the Confederacy would consent to accept, on conditions of penitence and abjuration, would, in time, have knocked humbly at its grim portals for admission and fellowship.

That we have been saved from such a fate, is due to the valor of our soldiers, the constancy of our ruling statesmen, the patriotic faith and courage of those citizens who, within a period of three years, loaned more than two billions to their government, when it

seemed to many just tottering on the brink of ruin; yet, more than all else, to the favor and blessing of Almighty God.

They who, whether in Europe or America, from July, 1862, to July, 1863, believed the Union death-stricken, had the balance of material probabilities on their side; they erred only in underrating the potency of those intellectual, moral and providential forces, which, in our age, operate with accelerated power and activity in behalf of liberty, intelligence and civilization. So long as it seemed probable that our war would result more immediately in a Rebel triumph, I had no wish, no heart, to be one of its historians; and it was only when—following closely on the heels of the great Union successes of July, 1863, at Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Port Hudson and Helena—I had seen the Rebellion resisted and defeated in this city of New York, (where its ideas and vital aims were more generally cherished than even in South Carolina or Louisiana,) that I confidently hoped for an immediate and palpable, rather than a remote and circuitous triumph of the Union, now and evermore blended inseparately with emancipation—with the legal and national recognition of every man's right to himself. Thenceforward, with momentary intervals of anxiety, depression and doubt, it has been to me a labor of love to devote every available hour to the history of the American Conflict.

This volume is essentially military, as the former was civil; that is, it treats mainly of armies, marches, battles, sieges, and the alternations of good and ill-fortune that, from January, 1862, to May, 1865, befell the contending forces respectively of the Union and the Confederacy. But he who reads with attention, will discern that I have regarded even these under a moral rather than a purely material aspect. Others have doubtless surpassed me in the vividness, the graphic power, of their delineations of "the noise of the captains, and the shouting." I have sought more especially to portray the silent influences of these collisions, with the efforts, burdens, sacrifices, bereavements, they involved, in gradually moulding and refining public opinion to accept, and ultimately demand, the overthrow and extinction of human slavery, as the one vital, implacable enemy of our nationality and our peace.

Hence, while at least three-fourths of this volume narrates military or naval occurrences, I presume a larger space of it than of any rival, is devoted to tracing, with all practicable brevity, the succession of political events; the sequences of legislation in Congress with regard to slavery and the war; the varying phases of public sentiment; the rise, growth and decline, of hopes that the war would be ended through the accession of its adversaries to

power in the Union. I labor under a grave mistake if this be not judged by our grandchildren (should any of them condescend to read it,) the most important and interesting feature of my work. I have differed from most annalists, in preferring to follow a campaign or distinct military movement to its close, before interrupting its narration, to give accounts of simultaneous movements or campaigns in distant regions, between other armies, led by other commanders. In my historical reading, I have often been perplexed and confused by the facility wherewith chroniclers leap from the Euphrates to the Danube, and from the Ebro to the Vistula. In full view of the necessary inter-dependence of events occurring on widely separated arenas, it has seemed to me preferable to follow one movement to its culmination, before dealing with another; deeming the inconveniences and obscurities involved in this method, less serious than those unavoidable, (by me, at least,) on any different plan. Others will judge between my method and that which has usually been followed.

I have bestowed more attention on marches, and on the minor incidents of a campaign, than is common; historians usually devoting their time and force mainly to the portrayal of great, decisive, (or at least destructive,) battles. But battles are so often won or lost by sagaciously planned movements, skillful combinations, well-conducted marches, and wise dispositions, that I have extended to these a prominence which seemed to me more clearly justified than usually conceded.

He was not an incapable general, who observed that he chose to win battles with his soldiers' legs rather than their muskets. As to dates, I could wish that commanders on all hands were more precise than they usually are; but, wherever dates were accessible, I have given them, even though invested with no special or obvious consequence.

Printed mainly as foot notes, they consume little space, and do not interrupt the flow of the narrative. The reader who does not value, need not heed them; while the critical student will often find them of decided use. Should any one demur to this, I urge him to examine thoughtfully the dates of the dispatches received and sent by McClellan, between his retreat to Harrison's Bar, and Pope's defeat at Groveton; also, those given in my account of his movements from the hour of his arrival at Frederick, to that of Lee's retreat from Sharpsburg across the Potomac.

I trust it will be observed by candid critics that, while I seek not to disguise the fact that I honor and esteem some of our commanders as I do not others, I have been blind neither to the errors of the

former, nor to the just claims of the latter—that my high estimation of Grant and Sherman (for instance,) has not led me to conceal or soften the lack of reasonable precautions which so nearly involved their country in deplorable, if not irremediable disaster, at Pittsburg Landing. So with Bank's mishap at Sabine Cross-roads, and Butler's failure at Fort Fisher.

On the other hand, I trust my lack of faith in such officers as Buell and Fitz John Porter, has not led me to represent them as incapable or timorous soldiers.

What I believe in regard to these and many more of their school is, that they were misplaced—that they halted between their love of country, and their traditional devotion to slavery—that they clung to the hope of a compromise which should preserve both slavery *and* the Union, long after all reasonable ground of hope had vanished; fighting the Rebellion with gloved hands, and relaxed sinews, because they mistakingly held that so only was the result they sighed for, (deeming it most beneficent,) to be attained.

If the facts do not justify my convictions, I trust they will be found so fairly presented in the following pages, as to furnish the proper corrective for my errors.

Without having given much heed to rival issues, I presume this volume will be found to contain accounts (necessarily very brief,) of many minor actions and skirmishes, which have been passed unheeded by other historians, on the assumption that, as they did not perceptibly affect the great issue, they are unworthy of record. But the nature and extent of that influence, is matter of opinion, while the qualities displayed in these collisions, were frequently deserving of grateful remembrance. And, beside, an affair of outposts or foraging expeditions, has often exerted a most signal influence over the spirits of two great antagonist armies, and thus over the issues of a battle, and even of a campaign.

Compressed within the narrowest limits, I have chosen to glance at nearly every conflict of armed forces, and to give time to these which others have devoted to more elaborate and florid descriptions of great battles.

It has been my aim to compress, within the allotted space, the greatest number of notable facts and circumstances; others must judge how fully this end has been achieved. Doubtless, many errors of fact, and some of judgment, are embodied in the following pages, for, as yet even the official reports, etc., which every historian of this war must desire to study, are but partially accessible. I have missed especially the Confederate reports of the later campaigns; only a few of which have been made public, though many

more, it is probable, will in time be. Some of these may have been destroyed at the hasty evacuation of Richmond; but many must have been preserved, in manuscript if not in print, and will yet see the light.

So far as they were attainable, I have used the reports of Confederate officers, as freely as those of their antagonists, and have accorded them nearly, if not quite equal credit. I judge that the habit of understanding or concealing their losses, was more prevalent with Confederate than with Union commanders; in over-estimating the numbers they resisted, I have not been able to perceive any difference. It is simple truth, to say that such over-estimates seem to have been quite common on both sides.

I shall be personally obliged to any one, no matter on what side he served, who will furnish me with trustworthy data for the correction of any misstatement embodied in this work. If such correction shall dictate a revision of any harsh judgment on friend or foe, it will be received and conformed to with profound gratitude.

My convictions, touching the origin, incitements, and character of the war from which we have so happily emerged, are very positive, being the fruits of many years' almost exclusive devotion to national affairs; but my judgments as to occurrences and persons, are held subject to modification upon further and clearer presentments of fact.

It is my purpose to revise and correct the following pages, from day to day, as new light shall be afforded; and I ask those who may feel aggrieved by any statement I shall herein have given to the public, to favor me with the proofs of its inaccuracy. Unwilling to be drawn into controversy, I am most anxious to render exact justice to each and all.

The subject of *Reconstruction* (or Restoration,) is not within the purview of this work, and I have taken pains to avoid it so far as possible. The time is not yet for treating it exhaustively, or even historically; its importance, as well as its immaturity, demand for its treatment thoughtful hesitation, as well as fullness of knowledge. Should I be living when the work is at length complete, I may submit a survey of its nature, progress and results: meantime, I will only avow my undoubting faith, that the same Divine Benignity which has guided our country through perils, more palpable if not more formidable, will pilot her safely, even though slowly, through those which now yawn before her, and bring her at last into the haven of perfect Peace, genuine Fraternity, and everlasting Union—a Peace grounded on reciprocal es-

teem; a Fraternity based on sincere, fervent love of our common country; and a Union, cemented by hearty and general recognition of the truth, that the only abiding security for the cherished rights of any, is to be found in a full and hearty recognition of human brotherhood, as well as State sisterhood—in the establishment and assured maintenance of All Rights, for All.

H. G.

NEW YORK, July 21, 1866.

As a historian of a great political event, Mr. GREELEY acquitted himself with ability and honor, by the clear and comprehensive manner in which he presented the causes, facts and incidents of a struggle so momentous. His labors, on a work so important, not only won for him the high appreciation and approval of his countrymen, but contributed a valuable literary legacy to the future sons and daughters of the American Republic, destined to be read and studied long after its author shall have passed into everlasting history and heaven.

The “American Conflict” had not been before the public long until it was succeeded by the “Recollections of a Busy Life.” The keen foresight of Mr. Robert Bonner, which enables him to render the *Ledger* the most popular literary paper in the country, suggested to his mind that a series of papers from Mr. GREELEY, setting forth the struggles, incidents and labors of his own life, would contribute to the popularity of the *Ledger*. Therefore, Mr. Bonner solicited Mr. GREELEY to contribute to his paper, setting forth, in his own style and language, a history of his life-line, and incidents thereto.

Mr. GREELEY consented to furnish the papers, and their publication in the *Ledger* soon began. When completed, they were compiled in 1868, and published, with the following title-page and dedication; and thus Mr. GREELEY added another book to his own list of works:

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE;

INCLUDING

REMINISCENCES OF AMERICAN POLITICS

AND POLITICIANS,

FROM THE OPENING OF THE MISSOURI CONTEST, TO THE DOWN-  
FALL OF SLAVERY;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED MISCELLANIES

“ LITERATURE AS A VOCATION,” “ POETS AND POETRY,” “ RE-  
FORMS AND REFORMERS,” A DEFENSE OF  
PROTECTION, ETC., ETC.

ALSO,

A DISCUSSION WITH ROBERT DALE OWEN OF THE LAW OF DIVORCE,

BY HORACE GREELEY.

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TO

OUR AMERICAN BOYS,

WHO,

BORN IN POVERTY, CRADLED IN OBSCURITY, AND EARLY CALLED  
FROM SCHOOL TO RUGGED LABOR,

ARE SEEKING

TO CONVERT OBSTACLE INTO OPPORTUNITY, AND WREST ACHIEVE-  
MENT FROM DIFFICULTY,

THESE RECOLLECTIONS

ARE REGARDFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THEIR AUTHOR.

His own explanation for writing the "Recollections," is given in the appended

#### APOLOGY.

These recollections owe their existence wholly to an impulse external to their *author*, who, of his own choice, writes topics, himself not included. When, years ago, he was introduced to Mr. James Parton, and apprised that he had been chosen by that gentleman as the subject of a biographic volume, he said that every person whose career was in some sense public, was a fair subject for public comment and criticism, but that he could not furnish materials for, nor in any wise make himself a party to the undertaking.

As it had never occurred to him that he should have time and inclination to write concerning himself, he had never saved even a scrap, with reference to such contingency; and he has chosen not to avail himself of Mr. Parton's labors, in order that the following chapters should, so far as possible, justify their title of "Recollections."

Mr. Robert Bonner is justly entitled to the credit (or otherwise,) of having called these "Recollections" into tangible (even though fleeting,) existence. He had previously invited me to write for his *Ledger*, and had paid me liberally for so doing; but our engagement and intimacy had long ceased, when, on the occasion of the hubub incited by my bailing of Jefferson Davis, he re-opened a long suspended correspondence, and once more urged me to write for his columns; suggesting a series of autobiographic reminiscences, which I at first declined to furnish. On mature reflection, however, I perceived that he had proffered me opportunity to commend to many thousands of mainly young persons, convictions which are a part of my being, and conceptions of public events and interests which might never so fairly invoke their attention if I repelled this opportunity; and that, therefore, I ought not to reject it. Hence, I soon recalled my hasty negative, apprised him that I would accept his offer, and immediately commenced writing, as I could snatch time from other pressing duties, the "Recollections" herewith printed. That they are less personal and more political than Mr. Bonner would have wished them, I was early aware; yet he allowed all but two of them to appear, and to have the post of honor in successive issues of his excellent and widely circulated periodical. I have added somewhat, however, to nearly half of them, in revising them for publication in this shape; but the reader



who may note the discrepancy will be so just as to attribute it to the proper source. In a single instance only, was I requested by Mr. Bonner to change an expression in one of the numbers he published; and therein he was clearly right, as I instantly conceded.

The papers which I have chosen to add to my "Recollections," in giving them this permanent form, embody my views on certain topics which I was not able to present so fully in my contributions to the *Ledger*, yet which I hoped would reward the attention of most readers. That in which Protection is explained and commended, was printed as it was hurriedly written, more than twenty-five years ago; I present it now, without the change of a sentence, as a statement of views contemptuously rejected by most writers on Political Economy in our day, who never really gave them consideration or thought. That they deserve a different and more respectful treatment, I profoundly believe; the public must judge between me and their contemners.

I hope to be spared to write hereafter a fuller and more systematic exposition of Political Economy from the Protectionist standpoint; and I do not expect henceforth to write or print any other work whatever.

If, then, my friend will accept the essays which conclude this volume, as a part of my mental biography, I respectfully proffer this book as my account of all of myself that is worth their consideration; and I will cherish the hope that some portion, at least, of its contents, embody lessons of persistency and patience which will not have been set forth in vain. The controversy with Mr. Robert Dale Owen, respecting marriage and divorce, which is printed at the end of the volume, was wholly unpremeditated on my part, yet I had so clearly, though unintentionally, provoked Mr. Owen's first letter, that I could not refuse to print it; and I could not suffer it to appear without a reply. My strictures incited a response; and so the discussion ran on, till each had said what seemed to him pertinent on a subject of wide and enduring interest.

Before my last letter was printed, Mr. Owen, presuming that I had closed, had prepared those already in print for issue in a pamphlet, which accordingly appeared.

The whole first appear together in this volume; and I trust it will be found that their interest has not exhaled during the eight years that have elapsed since they were written.

H. G.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1, 1868.

We insert the closing editorial chapter of his "Recollections"

entitled "My Dead," believing that the reader will with us share in the sympathy which its spirit and language bespeak, and fervently admire the great soul that thus solemnly writes of the dead, by a righteous intrusion of their record before the public eye :

#### MY DEAD.

"I do not wear my heart upon my sleeve," and shrink from the obtrusion of matters purely personal, upon an indifferent public. I have aimed, in this series herewith closed, to narrate mainly such facts and incidents, as seemed likely to be of use, either in strengthening the young and portionless for the battle of life, or in commending to their acceptance, convictions which I deem sound and important. My life has been one of arduous, rarely intermitted, labor,—of efforts to achieve other than personal ends,—of efforts which have absorbed most of the time, which others freely devote to social intercourse and fireside enjoyment.

Of those I knew and loved in youth, a majority have already crossed the dark river, and I will not impose even their names, on an unsympathizing world. Among them is my fellow-apprentice, and life-long friend, who, after long illness, died in this city, in 1861; my first partner, already named, who was drowned while bathing, in 1832; and a young poet of promise, who was slowly yielding to consumption, when the tidings of our Bull Run disaster snapped short his thread of life—as it would have snapped mine, had it been half so frail as his.

The face of many among the departed whom I have known and loved, come back to me as I gaze adown the vista of my half-century of active life; but I have no right to lift the veil which shrouds and shields their long repose. I will name but those who are a part of myself, and whose loss to earth has profoundly affected my subsequent career.

Since I began to write these reminiscences, my mother's last surviving brother, John Woodburn, has deceased, aged seventy-two, leaving the old Woodburn homestead, I understand, to some among his children; so has my father's brother, Isaac, aged eighty, leaving, so far as I know, but one of the nine brothers (John,) still living. My father, himself died on the 18th of December last, aged eighty-six. He had, for twelve years or more, been a mere wreck, first in body only; but his infirmities ultimately affected his mind; so that, when I last visited him, a year before his death, he did not recognize me till after he had sat by my side for a full half-hour; and he had before asked my oldest sister, "Did you ever know

Henry Greeley?"—alluding to one of her sons, then several years dead. He had fitful flashes of mental recovery; but he had been so long a helpless victim of hopeless bodily and mental decay, that I did not grieve when I learned that his spirit had at length shaken off the encumbrance of its mortal coil, which had ceased to be an instrument, and remained purely an obstruction. Of his protracted life, forty-two years had been spent in or on the verge of New England, and forty-four in his deliberately chosen, steadily retained Pennsylvania home.

My son, Arthur Young ("Pickie,") born in March, 1844, was the third of seven children, whereof a son and daughter, severally born in 1838 and in 1842, scarcely opened their eyes to a world which they entered, but to leave. Physically, they were remarkable for their striking resemblance in hair and features, to their father and mother respectively.

Arthur had points of similarity to each of us, but with decided superiority, as a whole, to either. I looked in vain through Italian galleries, two years after he was taken from us, for any full parallel to his dazzling beauty—a beauty not physical merely, but visibly radiating from the soul. His hair was of the finest and richest gold; "the sunshine of picture" never glorified its equal; and the delicacy of his complexion at once fixed the attention of observers, like the late N. P. Willis, who had traversed both hemispheres without having his gaze arrested by any child who could bear a comparison with this one. Yet he was not one of those paragons sometimes met with, whose idlest chatter would edify a Sunday school—who never do or say ought that propriety would not sanction, and piety delight in—but thoroughly human, and endued with a love of play and mischief, which kept him busy and happy the livelong day, while rendering him the delight and admiration of all around him.

The arch delicacy wherewith he inquiringly suggested, when once told a story that overtaxed his credulity, "I 'pose that anti lie?" was characteristic of his nature.

Once, when about three years old, having chanced to spy my watch lying on a sofa, as I was dressing one Sunday morning, with no third person present, he made a sudden spring of several feet, caught the watch by the chain, whirled it around his head, and sent it whizzing against the chimney, shattering its face into fragments. "Pickie!" I inquired, rather sadly than angrily, "how *could* you do me such injury?"

"'Cause I was nervous," he regretfully replied.

There were ladies then making part of our household, whose nerves were a source of general as well as personal discomfort; and this was his attestation of the fact. There were wiser and deeper sayings treasured as they fell from his lips; but I will not repeat them.

Several yet live who remember the graceful gayety wherewith he charmed admiring circles assembled at our house, and at two or three larger gatherings of friends of Social Reform in this city, and at the N. A. Phalanx in New Jersey; and I think some grave seignior, who was accustomed to help us enjoy our Saturday afternoons in our rural suburban residence at Turtle Bay, were drawn thither as much by their admiration of the son as by their regard for his parents.

Meantime, another daughter was given to us, and, after six months, withdrawn; and still another born, who yet survives; and he had run far into his sixth year without one serious illness. His mother had devoted herself to him from his birth, even beyond her intense consecration to the care of her other children; had never allowed him to partake of animal food, and to know that an animal was ever killed to be eaten; had watched and tended him with absorbing love, till the perils of infancy seemed fairly vanquished; and we had season to hope that the light of our eyes would be spared to gladden our remaining years. It was otherwise decreed.

In the Summer of 1849, the Asiatic cholera suddenly reappeared in our city, and the frightened authorities ordered all swine, etc., driven out of town—that is, above Fortieth street—whereas, our home was about Forty-eighth street, though no streets had yet been cut through that quarter.

At once, and before we realized our danger, the atmosphere was polluted by the exhalations of the swinish multitude thrust upon us from the densely peopled hives south of us, and the cholera claimed its victims by scores before we were generally aware of its presence.

Our darling was among the first; attacked at 1 A. M. of the 12th of July, when no medical attendance was at hand; and our own prompt, unremitting efforts, re-enforced at length by the best medical skill within reach, availed nothing to stay the fury of the epidemic, to which he succumbed about 5 P. M. of that day—one of the hottest, as well as quite the longest, I have ever known.

He was entirely sane and conscious till near the last; insisting that he felt little or no pain, and was well, save that we kept him

sweltering under clothing that he wanted to throw off, as he did whenever he was permitted.

When at length the struggle ended with his last breath, and even his mother was convinced that his eyes would never again open on the scenes of this world. I knew that the summer of my life was over, that the chill breath of its autumn was at hand, and that my future course must be along the downhill of life.

Yet another son (Rappall Uhlund) was born to us two years afterwards; who, though more like his father and less like a poet than author, was quite as deserving of parental love, though not so eminently fitted to evoke and command general admiration.

He was with me in France and Switzerland in the Summer of 1855; spending, with his mother and sister, the previous Winter in London, and that subsequent in Dresden; returning with them in May, '56, to fall a victim to the croup the ensuing February.

I was absent on a lecturing tour when apprised of his dangerous illness, and hastened home to find that he had died an hour before my arrival, though he had hoped and striven to await my return. He had fulfilled his sixth year and twelve days over, when our home was again made desolate by his death.

Another daughter was born to us four weeks later, who survives; so that we have reason to be grateful for two children left to sooth our decline, as well as for five who, having preceded us on the long journey, await us in the Land of Souls.

My life has been busy and anxious, but not joyless. Whether it whall be prolonged few or more years, I am grateful that it has endured so long, and that it has abounded in opportunities for good not wholly unimproved, and in experiences of the nobler as well as the baser impulses of human nature.

I have been spared to see the end of giant wrongs, which I once deemed invincible in this century, and to note the silent upspringing and growth of principles and influences which I hail as destined to root out some of the most flagrant and pervading evils that yet remain.

I realize that each generation is destined to confront new and peculiar perils—to wrestle with temptations and seductions unknown to its predecessors; yet I trust that progress is a general law of our being, and that the ills and woes of the future shall be less crushing than those of the bloody and hateful past.

So looking calmly, yet humbly, for that close of my mortal career which cannot be far distant, I reverently thank God for the blessings vouchsafed me in the past; and with an awe that is not fear and a consciousness of demerit which does not exclude hope,

await the opening before my steps of the gates of the Eternal World.

Deeply interested, and actively engaged, in the welfare of a nation, constantly agitated by great political and social questions, it was befitting that Mr. GREELEY should write and publish a work on Political Economy.

Perhaps no man, not even Henry Clay, has worked so long and with such self-sacrificing devotion, for the thorough development of the industrial, financial and commercial interests of the nation as Mr. GREELEY. And while Mr. Clay closed his earthly career, after having fully and truly vindicated the noblest sentiment of his life, "I would rather be Henry Clay and be right, than to be wrong and be President." Mr. GREELEY has, perhaps, with even more certainty, performed the labors of a long life, with greater self-sacrificing devotion to the public good, than Mr. Clay.

It was, therefore, very natural that such a man should seek by a well digested fund of thought and systematic labor to point out fundamental principles of economy, which, with their proper adjustment and use, are essential to the welfare of the republic and the prosperity of the people.

Such was Mr. GREELEY'S purpose, and such is the work he achieved in the production of his volume on Political Economy. Not an elaborate work, it is true, obscuring ideas and principles, by pretended discussions on simple propositions, but a well defined and logical statement of facts and arguments, in such a manner as to be easily understood by all. His work first appeared as a series of articles or chapters in the New York *Tribune*, during the year 1869, and appeared in book form in 1870, with the following title and dedication :

ESSAYS

DESIGNED TO ELUCIDATE THE SCIENCE OF  
POLITICAL ECONOMY,  
WHILE SERVING TO EXPLAIN AND DEFEND THE POLICY OF  
PROTECTION TO HOME INDUSTRY,  
AS A SYSTEM OF  
NATIONAL CO-OPERATION FOR THE  
ELEVATION OF LABOR,  
BY HORACE GREELEY,

TO THE MEMORY

OF

HENRY CLAY,

THE GENIAL, GALLANT, HIGH-SOULED PATRIOT, ORATOR AND  
STATESMAN: THE NOBLEST EMBODIMENT OF AMERI-  
CAN GENIUS, CHARACTER, AND ASPIRATIONS;  
THE MAN WHO MOST EFFECTIVELY COM-  
MENDED THE POLICY OF PROTEC-  
TION TO THE UNDERSTAND-  
INGS AND HEARTS OF  
THE MASSES OF  
HIS COUNTRY-  
MEN.

THIS WORK

OF ONE AMONG THE MANY WHO STILL LOVE, HONOR AND  
ADMIRE HIM,

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

The work contains the following preface :

“No doubt, you are the people, and wisdom will die with you,” said patient, yet still, human Job, when his friends had rather overdone the business of reproving, exhorting, correcting, and generally overhauling him.

I am often reminded of the old patriarch’s later and less material tribulations, while scanning the lucubrations of those who modestly claim for their own school, a monopoly of all the wisdom wherewith the science of Political Economy has yet been irradiated, and dismiss the arguments of their antagonists as the sophisms of rapacity and selfishness, or of a mole-eyed ignorance and narrowness unworthy of grave confutation. There are minds whereon such majestic assumptions of superior wisdom may impose; but I make no appeal to them.

I write for the great mass of intelligent, observant, reflecting farmers and mechanics; and, if I succeed in making my positions clearly understood, I do not fear that they will be condemned or rejected. Had I been able to snatch more time from the incessant labors and cares of a most exacting vocation, I should have presented a more complete and unexceptionable work.

I ought to have had at least one full year for the preparation of this volume; whereas, I have given it but a portion of my time for six months. I could have fortified my positions far more strongly with citations from those whose arguments are weighty, and especially with those of eminent free-traders, had I enjoyed a fuller opportunity. But there is an important sense wherein my whole past life has been a preparation for this undertaking; for the experience and observation of nearly half a century, so far as they bear upon the sources and currents of industrial prosperity or adversity, have been freely drawn upon in the composition of the following chapters, which embody what I have seen and felt far more fully than they do, what I have read and studied. At all events, I cannot hope ever to find time to study more profoundly and write more elaborately; so those who care to scan my views of the important topic here treated, will seek them in the volume herewith presented. At all events, those who read, will say that here is no artifice, no concealment, no reserve. If Protection be indeed the narrow, bigoted, short-sighted, one-sided, self-condemned, envious, hateful policy, its enemies proclaim it, this work cannot fail to reveal the fact, so that it will no longer be believed on the mere *dictum* of Baptist, Say, Bastiat, McCulloch and Mill.

These essays will not disarm hostility any more than they dep-



recate criticism. If it be true that Protection is based on envy or hatred of others' prosperity, and seeks to pull them down to a common level of obstruction, stagnation and virtual ruin—if Protection be a device to sell inferior goods at extortionate prices—to enable manufacturers to enrich themselves at the expense of involuntary customers—that fact may be demonstrated from the following pages.

I know that the hurry of preparation leaves my positions at many points exposed to cavil; yet my confidence that they are based on absolute truth, is so profound, that I heartily commend them to thoughtful scrutiny. Writing for common people, I have aimed, above all things; to be lucid and simple. My illustrations are drawn from our national History, mainly from that part of it whereof there are many living witnesses; and I have preferred those to whose truthfulness I could personally bear testimony. If these shall often seem to be fastidious, homely and commonplace, I do not believe that they will, on that account, be less acceptable to, or less effective with, the larger number of my readers. Doubtless, some will disrelish my frequent citations from the records of our past struggles to establish on the one hand, to undermine and subvert on the other, the policy of Protection; but they are not made without a purpose. For the questions we are about to consider, the issues we are soon to try, are in essence, the same that were passed upon by our fathers; and my positions are substantially those held by Henry Clay, Rollin C. Mallory, Walter Forward, and their compeers, in opposition to those of John Randolph, John C. Calhoun, George McDuffie, and Churchill C. Cambreleng. There are no stronger arguments for Free Trade to-day, than those so ably urged by Daniel Webster in his speech against the tariff of 1824—a very great speech indeed, and one which no man now living can surpass—but it did not defeat the passage of the bill, nor prevent Mr. Webster becoming in after years a leading champion of that protective policy which he therein assailed so forcible. We who, as boys or as men, were humble participants in the contest for Protection in those days, are not likely to be disengaged by a reproduction of the arguments which the American people then debated, considered and condemned as inapt or unsound.

We are about to enter, as a people, upon a very general and earnest discussion of economic questions, and I rejoice that such is the case. I welcome the conflict, for I feel entirely assured as to the

ultimate issue. Bull Ruus and Chickamaugas may intervene, but I look beyond them to our Atlanta and our Appomattox.

H. G.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1869.

From this book we quote the first chapter, to show the basis of the work, and in doing so, feel satisfied that as an essay upon labor it is a very able paper, and deserves a perusal by all :

#### LABOR-PRODUCTION.

First of man's material interests, most pervading, most essential, is *Labor*, or the employment of human faculties, and sinews to create, educe, or shape articles required by his needs or tastes.

Though Providence is benignant, and Nature bounteous, so that it was possible, in the infancy of the race, that the few simple wants of a handful of savages, might be fitfully, grudgingly satisfied from the spontaneous products of the earth ; and though a thin population of savages is still enabled to subsist, on a few fertile tropical islands, without regular, systematic industry,—their number being kept below the point of mutual starvation, by incessant wars, by cannibalism, by infanticide, and by their unbounded licentiousness,—the rule is all but inexorable, that human existence, even, is dependent on human labor.

To the race generally, to smaller communities, and to individuals, God proffers the stern alternative, "work, or perish!" Idlers and profligates are constantly dying out, leaving the earth peopled mainly by the offspring of the relatively industrious and frugal.

Philanthropy may drop a tear by their unmarked graves ; but the idle, thriftless, improvident tribes and classes, will nevertheless disappear, leaving the earth to those, who, by planting, as well as by clearing away forests, and by tilling, irrigating, fertilizing and beautifying the earth, prove themselves children worthy of her bounty and her blessing. Even if all things were made common, and the idle welcomed to a perpetual feast upon the products of the toil of the diligent, still the former would rapidly pass away, leaving few descendants, and the children of the latter would ultimately inherit the earth.

Labor begins by producing and storing the food and fabrics required to shield men from the assaults of hunger and thirst, from storm and frost, from bleak winds, and the austerity of seasons and climates ; but it does not end here. Man's wants expand and multiply with his means of satisfying them.

He who would once have deemed himself fortunate, if provided with the means of satisfying his most urgent physical needs, and "passing rich on forty pounds a year," learns gradually, as his means increase, to number a stately mansion, with spacious sub-structures and grounds, a costly equipage, sumptuous furniture, rare pictures and statuary, plate and precious stones, among his positive needs. "The heart of man, is never satisfied" with its worldly goods; and this is wisely ordered, that none should cease to struggle and aspire.

The possessor of vast wealth seems more eager to increase it, than his needy neighbor to escape from the squalid prison-house of object want.

The man of millions, just tottering on the brink of the grave, still schemes and contrives to double those millions, even when he knows that his hoard must soon pass to distant relatives, to whose welfare he is utterly indifferent.

The mania for heaping up riches, though it has a very material, tangible basis, outlives all rational motive, and defies all sensible limitations. Many a thoroughly selfish person has risked and lost his life in eager pursuit of gain, which he did not need, and could not hope to enjoy.

Yet, when poets, philanthropists and divines, have said their worst of it, the love of personal acquisition remains the main-spring of most of the material good thus far achieved on this rugged, prosaic planet. Columbus, wearily bearing from court to court his earnest petition to be enabled to discover a new world, insisted on his claim to be made hereditary Lord High Admirer of that world, and to a tithe of all the profits that should flow from its acquisition.

The great are rarely so great, or the good so good that they choose to labor, and dare entirely for the benefit of others; while, with the multitude, personal advantage is the sole incitement to continuous exertion. Man's natural love of ease and enjoyment is only overborne, in the general case, by his consciousness, that through effort and self-denial lies the way to comfort and ease for his downhill of life, and a more fortunate career for his children.

Take away the inducements to industry and thrift, afforded by the law which secures to each the ownership and enjoyment of his rightful gains, and, through universal poverty and ignorance, even Christendom would rapidly relapse into utter barbarism.

But, though industry is mainly selfish in its impulses, it is beneficent, and even moral, in its habitual influences and results. Closely scan any community and you will trace its reprobates and crimi-

nals back to homes and haunts of youthful idleness. Of the hundred youths this day living in a rural village or school district, or on a city block, if it be found on inquiry that sixty are diligent, habitual workers, while the residue are growing up in idleness, broken only by brief and fitful spasms of industry, you may safely conclude that the sixty will become moral, useful, exemplary men and women, while the forty will make their way, through lives of vice and ignominy, to criminals', drunkards', or paupers' graves. The world is full of people who wander from place to place, whining for "Something to do," and begging or stealing their subsistence for want of work, whose fundamental misfortune is, that they know how to do nothing, having been brought up to just that. They are leeches on the body politic, and must usually be supported by it, in prison or poor-house, and finally buried at its cost, mainly because their ignorant or vicious parents culpably failed to teach them, or have them taught to work.

Now they will tell you, when in desperate need, that they are "*willing to do anything*;" but what avails that, since they know how to do nothing that is useful, or that any one wants to pay them for doing?

There have been communities, and even races, that proclaimed it a religious and moral duty of parents to have each child taught some useful calling, whereby an honest living would be well-nigh assured. That child might be the heir of vast wealth, or even of a kingdom; but that did not excuse him from learning how to earn his livelihood like a peasant.

The Saracens and Moors, were born the faith of Mohammed on their victorious lances, to the very heart alike of Europe, Asia and Africa, so trained their sons to practice and honor industry; unlike the Turks and Arabs, who, since the decay of the empires of Saladin and Huroun al Raschid, have inherited the possessions, but not the genius, of the earlier champions and disseminators of their faith.

Greek and Roman civilization had previously rotted away, under the baneful influences of that contempt for, and avoidance of labor which slavery never fails to engender. Not till the diversification of industry, through the silent growth and diffusion of manufactures, had undermined and destroyed serfdom in Europe, was it possible to emancipate that continent from mediaeval ignorance and barbarism.

Not while the world still waits for a more systematic, thorough enforcement of the principle that *every child should in youth be trained to skill and efficiency, in some department of useful, pro-*

*ductive industry*, can we hope to banish able-bodied pauperism, with its attendant train of hideous vices and sufferings, from the civilized world.

So long as children shall be allowed to grow up in idleness, must our country, with most other countries, be overrun with beggars, thieves and miserable wrecks of manhood, as well as of womanhood.

Every child should be trained to dexterity in some useful branch of productive industry, not in order that he shall certainly follow that pursuit, but that he may at all events be able to do so in case he shall fail in the more intellectual or artificial calling which he may prefer to it. Let him seek to be a doctor, lawyer, preacher, poet, if he will; but let him not stake his all on success in that pursuit, but have a second line to fall back upon if driven from his first. Let him be so reared and trained that he may enter, if he will, upon some intellectual calling, in the sustaining consciousness that he need not debase himself, nor do violence to his convictions, in order to achieve success therein, since he can live and thrive in another (if you choose, humbler,) vocation, if driven from that of his choice. This buttress to integrity, this assurance of self-respect, is to be found in a universal training to efficiency in productive labor. The world is full of misdirection and waste; but all the calamities and losses endured by mankind through frost, drouth, blight, hail, fires, earthquakes, inundations, are as nothing to those habitually suffered by them through human idleness and inefficiency, mainly caused (or excused,) by lack of industrial training. It is quite within the truth to estimate that one-tenth of our people, in the average, are habitually idle, because (as they say,) they can find no employment. They look for work where it cannot be found. They seem to be, or they are, unable to do such as abundantly confronts and solicits them.

Suppose these to average but one million able-bodied persons, and that their work is worth but one dollar each per day; our loss by involuntary idleness cannot be less than \$300,000,000 per annum. I judge that it is actually \$500,000,000. Many who stand waiting to be hired, could earn from two to five dollars per day, had they been properly trained to work. "There is plenty of room higher up," said Daniel Webster, in response to an inquiry as to the prospects of a young man just entering upon the practice of law; and there is never a dearth of employment for men or women of signal capacity or skill. In this city, ten thousand women are always doing needle-work for less than fifty cents per day, finding themselves; yet twice their number of capable, skillful seam-

stresses could find steady employment and good living in wealthy families, at not less than one dollar per day, over and above board and lodging. He who is a good blacksmith, a fair millwright, a tolerable wagon-maker, and can chop timber, make fence, and manage a small farm if required, is always sure of work and fair recompense; while he or she who can keep books or teach music fairly, but knows how to do nothing else, is in constant danger of falling into involuntary idleness, and consequent beggary.

It is a broad, general truth, that no boy was ever yet inured to daily, systematic, productive labor in field or shop, throughout the latter half of his minority, who did not prove a useful man, and was not able to find work whenever he wished it. Yet to the ample and constant employment of a whole community, one prerequisite is indispensable: that a variety of pursuits shall have been created or naturalized therein.

A people who have but a single source of profit, are uniformly poor, not because that vocation is necessarily ill-chosen, but because no single calling can employ and reward the varied capacities of male and female, young and old, robust and feeble. Thus a lumbering or fishing region, with us, is apt to have a large proportion of needy inhabitants; and the same is true of a region exclusively devoted to cotton growing or gold-mining. A diversity of pursuits is indispensable to general activity and enduring prosperity.

Sixty or seventy years ago, what was then the district, and is now the State of Maine, was a proverb in New England for the poverty of its people, mainly because they were so largely engaged in timber-cutting. The great grain-growing, wheat exporting districts of the Russian empire, have a poor and rude people, for a like reason. Thus the industry of Massachusetts is immensely more productive per head, than that of North Carolina, or even that of Indiana, as it will cease to be whenever manufactures shall have been diffused over our whole country, as they must and will be. In Massachusetts, half the women and nearly half the children, aid by their daily labor to the aggregate of realized wealth; in North Carolina and in Indiana, little wealth is produced save by the labor of men, including boys of fifteen or upward. When this disparity shall have ceased, its consequence will also disappear. And, though man is first impelled to labor by the spur of material want, the movement outlasts the impulse in which it originated. The miser toils, and schemes, and saves, with an eye single to his own profit or aggrandizement; but commodious public halls, grand hotels, breezy parks, vast libraries, noble colleges, are

often endowed in his will, or founded on his wealth. Whatever the past has bequeathed for our instruction, civilization, refinement, or comfort, was created for us by the saving, thrifty, provident minority of vanished generations, many of whom were despised and reviled through life as absorbed in selfishness, and regardless of other than personal ends. How many of those who flippantly disparaged and contemned him while he lived, have rendered to mankind such signal, abiding service, as Stephen Girard, or John Jacob Astor?

He who is emphatically a worker, has rarely time or taste for crime or vice. Nature is so profoundly imbued with integrity, so implacably hostile to unreality and shame, so inflexible in her resolve to give so much for so much, and to yield no more to whatever incitement or weeding, that the worker, *as worker*, is well-nigh constrained to uprightness. The farmer or gardener may be tempted to cheat as a trafficker—to sell honey that is half molasses, or milk that he has made sky-blue with water—yet even *he* knows better than to hope or seek to defraud nature of so much as a farthing; for he feels that she will not allow it. Every thousand bushels of grain, wherever produced, cost just so much exertion of mind and muscle, and will be commanded by no less. Stupidity, seeking to dispense with the brain-work, may make them far too costly in muscular effort; but nature fixes her price for them, and will accept no dime short of it. Work, wherever done, bears constant, emphatic testimony to the value, the necessity, of integrity and truth.

Carlyle states *past* and *present* this more broadly, hence more impressively, thus: It has been written, an endless significance lies in work; a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away; fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal *the man himself* first ceases to be jungle, and foul, unwholesome desert, thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sort of labor, the whole soul of man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair-itself, all these, like hell dogs, beleaguering the soul of the poor day worker, as of every man; but he bends with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves.

The man is now a man. The blessed glow of labor in him—is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright, blessed flame?

Show me a people energetically busy, heaving, struggling, all shoulders at the wheel, their hearts pulsing, every muscle swell-

ling with man's energy and will; I show you a people of whom great good is already predicable—to whom all manner of good is yet certain, if their energy endure. By every working they will learn; they have, Antaeus-like, their feet on Mother Fact; how can they but learn?

Our own great Channing had, some years earlier, set forth the same general truth—that of the beneficence of labor as a groundwork of human education and discipline—in terms somewhat less vigorous, but no less explicit and positive, than those of the British essayist. He says:

1. Lectures on the elevation of the laboring classes, by the Rev. William Channing, D. D.

I do not expect a series of improvements by which the laborer is to be released from his daily work. Still more, I have no desire to dismiss him from his workshop and farm—to take the spade and axe from his hand, and to make his life a long holiday.

I have faith in labor; and I see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labor alone can keep us alive. I would not change, if I could, our own subjection to physical laws, our exposure to hunger and cold, and the necessity of constant conflicts with the material world. I would not, if I could, so temper the elements that they should infuse into us only grateful sensation—that they should make vegetation so exuberant as to anticipate every want, and the minerals so ductile as to offer no resistance to our strength and skill.

Such a world would make a contemptible race.

Man owes his growth, his energy, chiefly to the striving of the will—that conflict with difficulty which we call effort.

Easy, pleasant work, does not make robust minds; does not give men a consciousness of their powers; does not train them to endurance, to perseverance, to steady force of will—that force without which all other acquisitions avail nothing. Manual labor is a school in which men are placed to get energy of purpose and character—a vastly more important endowment than all the learning of all other schools.

They are placed, indeed, under hard masters—physical sufferings and wants, the power of fearful elements, and the vicissitudes of all human things; but these stern teachers do a work which no compassionate, indulgent friend could do for us; and true wisdom will bless providence for their sharp ministry. I have great faith in hard labor.

The material world does much for the mind by its beauty and order; but it does much more for our minds by the pain it inflicts



by its obstinate resistance, which nothing but patient toil can overcome—by its vast forces, which nothing but unremitting skill and effort can turn to our use—by its perils, which demand continual vigilance, and by its tendency to decay. I believe that difficulties are more important to the human mind than what we call assistances. Work we all must, if we mean to bring out and perfect our nature. Even if we do not work with the hands, we must undergo equivalent toil in some other direction.

No business or study which does not present obstacles, tasking to the full, the intellect and the will, is worthy of man. In science, he who does not grapple with hard questions, who does not concentrate his whole intellect on vigorous attention, who does not aim to penetrate what at first repels him, will never attain to mental force.

Ross Browne, summoning up his observations made during a recent tour of the Holy Land, remarks that he saw in all that country but one man doing anything; he was falling off the roof of a house.

Need it be explained that Palestine is under the sway of a race and rule that reject the idea of Protection to Home Industry, holding it condemned by the precepts of that Koran which is their Bible?

Labor is amazingly cheap there—cheap as in the day when each of the laborers in the vineyard received a penny for his day's wages, whether he had worked twelve hours or but one—yet barely a few of the very rudest manufacturers are still prosecuted, and these are palpable, feeble, and declining, with the great body of the people impoverished, wretched, despairing.

Well may they be so under a government which (as a recent writer from Constantinople reports) charges an encise *duty* of *twelve* per cent. on ship-timber, cut from Turkish forests, and an import of but *eight* per cent. on like timber imported from a foreign land.

No plundering the masses here for the profit of "monopolists" and "cotton-lards;" yet the wild Bedouin of the desert levies at will on the wretched tiller of the soil; the local tax-collector siezes most of what remains; and the hapless cultivator is driven in the Spring to the usurer, of whom he borrows, at twenty-five to fifty per cent., the means of re-seeding his unfertilized fields, and thus beginning anew his dreary, hopeless round of famished toil, and vexatious care.

The Hon. Robert Dale Owen, who spent several years at Naples, as minister of the United States, declares the *lazzaroni* of

that great city unjustly stigmatized as inveterate, willful idlers, he having found them always accepting with alacrity any job that was offered them, and that they knew how to do. They were habitually idle, simply because they could get no work.

Let us suppose that the new kingdom of Italy were ruled by some great genius like Czar Peter, or Napoleon I.; can you believe that he would not find or make some way of setting these idle hundreds of thousands at work? that he would be withheld from attempting it by some college pedant, or blear-eyed book-worm, who should magisterially admonish him that government have properly nothing to do with industry or commerce—that the extent of their legitimate function, is to keep men from breaking each other's head, or picking each other's pockets—that they transcend their sphere whenever they meddle with production, and seek to make two blades of grass flourish, where but one has hitherto been grown?

Who does not see that to set those thousands at work—to make them busy, useful, thrifty—to proffer them ample, remunerative, diversified employment—is to elevate them morally as well as physically, to increase the wealth and strength of the kingdom or State; nay, more—to elevate the standard of human nature, and increase the sum of human well-being?

But the Turks are slave-holders; and slavery does not concern itself, unless inimically, with the elevation of labor, or of the laboring class.

The fundamental ideas on which Protection is based, were implacably on the enslavement of man.

Hence, Henry Clay, though a slave-holder, was never in sympathy with the slavery Propaganda, and never enjoyed its confidence, because he was a Protectionist, and it was felt instinctively, that he could not be heartily devoted at once, to slavery and to Protection.

Hence, John C. Calhoun, though a Protectionist, while in the House—as he showed in framing and advocating the tariff of 1816—became an extreme, intense Free-Trader, from the hour in which he presented himself to the country as the foremost champion of slavery, not as an evil to be borne, but a good to be cherished, perpetuated, extended.

“Instinct is a great matter;” and the Southern aristocracy of the last age could not help regarding every cotton-factory erected within their domain, as a nursery, and citadel of abolition.

No matter, though only whites were employed in it, no matter though each of these were surcharged with pride of caste and ne-

gro-hate, they felt that there was an inevitable antagonism between a diversified, intelligent industry and their darling institution, and that the outbreak of open war between them, was merely a question of time. The South of 1815-60, had every element of manufacturing prosperity, but that of intelligent labor; she could not have this and slavery together; and her ruling caste, regarding slavery as the paramount good, naturally frowned upon and froze out manufactures. An instant profounder than any logic, impelled them to this: a like instinct impelled the Congress of 1860-61, so soon as the slaveholders had deserted their seats, to inaugurate the war of secession, to frame and enact a Protective Tariff. I insist, then, that the consideration of cheapness, though important, is not *all* important; that "the life is more than meat;" that, in laying the foundations of a national policy, we are to consider not alone by what course we may obtain our supply of sheetings, flannels, or iron, at the lowest cash price, but how we shall most surely and fully develop and employ the entire industrial capacity of our people. Even if it were as true as it is false, that we might make more money by devoting the entire energies of our people to the growing of corn or cotton, than by a broadly diversified industry, it would still be a grave, a fatal blunder to do this; because it could not fail to doom the masses to relative ignorance and barbarism—to obstruct their intellectual as well as industrial development, and struct their growth in civilization and all the amenities of life.

Infinite are the uses of labor; but its highest and noblest fruition is *Man!*

Born and reared in rural life, with strong social and filial love, a firm believer in labor, as the primary necessity of man on earth; Mr. GREELEY could not be otherwise than a friend to the farmer, and one earnestly devoted to the elevation and wise direction of the duties of the husbandman.

He therefore concieved, in the rapid intellectual and material progress of our people, the necessity for contributing something from his store-house of mentality, for the interest and elevation, of the farmers of America. Thus considering, he began in 1870 to contribute a series of essays to the *Tribune*, upon the various labors, and department of the farming business. These essays, fif-

ty-three in number, were published early in 1871, in one volume, bearing the following title and dedication :

WHAT I KNOW OF FARMING :  
 A SERIES OF  
 BRIEF AND PLAIN EXPOSITIONS  
 OF  
 PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE,  
 AS AN ART BASED UPON SCIENCE :  
 BY HORACE GREELEY.

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“I know  
 That where the spade is deepest driven,  
 The best fruits grow.”

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

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TO  
 THE MAN OF OUR AGE,  
 WHO SHALL MAKE THE FIRST PLOW PROPELLED BY  
 STEAM,  
 ON OTHER MECHANICAL POWER,  
 WHEREBY NOT LESS THAN  
 TEN ACRES PER DAY  
 SHALL BE THOROUGHLY PULVERIZED TO A  
 DEPTH OF TWO FEET,  
 AT A COST OF NOT MORE THAN TWO DOLLARS PER ACRE.  
 THIS WORK IS ADMIRINGLY DEDICATED  
 BY

THE AUTHOR.

The volume is also prefaced with the following significant remarks by the author:

Men have written wisely and usefully, in illustration and aid of Agriculture, from the platform of pure science. Acquainted with the laws of vegetable growth and life, they so expounded and elucidated those laws that farmers apprehended and profitably obeyed them.

Others have written to equally good purpose, who knew little of science, but were adepts in practical agriculture, according to the maxims and usages of those who have successfully followed and dignified the farmer's calling.

I rank with neither of these honored classes. My practical knowledge of agriculture is meager, and mainly acquired in a childhood long by-gone; while, of science, I have but a smattering, if even that. They are right, therefore, who urge that my qualifications for writing on agriculture are slender indeed.

I only lay claim to an invincible willingness to be made wiser to-day than I was yesterday, and a lively faith in the possibility—nay, the feasibility, the urgent necessity, the imminence—of very great improvements in our ordinary dealings with the soil.

I know that a majority of those who would live by its tillage, eed it too sparingly, and stir it too slightly and grudgingly.

I know that we do too little for it, and expect it, thereupon, to do too much for us.

I know that, in other pursuits, it is only work thoroughly well done that is liberally compensated; and I see no reason why farming should prove an exception to this stern but salutary law. I may be, indeed, deficient in knowledge of what constitutes good farming, but not in faith that the very best farming is that which is morally sure of the largest and most certain reward. I hope to be generally accorded the merit of having set forth the title I pretend to know in language that few can fail to understand.

I have avoided, so far as I could, the use of terms and distinctions unfamiliar to the general ear.

The little I know of oxygen, hydrogen, etc., I have kept to myself; since whatever I might say of them would be useless to those already acquainted with the elementary truths of chemistry, and only perplexing to others.

If there is a paragraph in the following pages which will not be readily and fully understood by an average school-boy of fifteen years, then I have failed to make that paragraph as simple and lucid as I intended.

Many farmers are dissuaded from following the suggestions of writers on agriculture by the consideration of expense. They urge that, though men of large wealth may (perhaps) profitably do what is recommended, *their* means are utterly inadequate they might as well be urged to work their oxen in a silver yoke with gold bows.

I have aimed to commend mainly, if not uniformly, such improvements only in our grandfathers' husbandry as a farmer worth \$1,000, or even may adopt—not all at once, but gradually, and from year to year.

I hope I shall thus convince some farmers that draining, irrigation, deep plowing, heavy fertilizing, etc., are not beyond their power, as so many have too readily presumed and pronounced them.

That I should say very little, and that little vaguely, of the breeding and raising of animals, the proper time to sow or plant, etc., etc., can need no explanation.

By far the larger number of those whose days have mainly been given to farming, know more than I do of these details, and are better authority than I am with regard to them.

On the other hand, I have traveled extensively, and not heedlessly, and have seen and pondered certain broader features of the earth's improvement and tillage which many stay-at-home cultivators have had little or no opportunity to study or even observe.

By restricting the topics with which I deal, the probability of treating some of them to the average farmer's profit is increased.

And, whatever may be his judgment of this slight work, I *know* that, if I could have perused one of like tenor half a century ago, when I was a patient worker and an eager reader in my father's humble home, my subsequent career, would have been less anxious and labors less exhausting than they have been.

Could I then have caught but a glimpse of the beneficent of a farmer's life—could I have realized that he is habitually (even though blindly) dealing with problems which require and reward the amplest knowledge of nature's laws, the fullest command of science, the noblest efforts of the human intellect, I should have since pursued the peaceful, unobtrusive round of an enthusiastic and devoted, even though not an eminent or fortunate tiller of the soil. Even the little that is unfolded in the ensuing pages would have sufficed to give me a far larger, truer, nobler conception of what the farmer of moderate means might and should be, than I then attained.

I needed to realize that observation and reflection, study and mental acquisition, are as essential and as serviceable in his pursuit as in others, and that no man can have acquired so much general knowledge that a farmer's exigencies will not afford scope and use for it all. I abandoned the farm, because I fancied that I had already perceived, if I had not as yet clearly comprehended, all there was in the farmer's calling; whereas, I had not really learned much more of it than a good plow-horse ought to understand. And though great progress has been made since then, there are still thousands of boys, in this enlightened age and conceited generation, who have scarcely a more adequate and just conception of agriculture than I then had.

If I could hope to reach even one in every hundred of this class, and induce him to ponder, impartially, the contents of this slight volume, I know that I shall not have written it in vain.

We need to mingle more thought with our work. Some think till their heads ache intensely; others work till their backs are crooked to the semblance of half an iron hoop; but the workers and the thinkers are apt to be distinct classes; whereas, they should be the same.

Admit that it has always been thus, it by no means follows that it always should or shall be.

In an age when every laborer's son may be fairly educated if he will, there should be more fruit gathered from the tree of knowledge to justify the magnificent promise of its foliage and its bloom. I rejoice in the belief that the graduates of our common schools are better ditch-diggers, when they can not otherwise employ themselves to better advantage, than though they knew not how to read; but that is not enough.

If the untaught peasantry of Russia or Hungary grow more wheat per acre than the comparatively educated farmers of the United States, our education is found wanting. That is a vicious and defective, if not radically false, mental training, which leaves its subject no better qualified for any useful calling, than though he were unlettered.

But I forbear to pursue this ever-fruitful theme. I look back on this day, completing my sixtieth year, over a life, which must now be near its close, of constant effort to achieve ends whereof many seem, in the long retrospect, to have been transitory and unimportant, however they may have loomed upon my vision, when in their immediate presence.

One achievement only of our age and country—the banishment of human chattelhood from our soil—seems now to have been worth

all the requisite efforts, the agony and bloody sweat through which it was accomplished. But another reform, not so palpably demanded by justice and humanity, yet equally conducive to the well-being of our race, presses hard on its heels, and insists, that we shall accord it instant and earnest consideration. It is the elevation of labor from the plane of drudgery and servility to one of self-respect, self-guidance, and genuine independence, so as to render the human worker no more cog in a vast, revolving wheel, whose motion he can neither modify nor arrest, but a partuer in the enterprise, which is toil, is freely contributed to promote, a sharer in the outlay, the risk, the loss and gain, which it involves. This end can be attained through the training of the generations who are to succeed us to observe and reflect, to live for other and higher ends than those of present sensual gratification, and to feel that no achievement is beyond the reach of their wisely combined and able self-directed efforts. To that part of the generation of farmers just coming upon the stage of responsible action, who have intelligently resolved, that the future of American agriculture shall evince decided and continuous improvement on its past, this little book is respectfully commended.

H. G.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1, 1871.

This closes, for the present, Mr. GREELEY'S labors in book-making.

Some four of his works are out of print, while four are now actively in the book-market of the country. His works have thus far met with a liberal sale, as will be seen by the figures below :

TRIBUNE ALMANAC.

Worthy to be recorded among the literary works of Mr. GREELEY, is the "Tribune Almanac," which has been the most popular publication of its kind, in the country.

Mr. GREELEY began its publication in 1838, with a view to furnish an elaborate and reliable annual document, containing political statistics, such as every politician and editor would demand as a reference guide. The "Tribune Almanac" has been published for thirty-four years. It has become so popular, that its publication is almost indispensable to the politician and editor :

Names of Books.	No. of copies sold.
Hints toward Reforms,	3,000
Glances at Europe,	5,000



Slavery Extension,	10,000
Overland Journey to California,	2,000
American Conflict,	100,000
Recollections of a Busy Life,	12,000
Political Economy,	2,000
What I know about Farming,	3,000
Tribune Almanac, annual circulation,	50,000 to 100,000
Total copies sold,	137,000

Parton's *Life of Mr. GREELEY*, has sold, to the number of 40,000 copies.

Mr. GREELEY's own statement of his authorship, is herewith subjoined, from his "Recollections of a Busy Life."

The reader will gather additional interest from this feature of his life by reading his own story upon the subject.

#### AUTHORSHIP—WRITING HISTORY.

Almost every one who can write at all is apt, in the course of his life, to write something, which he fancies, others may read with pleasure or with profit.

For my own part, beyond a few boyish letters to relatives and intimate friends, I began my efforts at composition as an apprentice, in a newspaper office, by condensing the news, more especially the foreign, which I was directed to put into type, from the city journals received at our office; endeavored to give in fewer words the gist of the information, in so far, at least, as it would be likely to interest our rural readers. Our editor, during the latter part of my stay in Poultney, with a Baptist clergyman, whose pastoral charge was at some distance, and who was therefore absent from us much of his time, and allowed me a wide discretion in preparing matter for the paper.

This I improved, not only in the selection, but in the condensation of news.

The rudimentary knowledge of the arts of composition thus acquiring, was gradually improved during my brief experience as a journeyman, in various newspaper establishments, and afterward as a printer of sundry experimental journals in this city; on that, I began my distinctive, avowed editorial career in the *New-Yorker*, with a considerable experience as a writer of articles and paragraphs.

I had even written verses—never fluently nor happily—but tol-

erably well measured, and faintly evincing an admiration of Byron, Mrs. Hemans, and other popular writers—an admiration which I mistook for inspiration or genius.

While true poets are few, those who imagine themselves capable of becoming such, are many; but I never advanced even to this grade. I knew that my power of expression in verse, was defective, as though I had an impediment in my speech, or spoke with my mouth full of pebbles; and I very soon renounced the fetters of verse, content to utter my thoughts thenceforth in unmistakable prose. It is a comfort to know that not many survive who remember having read any of the few rhymed effusions.

I had been nearly twenty years a constant writer for the newspaper press, 'ere I ventured (in 1850,) to put forth a volume. This was entitled, "Hints toward Reforms," and consisted mainly of lectures and addresses, prepared for delivery, before village lyceums, and other literary associations from time to time, throughout the preceding six or eight years.

Most of them regarded social questions; but their range was very wide, including Political Economy, the Right to Labor, Land for the Landless, Protection to Home Industry, Popular Education, Capital Punishment, Abstinence from Alcoholic potations, etc., etc.

My volume was an ordinary duodecimo, of 425 pages, compactly filled with the best thoughts I had to offer; all designed to strengthen and diffuse sympathy with misfortune and suffering, and to promote the substantial, permanent well-being of mankind.

When I had fully prepared it, I sent the copy to the Harpers; and they agreed to publish it fairly, on condition that I paid the cost of stereotyping, (about \$400,) when they would give me (as I recollect,) ten cents per copy on all they sold. I cheerfully accepted the terms, and the work was published accordingly.

I believe the sales nearly re-imbursed my outlay for stereotyping; so that I attained the dignity of authorship at a very moderate cost. Green authors are apt to suffer from disappointment and chagrin at the failure of their works to achieve them fame and fortune. I was fairly treated by the press and the public, and had no more desire than reason to complain. I have given these unflattering reminiscences so fully, because I would be useful to young aspirants to authorship, even at the cost of losing their good will. I have been solicited by many—O, so many!—of them to find publishers for the poems or the novel of each, in the sanguine expectation that a publisher was the only requisite to his achievement of fortune and renown; when, in fact, each had great need of a pub-

lie, none (as yet) of a publisher. You are sure, O, gushing youth! that your poems are such as no other youth ever wrote—such as Pindar, or Dante, or Milton, would read with delight—and I acquiesce in your judgment. But the great mass of readers have not “the vision and the faculty divine;” they are prosaic, plodding, heavy-witted persons, who read and admire what they are told others have read and admired before them—if the discovery of new Homers and Shakespeares were to rest with them, none would henceforth be distinguished from the common herd. You, we will agree, are such a genius as heaven vouchsafes us once in two or three centuries; but can you dream that such are discerned and appreciated by the great mass of their cotemporaries? How much, think you, did Homer, or Dante, or Milton, receive for the sale of his works to the general public? Nay: how much did Shakespear’s poetry, *as* poetry, contribute to his sustenance? Nay, more: do *you*, having acquired the greenback-cost of adding a volume to your library, buy the span new verses of Stiggins, Dobbs or C. Pugsley Jagger? You know that you do not; that you buy Shelley, or Beranger, or Tennyson, instead. Then how can you expect the great mass of us, who have not the faintest claim to genius or special discernment, to recognize *your* untrumpeted merit, and buy your volume? You ought to know that we shall follow your example, and buy—if we ever buy poems at all—those of some one whose fame has already reached even our dull ears and fixed our heedless attention. Hence it is, that no judicious publisher will buy your manuscript, nor print it, even if you were to make him a present of it. He cannot afford it. And you talk of the stupidity, the incompetency, the rapacity, or the cruelty of publishers, is wholly aside from the case. Not one first work in a hundred ever pays the cost of its publication. True, yours *may* be the rare exception; but the publisher is hardly to blame that he does not see it.

A year or two later, on my return from my first visit to Europe, I was surprised by an offer to publish in a volume, the letters I had written to the *Tribune*, and pay me copyright thereon. I knew right well, that they did not deserve such distinction, that they were flimsy and superficial—things of a day; to be read in the morning and forgotten at night. But it seems that some who had read them in the *Tribune*, wished to have them in a more compact and portable shape; while it was highly improbable that any others would be tempted to buy them. So I consented, and revised them; and they duly appeared as “Glances at Europe” in 1851–52. I recollect my share of the proceeds was about five hundred dol-

lars, for which I had taken no pecuniary risk, and done very little labor. Had the work been profounder, and more deserving, I presume it would not have sold so well—at all events not so speedily.

Years passed; I made my long meditated overland journey to California; and the letters I wrote during that trip, printed from week to week in the *Tribune*, were collected on my return, and printed in a volume nearly equal in size to either of my former.

As a photograph of scenes that were then passing away, of a region on the point of rapid and striking transformation, I judge that this "Overland Journey to California in 1859," may be deemed worth looking into by a dozen persons per annum, for the next twenty years.

Its publishers failed, however, very soon after its appearance, so that my returns from it for copyright were inconsiderable.

And now came the Presidential contest of 1860, closely followed by secession and civil war, whereof I had no thought of ever becoming the historian. In fact, not till that war was placed on its true basis of a struggle for liberation, and not conquest, by President Lincoln's successive proclamations of freedom, would I have consented to write its history. Not till I had confronted the Rebellion as a positive desolation force, right here in New York, at the doors of earnest Republicans, in the hunting down and killing of defenceless, fleeing blacks, in the burning of the Colored Orphan Asylum, and in the mobbing and firing of the *Tribune* office, could I have moved to delineate its impulses, aims, progress, and impending catastrophe. A very few days after the national triumph at Gettysburg, with the kindred and almost simultaneous successes of General Grant in the capture of Vicksburg, and General Banks in that of Port Hudson, with the consequent suppression of the (so-called,) "Riots" in this city, I was visited by two strangers, who introduced themselves as Messrs. Newton and O. D. Case, publishers, from Hartford, and solicited me to write the history of the Rebellion. I hesitated; for my labors and responsibilities were already most arduous and exacting, yet could not, to any considerable extent, be transferred to others. The compensation offered would be liberal, in case the work should attain a very large sale, but otherwise, quite moderate. I finally decided to undertake the task, knowing well that it involved severe, protracted effort on my part; and I commenced upon it a few weeks later, after collecting such materials as were then accessible. I hired for my workshop, a room on the third floor of the new Bible House, on Eighth street

and Third and Fourth avenues, procured the requisite furniture, hired a secretary, brought thither my materials, and set to work. Hither I repaired, directly after breakfast each week-day morning, and read and compared the various documents, official reports, newspaper letters, etc., etc., that served as materials for a chapter, while my secretary visited libraries at my direction, and searched out material among my documents and elsewhere. The great public libraries of New York—Society, Historical, Astor and Mercantile—all cluster around the Bible House; the two last named being within a bow-shot. I occasionally visited either of them, in personal quest of material otherwise inaccessible. When I had the substance of my next chapter pretty fairly in mind, I began to compose that chapter, having often several authorities conveniently disposed around me, with that on which I principally relied, lying open before me.

I oftener wrote out my first draft, merely indicating extracts where such were to be quoted at some length, leaving these to be inserted by my secretary when he came to transcribe my text; but I sometimes dictated to my secretary who took short-hand notes of what I said, and wrote them out at his leisure.

My first chapter was thus composed at one sitting, after some days had been given to the arrangement of materials; but usually two days, or even three, were given to the composition of each of the longer chapters, after I had prepared and digested its material.

One rule was to lock the door on resuming composition, and decline all solicitation to open till the day's allotted task had been finished; and this was easy while my "den" was known to very few, but that knowledge was gradually diffused; and more and more persons found excuses for dropping in; until I was at length subject to daily, and even more frequent, though seldom to protracted, interruptions. I think, however, that if I should ever again undertake such a labor, I would allow the location of my "den" to be known to but one person at the *Tribune* office, who should be privileged to knock at its door in cases of extreme urgency, and I would have that door open to no one beside but my secretary and myself.

Even my proof-sheet should await me at the *Tribune* office, whither I always repaired, to commence a day's work as editor, after finishing one as author at the "den."

A chapter having been fairly written out or transcribed by my secretary, while I was "reading up" for another, I carefully revised and sent it to the Stereotyper, who sent me his second and

third proofs, which were successively corrected before the pages were ready to be cast.

Sometimes, the discovery of new material compelled the revision and recast of a chapter which had been passed as complete. And though the material was very copious—more so, I presume than that from which the history of any former war was written—it was still exceedingly imperfect and contradictory. For instance! when I came to the pioneer Secession of South Carolina, I wished to study it in the proceedings and debates of her Legislature and Convention as reported in at least one of her own journals; and of these I found but a single file preserved in our city, (at the Society Library,) though four years had not expired since that secession occurred. A year later, I probably could not have found one at all.

Of the score or so of speeches made by Jefferson Davis, often from cars, while on his way from Mississippi to assume at Montgomery the Presidency of the Confederacy, I found but two condensed reports; and one of these, I apprehend, was apocryphal. In many cases, I found officers, reported killed in battles, whom I afterward found fighting in subsequent battles; whence I conclude that they had not been killed so dead as they might have been.

Some of the errors into which I was thus led by my authorities were not corrected till after my work was printed; when the gentlemen thus conclusively disposed of began to write me, insisting that, though desperately wounded at the battle in question, they had decided not to give up the ghost, and so still remained in the band of embodied, rather than that of disembodied souls.

Their testimony was so direct and pointed that I was constrained to believe it, and to correct page after page accordingly. I presume a few, even yet remain consigned to the shades in my book, who, nevertheless, to this day, consume rations of beef and pork with most unspiritual regularity and self-satisfaction.

There doubtless remain some other errors, though I have corrected many; and, as I have stated, many more particulars than my rivals in the same field have usually done, it is probable that my work originally embodied more errors of fact or incident than almost any other. Yet "the American Conflict" will be consulted, at least by historians, and I shall be judged by it, after most of us now living shall have mingled with the dust.

An eminent antagonist of my political views has pronounced it "the fairest one-sided book ever written;" but it is more than that. It is one of the clearest statements yet made of the long

train of causes which led irresistibly to the war for the Union, showing why that war was the natural and righteous consequence of the American people's general and guilty complicity in the crime of upholding and diffusing human slavery.

I proffer it as my contribution toward a fuller and more vivid realization of the truth that God governs this world by mortal laws as active, immutable, and all pervading as can be operative in any other, and that every collusion or compromise with evil must surely invoke a prompt and signal retribution.

The sale of my history was very large and steady down to the date of clamor raised touching the bailing of Jefferson Davis, when it almost ceased for a season; thousands who had subscribed for it refusing to take their copies, to the sore disappointment and loss of the agents, who supplied themselves with fifty to a hundred copies each, in accordance with their orders; and who thus found themselves suddenly and most unexpectedly involved in serious embarrassments.

I grieved that they were thus afflicted for what, at the worst, was no fault of theirs; while their loss by every copy thus refused was twenty times my own.

I trust, however, that their undeserved embarrassments were, for the most part, temporary—that a juster sense of what was due to them ultimately prevailed—that all of them who did not mistake the character of a fitful gust of popular passion, and thereupon sacrifice their hard earnings, have since been relieved from their embarrassment; and that the injury and injustice they suffered without deserving have long since been fully repaired.

At all events, the public has learned that I act upon my convictions without fear of personal consequences; hence, any future paroxysm of popular rage against me is likely to be less violent, in view of the fact that this one proved so plainly ineffectual.

That Mr. GREELEY, is eminently a man of letters, entitled by ability and character to rank among the ablest writers of the country, there is no manner of doubt. If it be argued that he is not classical, not polished in schools and colleges, and stuffed with foreign and foolish words, it can be maintained to his greater praise and credit, that he has acquired as large a fund of the knowledge, of the world's history and civilization, as any living man, besides having a superior ability, to use the pen with as much power as any writer of this age.

Not only is Mr. GREELEY an editor, without a peer in this or any other land, but he has written and lectured more, on various subjects of public interest, than any other man, living or dead; nor has any other editor of the country, issued as many volumes from the public press. Still more, he has written nothing to swell the stock of trashy literature, so freely and bountifully issued from the American press. All his volumes are earnest, generous and able efforts, to do some good to his country and his fellows. Therefore, let him stand forth, truly written and truly honored, in the "Pantheon of Progress," a mental and moral light of our age—our countryman by birth, and by fraternity an elder brother.



## CHAPTER IX.

### HORACE GREELEY AS A REFORMER.

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SINCE Martin Luther, the western nations have heard much about Reforms and Reformers. Europe and America have been fruitful fields, in which men and women, of distinction and ability, have gone forth to labor in opposition, to some existing errors in church, State and society, and in defence of new creeds and principles, announced and promulgated. Yet as mankind has suffered in the name of religion and liberty, so, too, have the people been imposed upon in the name of Reform. Fanatics, and ambitious men and women, of corrupt hearts and weak understandings, have often convulsed society by pretended, but false efforts to benefit their fellows. Still the world has had its true reformers. Great and heroic souls, who have gone forth to battle in society and State, for the good of mankind. They arose above their countrymen, and with superior mental and moral illumination, shed new light in the darken paths where men and women walked in ignorance and sin. Perhaps, in this age of ours, there is no embodiment of man or woman, which, when truly representative, is so great and so valued, as the true reformer. His work is greater than that of the distinctive editor, politician or statesman. "The true reformer must be superior to his age. If he is not more advanced than those minds of the age, from which originated all the prevailing laws and numerous customs, then he is not their superior, and cannot be their teacher. His value to his age and to the world, consists in his superiority to them. But in proportion, as he is superior to the received and established laws and doctrines of the day, will his position be misunderstood his

motives misapprehended, his teachings misrepresented, and his intrinsic worth unknown.

“The multitude, not standing where he stands, nor beholding what he beholds, may look upon him as a deceiver, a mystic, as an enthusiast, or a philosophical madman. His position is necessarily *far* above the ordinary doctrines and theories of the day, to which the masses are constantly tending, and in which they are mostly educated. He is therefore repulsed, disliked, preached against, calumniated, and subjected to such imprisonment and torture, as the liberality and civilization of his age will permit. There is necessarily a vast difference between him and the people. And it is no more unreasonable that he should *not* be understood and appreciated by the people, than that he himself should not comprehend minds still superior in spheres unseen. Therefore the great and latent, and fruitful minds of all ages and nations, *have* suffered and will suffer, from the combined persecutions of ignorance and prejudice, which coevally prevail in the world. Therefore, genius will continue to be persecuted and crucified. And, although God will *continue* to manifest himself in the souls, and thoughts, and deeds of men, blind ignorance and intolerance will concentrate their forces to deride, falsify and destroy the medium of the revelation. The true reformer must be good and great. But unfortunately for him, his positions and qualifications are powerful causes of the development of envy, jealousy, and antagonistical feelings in ambitious minds. Some deride, because they are ignorant; some deride because they are envious; and still others deride because they have counter-interests and professions to present to the people. But genius is divine and eternal, and it will live and fulfill its glorious mission, though the powers of church and State join to destroy its birth-place, or the medium of its sublime manifestations.

“Every nation has had its reformer, and its truly original author, and its truly inspired hero. And every age has given birth to some important truth—thus contributing something toward gratifying the insatiable thirst for wisdom and knowledge. But every age and nation has also had its demagogues, its racks and

its stakes—in the mind, or *out* of the mind—by which to cramp and crush, and crucify its greatest discoverer, or its most inspired prophet.

“Far down in the depths of humanity’s history, I can perceive uncultivated, simple and enthusiastic hearts, beating for the general good of mankind. The plains of Arabia have been traversed by the savage; but some representative of refinement and civilization, has led that savage onward—some cool and powerful chieftain has been his friend and father. The savage and barbarian tribes of the desert were never without God; they had some kind of a reformer in their midst—a nobleman by nature, who would unite their interests, and lead them to the accomplishment of wiser ends. Combine the indefatigable zeal and fanaticism of the savage chief, with the tender and protecting qualities of the desert patriarch, and you have an inspired patriot—a spirit replete with *power*, *philanthropy* and *Liberty*.

“Combine the qualities of a patriot with a spirit of determination and intrepidity, and you have a sublime hero. And he too, is a reformer. He rises superior to time-sanctified customs, and throws open the gates to new discoveries. His unconquerable spirit inspires timid minds with power, and his daring courage strengthens their efforts to fresh directions.

“Combine the splendid and powerful qualities of the patriot and the hero, with thought and deliberation, and you have a legislator. And he too, is a reformer. He has an indwelling love for his country and humanity; a desire to explore and acquire a knowledge of new regions of thought.

“Combine the qualities of the patriot, the hero and the legislator, with a love of the sublime and beautiful, and you have a poet. And he, too, is a reformer. The illumination of his genius, lights up the mysterious caverns of his soul, and unfolds serene thoughts in the inmost sanctuary of his being. The sympathies of humanity expand his heart; and prophecies of future peace press his pen to utterance.

“Combine the qualities of the patriot, the hero, the legislator and

the poet, with a love of refinement and elevation, and you have a true artist. And he too, is a reformer.

“Combine the qualities of the patriot, the hero, the legislator, the poet and the artist, with a love of wisdom and knowledge, and you have the philosopher. And he, too, is a reformer.

“Combine the qualities of the patriot, the hero, the legislator, the poet, the artist, and the philosopher, with a love of the unseen and eternal, and you have a theologian. And he too, is a reformer. His mission is to the soul; his duty is to cultivate its powers, and elevate its impulses.

“Combine the qualities of the patriot, the hero, the legislator, the poet, the artist, the philosopher, and the theologian, with a universal love and a desire for universal harmony, and you have the true reformer.

“The true reformer is superior to his age because, while the world of minds about him are disqualified to rule and govern themselves, and have so much duplicity as to require legislation and positive enforcement of mere human or social laws, he is actuated alone by the universal and immutable laws of love to man. This law governs his actions in all his multifarious relations, and intercourse with his fellow-creatures. It lives in his soul, and manifests itself in his actions and life.

“The true reformer is superior to his age, because while the world of minds about him are assisting to support and perpetrate the present order of things in trade, government and religion, he strives to introduce the principles of association, and of the reorganization of capital and interests. He is pained with the injustice and dissatisfaction in society, occasioned by its false and dis-united state.”

With the foregoing statement of the elements embodied in the true reformer, let us proceed to consider Mr. GREELEY in the light of his advanced thought, and how near he conforms to the progressive condition of those bold and highly developed men who have occasionally been born into the world and moved among their fellows as great, moral and intellectual light-houses. That he combines in the largest degree those elements of character and

mentality, which make up the true reformer, there is no manner of doubt.

His mental grasp reaches beyond the most of the minds of the world's people, and his thoughts have, from the beginning, proven him to be a Radical by instinct, and a believer in the humanitarian progress of the race. Such is the cast and the illumination of his mind that he saw at an early age, errors in the private and public acts of men which his judgment disapproved, and his conscience held to be criminal. When he arrived at mature manhood his opinions and views upon all questions of civilization, including the principles and administration of governments, the social and religious structure of society, the commercial and industrial interests of communities, and the education and habits of individuals, all evinced that he was a man who had far out-grown the mental and moral status of his age; hence, the cry everywhere that he was a man of isms, a man of crotchets, and a "weak sentimentalist, misled by a maudlin philosophy." But faithful to the true impulses of his nature, he turned neither to the right nor to the left, but moved steadily forward to a perfect fulfillment of a divine purpose and mission for which he was born. When he had reached the age of manhood, and looked through history and over the nations of the earth, he found the world full of all manner of errors, of crime, falsehood and misdirection. He found in his own land a government fostering and perpetuating the most gigantic and inhuman system of slavery that man had ever established. He spared no time, neither deviated from the path of duty, to make war upon that infernal system until its death.

Owing to his well-known opposition to the Mexican war, a correspondent of the Louisville *Courier*, sent to the *Tribune* from one of the battle-fields, the following brief, but sad story, which will, whenever read, sicken the heart of man or woman. No human record furnishes a more brief, but pointed story of sorrow:

## PICTURE FOR THE PRESIDENT'S BED-ROOM.

[DESIGNED FOR THE TRIBUNE.]

## IS THIS WAR?

MONTEREY, Oct. 7, 1846.

While I was stationed with our left wing in one of the forts, on the evening of the 21st, I saw a Mexican woman busily engaged in carrying bread and water to the wounded men of both armies. I saw this ministering angel raise the head of a wounded man, give him water and food, and then carefully bind up his wound with a handkerchief she took from her own head. After having exhausted her supplies, she went back to her own house to get more bread and water for others. As she was returning on her mission of mercy, to comfort other wounded persons, I heard the report of a gun, and saw the poor, innocent creature fall dead! I think it was an accidental shot that struck her. I would not be willing to believe otherwise. It made me sick at heart, and turning from the scene, I involuntarily raised my eyes toward heaven, and thought, great God! and *is this war?* Passing the spot next day, I saw the body still lying there with the bread by her side, and the broken gourd, with a few drops of water still in it—emblems of her errand. We buried her; and while we were digging her grave, cannon balls flew around us like hail.—*Cor. Louisville Commercial.*

Mr. GREELEY saw spread out before him, a false system of social society, wherein weak men and women were left to the mercy and prey of the strong and the vicious.

Many years ago, when he almost stood alone in defense of Woman's Rights, he wrote as follows, on the subject, in the *Tribune*:

## EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

We have not given so much space as formerly to recent movements in favor of "Woman's Rights," not because that movement has lost either importance or favor in our eyes, but simply because we try to print a newspaper, and cannot afford nearly so much room for the twentieth iteration of a truth as we accorded to its original utterance.

Hereafter, we can only publish so much of those proceedings as is essential to a fair history of the times, including such suggestions of reform as are substantially novel, or else particularly adapted to some existing exigency.

The point of view in which the Radical viciousness of the present position of woman appears to us most striking, is that of employment.

To be denied the right of suffrage may be an ideal grievance (though the source and support of others that are sternly practical) while our interest in and attention to costume has not been sufficient to enable us to decide with any confidence on the merits of Bloomerism. But that a young man of twenty, with any sort of aptitude for work, can always find ready employment that will bring him ten to thirty dollars per month above his board, while his sister, equally willing, energetic and efficient, can with far more difficulty find work that will yield her half so much; this is an enormous and chronic injustice, which scepticism cannot gain-say, nor levity dissolve in ridicule.

What has Conservatism to offer respecting it?

What should Christianity impel us to do?

To tell our hundreds of thousands of poor young women, who are constantly looking this way and that for opportunities to earn an honorable and comfortable living, that the end of their existence is to be good wives and mothers, is to insult them most stupidly.

What prospect have they, or the half of them to become wives at all, while so many men spurn the restraints of marriage, and riot in dissolute pleasure; and when so many thousands after thousands of our young men are lured away by the still increasing spirit of adventure, to California, Central America, &c., &c.?

It is a decree of fate, that a very large portion of the young women of our older and more easterly States must remain single, while necessity and self-respect alike forbid that they shall eat the bread of idleness.

They may, if comely, purchase a short season of guilty and debasing luxury by the surrender of all virtue, all sense of decency, all intercourse with reputable society, all trust in God, and hope of heaven; and if the Father of Evil had arranged matters on purpose to drive as many as possible to this horrible alternative, he could barely have improved much on the social influences and usages which now surround the friendless daughters of the poor. Even this is but a limited resource for a very brief season; and still the fact recurs that the great majority of our young women

must, for a number of years at all events, earn their bread by independent industry.

How shall they? and what?

Needle-work has hitherto been the main resource of the thousands disqualified by delicacy of nurture or fragility of muscle for rough house-work; and needle-work is now at its last gasp.

We shall be careful not again to run into a hornet's nest by speaking discriminately of sewing machines; but, speaking generally, we may say—what no one who has looked into the matter will deny—that the needle is sure soon to be consigned to the lumber-room, wherein our grandmothers' "great wheel," "little wheel," loom and "swifts," are now silently mouldering.

Twenty years more may elapse (though we think not half so many will) before the revolution will have been completed; but the sewing of a long, straight seam otherwise than by machinery is even now a mistake, an anachronism; and the finger-plied needle, though it may be retained a few years longer for button-holes and such fancy work, has but a short lease left.

That ever a garment or shoe was sewed entirely by hand, without the aid of machinery, will be told as a marvel to our grandchildren and received by them with wondering incredulity.

The *status quo*, therefore, with regard for woman's position is simply impossible. She must advance or sink back into a state of oriental debasement and abject dependence. A wider scope must be accorded to her faculties, or she might better have been born without them. Society must either secure her opportunity of earning an independent subsistence, or shield her from famine and shame with the protecting, though degrading mantle of polygamy and virtual slavery.

The movements of our time, therefore, looking to a wider sphere of industrial training and effort for woman, are impelled by a terrible necessity.

Place is made for her in the studio of the artist, the shop of the mechanic, behind the counter of the merchant, etc., because she cannot otherwise exist in the equivocal position to which western civilization has raised her. Unless she is to be the substantial equal of man out of wedlock, she cannot be his equal in that relation.

If she must marry to live, she will soon be constrained to marry whoever will insure her a living; any requirement on her part of fitness or sympathy in the relation must be regarded as an absurd and impracticable fastidiousness.



This point attained, the assumption that he who can support half a dozen wives has a perfect moral, and should have an unobstructed legal right to marry that number, is not to be resisted, nay: assuming marriage to be the sole condition wherein woman may live usefully and worthily, the polygamist becomes a public benefactor, especially of the dependent sex.

“The Woman’s Movement” of our day, thoughtfully considered, is, in spite of the vagaries of some of its advocates, essentially conservative—a change of position to meet a vital though noiseless change in the industrial and social elements of woman’s allotted sphere, and as such should be regarded and respected.

Against this malformation of the social order, he protested with soul, mind and strength. He urged the emancipation and organization of labor, its political economy, and its harmonious relations with capital. He saw the masses in ignorance, and plead for the diffusion of education; he demanded better teachers and better education; he asked them, for all, the poor as well as the rich. And, when visions of empire opened to his mind, he gazed over the continent to the setting sun, and his dreams, and the desire of his heart was, that school houses in ample numbers might dot the prairies and mountain homes, where the millions of future sons and daughters of the land were destined to live and love. He saw individual profligacy everywhere intruding itself in utter ruin of men and women. He plead for temperance, and protested against the use of tobacco. He believed with the psalmist that “righteousness exalteth a nation, and that sin is a reproach to any people.” He saw civilization swing unfortunate members of the human family from the scaffold, in utter violation of all principles of humanity, and protested against the barbarity of a law, which neither reason nor enlightened justice sanctioned. He saw the national government constantly indulging in extravagance, and imposing upon the people unwise legislation, and he plead for economy, and aided to secure the exemption of thousands of homesteads for those who were constantly seeking homes in the territorial domain of the country.

In short, he saw every department of civilization struggling

under a heavy load of error, or deformed by a false organization of society. He spared no time nor opportunity to condemn the wrong, and command the right. States, nations, churches, institutions and individuals were the same to him, and received alike the same scathing criticism for error or criminality, and the same hearty support and encouragement for well doing.

Early in his editorial career, Mr. GREELEY'S plain frank manner of expressing himself upon public questions called out an attack from one Dr. Potts, a minister who took exceptions to some views expressed in the *Tribune*. But the doctor was at once met with a severe and pointed answer, as will be seen by the following remarks :

#### RELIGION AND JOURNALISM.

Rev. Dr. Potts, the able and popular pastor of the Ninth street Presbyterian Church, University-place, preached on thanksgiving a sermon on "the Duties of a Christian Citizen," which we find summarily reported in the last *Courier* and *Enquirer*, whose writing editor is a member of said church. The sermon appears to have been well worth reporting—cogent, fearless and pertinent. Most of its positions meet our hearty approbation ; while on some points we think the preacher could have better subserved the cause of Christianity, to say nothing of humanity, had he been more correctly informed. For instance, the Rev. Dr. is reported as saying :

It is especially worthy of notice that the various pernicious nostrums which have been invented for the cure of social evils—the various schemes of "reform," one proposing to abolish the penalty of death for murder ; another to tell by a man's skull whether he be a criminal or a lunatic, another to revolutionize the domestic system, and turn society into a system of joint stock companies, by which all the cooking, washing, nursing, schooling, scavenger work, etc., may be done by labor-saving plans, the effect of which will inevitably be to break up the present relations of the family order—all these and other similar reforms are aiming to insinuate themselves into the public mind partly through the medium of factitious tales.

It cannot be doubted that they are doing the work they propose, and at least loosening the faith of many in the established order of things. And that this is so, is apparent from the fact, that even

some of the public prints called respectable, feel strong enough in the patronage they receive, boldly to avow these disorganized and demoralized schemes.

Now, in asking the duty of a Christian citizen in relation to these various influences, all going toward the formation of the public mind, in other words, to the *education* of the people, can there be any doubt that it lies, first, in doing everything he can to expose the character and denounce the influence of all such publications as thus strike at public virtue and good order—in expressing plainly his opinion of the misconduct of those who usher them to the light, and give them currency by publishing them—in withdrawing promptly his patronage in every way from the political presses which endorse them? For one, said Dr. Potts, I should like to know upon what principle any sober-minded man, much more a professed Christian, can assist in any way any press which zealously advocate the principles of Agrarianism, Anti-Rentism and Fourierism, to say nothing of a variety of other *isms*.

Now we think the Dr. is unfortunate in the use of terms; “Agrarianism” is a long and hard word. We do not happen now to know a single person who is strictly an “Agrarian;” but the term seems to us ill-chosen by one who professes to reverence and follow such messengers of divine truth as Moses and Jesus. The world has never seen another Lawgiver so thoroughly, consistently “Agrarian” as he who, under God, led the children of Israel out of Egypt—or should we not rather say He who selected and guided that leader?

Dr. Potts exhorts all his hearers to withdraw promptly their patronage from the *Tribune*, for though he speaks of “political presses” (and his denunciation in terms applies to the *Courier* and *Enquirer*, since it publishes our side of the discussion,) he manifestly aims at the press, and none other. Now it is quite probable that we have some readers among the pew-polders of a church so wealthy and fashionable as the Dr.’s, though few, we presume, among divines as well salaried as he is. We will only ask those of our patrons who may obey his command to read for their next scripture lesson, the XXVth chapter of Leviticus, and reflect upon it for an hour or so. We are very sure they will find the exercise a profitable one, in a sense higher than they will have anticipated. Having then stopped the *Tribune*, they will meditate at leisure on the abhorrence and execration with which one of the Hebrew Prophets must have regarded any kind of an Agrarian or anti-Renter, that is, one opposed to perpetuating and extending the relation of landlord and tenant over the whole arable surface

of the earth. Perhaps the contemplation of a few more passages of sacred writ may not be unprofitable in a moral sense—for example :

“Wo unto them that join (add) house to house, that lay field to field that there be no place, that they be placed alone in the midst of the earth.”—Isaiah, v, 8.

“One thing thou lackest; go thy way, sell whatever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross, and follow me: and Jesus looked round about, and saith unto his disciples: How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God?”—Mark x, 21, 23.

“And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all, as every man had need.”—Acts. 44, 45.

We might cite columns of this sort from the sacred volume, showing a deplorable lack of doctors of divinity in ancient times, to be employed at \$3,500 a year in denouncing in sumptuous, pew-guarded edifices, costing \$75,000 each, all who should be guilty of “loosening the faith of many in the *established order of things*.” Alas for their spiritual blindness; the ancient prophets—God’s prophets—appear to have had slight faith in or reverence for that “established order” themselves: their schemes appear to have been regarded as exceedingly “disorganized” and hostile to “good order” by the spiritual rulers of the people in those days.

That Dr. Potts, pursuing (we trust) the career most congenial to his feelings, surrounded by every comfort and luxury, enjoying the best society, and enabled to support and educate his children to the height of his desires, should be inclined to reprobate all “nostrums” for the cure of social evils, and sneer at “labor-saving plans” of cooking, washing, schooling, etc., is rather deplorable than surprising. Were he some poor day-laborer, subsisting his family and paying rent on the dollar a day he could get when the weather permitted, and some employer’s necessity or caprice gave him a chance to earn it, we believe he would view the subject differently.

As to the spirit which can denounce by wholesale all who labor, in behalf of a Social Reform, in defiance of general obloquy, rooted prejudice, and necessarily serious personal sacrifices, as enemies of Christianity and good morals, and call upon the public to starve them into silence, does it not merit the rebuke and loathing of every generous mind?

Heaven aid us to imitate, though afar off, that divinest charity which could say for its persecutors and murderers: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

We rejoice that the Christian pulpit is henceforth to be devoted in some measure to a censorship on the public press.

There is no duty more imperatively incumbent upon it, in view of the immense power which the press exerts, for good or evil, over the destenies of mankind. So far from regarding such censorships as impertinent or presumptuous, we welcome it with gratification. Had the pulpit hitherto paid becoming attention to the character and influences of the press, we are sure that the result would have been highly beneficial to both, and that some of the grosser misapprehensions evinced in the sermon we are now considering, would ere this have been dissipated.

We are profoundly conscious that the moral tone and bearing of the press fall very far beneath their true standard, and that it too often panders to popular appetites and prejudices, when it should rather withstand and labor to correct them. We, for example, remember having wasted many precious columns of this paper, whereby great good might have been done, in the publication of a controversy on the question, "Can there be a church without a bishop?"—a controversy unprofitable in its subject, verbose and pointless in its logic, and disgraceful to our common Christianity in its exhibitions of uncharitable temper and gladiatorial tactics. The Rev. Dr. Potts may also remember that controversy. We ask the pulpit to strengthen our own fallible resolution never to be tempted by any hope of pecuniary profit, (pretty sure to be delusive, as it ought,) into meddling with such another discreditable performance. We do not find, in the *Courier's* report of this sermon, any censures upon that very large and popularly respectable class of journals which regularly hire out their columns, editorial and advertising, for the enticement of their readers to visit grogeries, theatres, horse-races, as we sometimes have thoughtlessly done, but hope never, unless through deplored inadvertence, to do again. The difficulty of entirely resisting all temptations to these lucrative vices is so great, and the temptations themselves so incessant, while the moral mischief thence accruing is so vast and palpable, that we can hardly think the Rev. Dr. slurred over the point, while we can very well imagine that his respected disciple and reporter did so. At this moment, when the great battle of temperance against liquid poison and its horrible sorceries is convulsing our State, and its issue trembles in the balance, it seems truly incredible that a doctor of divinity, lecturing on the iniqui-

ties of the press, can have altogether overlooked this topic. Cannot the *Courier* from its reporter's notes supply the omission?

Another D. D. during the early part of '61, when the country was on the eve of a great struggle between freedom and slavery, preached in defense of slavery, and endeavored to prove from the Bible the divine right to hold human beings in bondage. Mr. GREELEY replied to him in the *Tribune* of January the 7th, 1861, in the following manner:

DR. RAPHALL'S BIBLE.

The Rev. Dr. Raphall is a burning and shining light in our New York Israel. As Senator Wade said of his co-religionist, Judah P. Benjamin, he is "an Israelite with Egyptian principles." On the President's fast-day, he preached a sermon in the Greene street Synagogue, wherein he demonstrated, to his own satisfaction, that human slavery is sanctioned by divine law. Now, in so far as the Rev. Dr. assumed to quote, and to expound the law of Moses, we let him pass, and proceed to the other branch of the subject. We quote from a report of his discourse, as follows:

"But, as that Rev. gentleman [Henry Ward Beecher] takes a lead among those who most loudly and most vehemently denounce slaveholding as a sin, I wished to convince myself whether he had any scripture warrant for so doing; and whether such denunciation was one of those 'requirements for moral instruction,' advanced by the New Testament. I have accordingly examined the various books of Christian scripture, and find that they afford the reverend gentleman and his compeers no authority whatever for his and their declamations. The New Testament nowhere, directly or indirectly, condemns slaveholding—which indeed is proved by the universal practice of all Christian nations during many centuries."

Dr. Raphall is an educated and reverent expounder of the law, given by Moses, and we have therefore not seen fit to put our authority against his in the interpretation of that law. But, when he comes to the New Testament, we feel that we have him at a decided disadvantage. We have been studying that book a good many years, receiving it as a message from on high; while he deems it an imposture, of no divine authority, and appears to have only casually looked it through to see whether it does or does not sustain slavery. He says "the New Testament nowhere, directly or indirectly, condemns slaveholding;" we say it does, especially in this passage, which is the center and sun of the whole system of Christianity:

“ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM.” [Matt. vii., 12.]

Jesus of Nazareth, who lays down this broad, comprehensive, universal rule of human conduct, adds “for this is the Law and the Prophets,” and we believe he had a clearer, deeper, truer comprehension of their spirit than has Mr. Raphall; yet we will not dispute with the Rev. Doctor on that point. But that the Author and Finisher of the christian faith intended to lay down as absolute and without exception the rule that we must never, under any circumstances, do to another what we would not have that other, if our positions were reversed, do to us, the universal, emphatic accord of christian commentators for nearly twenty centuries, has affirmed; and the context renders it certain that Christ meant just this, and nothing else.

We might quote other passages to the same effect, particularly that concerning “a certain man” who “went down to Jericho” and “fell among thieves,” and, being by them “stripped and wounded, and left for dead,” was looked upon and left to get on as he might by “a priest,” and “a Levite,” who, we judge by certain characteristics, to have both been ancestors of the Rev. Dr. Raphall. But Christ explicitly condemned their heartless conduct, commending that of the good Samaritan, who, seeing a fellow creature in distress, stopped not to consider that he was of a detested race and lineage, but flew to his relief, bound up his wounds, and ministered to his every need. He who does not feel that his narrative is aimed directly at such religionists as Dr. Raphall, may be a very good Jew (we don't believe he is, but the Dr. is better authority for that than we are,) but he is certainly the poorest sort of christian.

Can any one need to be shown that Christ's Golden Rule is utterly, irreconcilably hostile to slavery? Suppose a son or daughter of the Rev. Dr. Raphall were this day a slave in Dahomey, would he doubt its application to the case? And if that rule condemn the enslavement of a Jew by a negro, just as clearly does it condemn the enslavement of a negro by a Jew. No Hebraist pretends that the slavery allowed by Moses, (“for the hardness of your hearts,”) was the slavery of negroes exclusively, or was confined to any particular race or color. The “heathen round about,” the Israelites, when the law was given by Moses, were not negroes, nor anything like negroes, but Arabs and Phœnicians, scarcely distinguishable by physical or mental characteristics from the Hebrews themselves.

Christ was born into a world full of slavery, as Dr. Raphall as-

serts. Where is that slavery now? Vanished—melted away in the light of christian equity, the fire of Christian love. On Sunday next, the very last christian nation in Europe that held slaves, will cease to hold them, leaving Mohammedan Turkey the only slaveholding country in the most enlightened and christian quarter of the globe. The Catholic church has formally declared that slavery was overthrown by christianity, which no one who studies history can doubt. Christianity is gradually rooting out slavery in Asia and America, and fighting it even in Africa. In the presence of these facts, what weight is due to the circumstance that Christ never specially condemned slavery? “By their fruits ye shall know them.”

It is a sad, deplorable fact, that slavery unfits men for freedom. The slave of yesterday is the hardest master to-day, and the Irish kerne, trampled underfoot for twenty generations, make just about the meanest doughfaces in America. No people on earth have been more oppressed, robbed, trodden down and persecuted, than the Jews; hence, we generally look to them to furnish apologists and pettifoggers for slavery. We rejoice in the knowledge, however, that only a part of them are thus perverted, but that thousands of the children of Abraham, purified and made wiser by suffering, are among the most faithful and consistent upholders of the inalienable Rights of Man.

When a blind theology taught that slavery was right, or gave approval to any vicious habits of men, or thought to turn the current of human progress through a “straight and narrow way,” in which the reason or freedom of man could not go, Mr. GREELEY spared no opportunity to make war upon such a perversion of religious teachings. In fact, no man has done so much on the American continent, against ignorant conservatism, and in favor of the onward progress of ideas and principles in this country, as HORACE GREELEY. He moved forward with rapidity to a position in advance of Noah Webster, Lyman Beecher, Horace Mann and Fowler, and joined with a new and more advanced school of progressive minds; still holding to the truth of the past, and pushing forward into new fields of thought and progress, with a boldness and an earnestness unknown to any of his predecessors, in the field of reform. Not only was he bold and earnest, but the scope of his work was greater than ever before prosecuted by any man.



It is true he has constantly had at his command the most influential and powerful journal in the nation, through which he could send forth, rapidly succeeding volleys of new thoughts, fresh as the breeze, to the souls of men and women, yet powerful as the storm. Millions of newspapers were annually going forth over the land, carrying his thoughts, and faith, and knowledge, to every quarter of the country, heralding to the people of a nation, with the rising sun, reform for the individual, reform for the church, reform for society, reform for the State, and reform for the nation. And while his press was constantly thundering from day to day against error and proclaiming truth, Mr. GREELEY added to its strength by going out over the land, for a brief season, almost every year, for the last quarter of a century, and lecturing to the people upon various subjects of culture and reform. Again, he has added to his influence and importance, his various volumes, tending to the same great end of his life—a desire to elevate and render more happy his fellows. When we considered, as a whole, and comprehend and measure the labors of his life for the past forty years; the many bold and earnest battles he has fought with a high purpose, and an unselfish aim, what man has the country produced, who has done so well; what soul has been so true.



## CHAPTER X.

### HORACE GREELEY A SELF-MADE MAN.

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PERHAPS Americans have heard more about self-made men than any other people ; their form of government seems to be more adapted to such a kind of human growth. Never before has the spirit of Democracy pervaded the community, state or nation, with such general and equalizing influence as is to be found in America.

Despots, tyrants, kings, emperors, dynasties, royal lines, potentates, princes, dukes and counts, are not indigenous to American soil ; they are unknown to American laws. The American people are a Democratic people, and they only recognize those distinctions among men which God has made. And they only honor that elevation of rank which consists of the nobility of manhood and womanhood.

In this land of ours, the opportunity for greatness is the same to all ; and even so true is the divine purpose, in the immutable tendency of all things, that the greater opportunity for success and greatness, is more often afforded to the true child of the log cabin and the workshop, than to the sons and daughters of those who seek, by false forms and conventionalities, to render themselves the favored of communities and states. The accident of wealth does not make the true nobility in this great land ; nor does it supply the greatest statesmen to the country, nor the greatest moral heroes to the human race. On the other hand, the history of the country is made rich with the illustrious deeds of self-made men and women, true sons and daughters of God, who have come up from obscurity, tried and trained through orphanage and poverty, to the highest places of honor and trust in the confidence and gift of the American people.

That HORACE GREELEY is one of the highest type, and one of the most worthy examples of self-made men which our country has produced, is a fact beyond all contradiction. Born in the bleak and sterile regions of New Hampshire, of humble parents, who shared largely the poverty and vicissitudes, common to the earlier farmers of New England, HORACE GREELEY came forth into the world a bright herald of a rising, nobler manhood, a true nobility, to whose honored ranks the humblest child in the village and the city, in the prairie or in the forest home, can attain, by its own individual effort, to dare to be itself, and dare to achieve the positions and honors of a true and free man.

It is common to hear Franklin cited as the greatest of all self-made men this country has produced. But it is questionable whether HORACE GREELEY is not in the main, the equal, if not the superior of Franklin. Franklin's head measured larger than HORACE GREELEY'S, but his organic quality and mental temperament was not equal to Mr. GREELEY'S. Franklin embodied more of the material nature of man, and GREELEY more of the spiritual. Franklin wrote more in reference to material things, GREELEY more in reference to humanity, and the mental and moral improvement of the human race. In practical wisdom, they are alike eminent; and while it may be said that Franklin lived in an age affording less advantages, it can be said that GREELEY lives when there is more competition in the struggle for the ascendancy, and greater difficulty to contend against wealth. But, be the difference between these two great representative examples of our race and nation, as it may, I leave the closer analysis of character and comparison, to some future Plutarch, who will yet weigh the great men of my country. Then will Franklin and GREELEY stand side by side, in history and in the confidence of the people, the Solon and Publicola of the American Republic.

Young men of America! the two truest and greatest examples of self-made men which your country has produced, are Benjamin Franklin and HORACE GREELEY. Study them well; strive to imitate and equal their great lives. Heed not the thoughtless, the bigoted and envious, who endeavor to divert you from a study of

these men. Their lives, their characters, and their works, will ever stand untarnished in your country's history, fit examples and true teachers for the millions of young men of America, to study and to follow.

## CHAPTER XI.

HORACE GREELEY IN THE SOUTH.



ABOUT the 10th of May Mr. GREELEY left New York to enter on his Southern tour. He had received the most pressing invitations from influential residents of Texas to visit that State, and had accepted one to deliver an address at the State Fair held annually at Houston. He was accompanied by two friends—Mr. Charles Storrs and General Merritt of Potsdam—the one an eminent New York merchant; the other a gallant soldier who had been Naval Officer of the Port of New York. He arrived in Louisville on the 13th, and after a few hours' stay repaired to the Nashville depot, and recommenced his journey to New Orleans. He had a delay of ten hours at Canton, during which he drove about in the neighborhood. During the journey he conversed with many persons regarding the agricultural interests of the South, and occasionally evinced his recollections of the days of Harry Clay by allusions to the political associations of different localities. A journalist, writing for a Cincinnati paper, observed at the time of Mr. GREELEY'S conversational powers:—"Emerson used to give conversations devoted to poetry and sublimated theory; Bronson Alcott is still in the fields with conversations on social problems; but I doubt if any American can equal GREELEY in giving an extemporaneous political conversation. His memory is a vast arsenal of useful and telling facts; his language is vigorous, and unusually precise in shades of meaning; his voice is strong, flexible, and pleasing in quality. He is an excellent listener, never interrupting those who talk to him, and giving serious ideas his close attention. His answers and opinions are announced without the least hesitation. He has such confidence in his power to reason in straight lines that he thinks aloud. The

thought flashes into his brain, and he flashes it out again without repressing it for cautious analysis. He sat there in the waiting-room, erect, silver-haired, robust and genial, his themes glancing from Pacific railroads to grass roots, and commanding at all times a deep interest in his off-hand auditory."

Mr. GREELEY made many inquiries touching the agricultural and manufacturing prospects of the different sections through which he passed; evinced a desire to see the colored race show thriftiness and enterprise by owning and cultivating land; and listened with sympathy to many tales of the ravages of war which were told him.

A crevasse having put the railroad out of repair below Manchac—thirty-seven miles north of New Orleans—he was obliged to take the steam-boat from Manchac to New Orleans. He was greeted at the pier in the Crescent City by General Herron, and one of the owners of the *New Orleans Times*, and proceeded to the St. Charles Hotel, whose hospitable proprietor had placed a suite of rooms at the disposal of the tourists. In the evening a number of eminent citizens called on Mr. GREELEY and welcomed him to the Sunny South. Accompanied by his fellow-travelers he visited the French Opera House, and expressed himself pleased with the performance. Next day Mr. GREELEY went down the coast on the steamship *Rio Grande* to visit the Magnolia plantation. Dr. Noyes, the promoter of the Mexican Gulf Ship Canal, who, with many other prominent citizens, was on board, explained to Mr. GREELEY the objects and prospects of that enterprise. Arrived at the plantation, Mr. GREELEY went first to examine the working of a steam-plow, an invention in which he has always taken an enthusiastic interest, believing that by means of steam-power the soil will yet be pulverized deeper and more effectively and at less cost than by the present slow and imperfect means. After witnessing the application of steam in plowing under different circumstances, he visited the sugar-house—one of the largest in the State—and examined the machinery used in the manufacture of sugar. He next repaired to the residence of Mr. Effingham Lawrence, the proprietor, where he partook of lunch, and where an interesting

discussion was maintained upon the progress of agriculture. His visit to the plantation caused a great stir among the colored laborers, and they evinced much anxiety to see one of whom they had heard so much. "Mary Ann," said Mr. Lawrence, as the visitors entered the house, "this is Mr. HORACE GREELEY, who did more to secure your freedom than any man living. Mr. GREELEY is the most distinguished gentleman in the country, and we expect you to do your best for him." It is needless to say that Mary Ann did do her best for the entertainment of the visitors, and that the colored servants were quite demonstrative in their attentions.

The next day Mr. GREELEY prepared to resume his journey for Texas. After receiving a number of friends at the St. Charles, he visited the Boston Club: dined with friends at Victor's: and in the evening met a host of admirers at the American Union Club Room. He was introduced by Recorder Houghton, and delivered a brief speech, in which he observed in substance that he had been already warned that the assembly before him was not a political association, but a social organization, composed of the ex-soldiers of the United States and defenders of the Union, and hoped that in referring briefly to the great public questions of the day, he would not trespass on their established rule. This city, and the presence of this audience here, was an evidence of the indivisibility of that Union, a proof that a part could never be greater than the whole. Notwithstanding the political heresy that the Union was the creature of the States, the city of New Orleans and State of Louisiana told a different truth. They are told that this great sea-bound city, the metropolis of the South, and the territory surrounding, was wrested from European dominion by the blood and sweat of the American people; that it was acquired originally by the money and diplomacy of the Union, and was designed as a refuge for the genius, and for the development of the resources of the American people. His political creed had been founded on the sentiments of the great men the South gave to the Union. He knew of no one who was more to be believed in than George Washington, a Southern man, but a national Southern man. Never in the history of the country had its administration been distinguished by greater dignity, integrity,



purity or capacity. We had made no real progress in government since the days of Washington. Chief Justice Marshall, in the thirty-three years of his official career, did more to organize the government, and put its theory into practice, than any living man. He achieved more with his pen than all the swords ever used, with the exception of two or three. Washington's farewell address was especially designed to do away with all narrow ideas of dismemberment, and no document of ancient or modern times did more than that farewell. If those were Southern ideas, the speaker was a Southern man; if they were not, he was not. It was never contemplated that any State, however large, should be empowered to nullify the tie. During his trip South, he had a conversation with a Mississippian, who claimed to have been a Whig, and opposed to disunion. However, when his State went out, he considered his paramount allegiance should remain with his State. This doctrine, the speaker declared, was never learned from the Whig party. When there was a war of giants in the Senate, and Hayne, of South Carolina, talked of nullification and State rights, Daniel Webster answered it with a crushing denunciation that resounded throughout the whole country, and rejoiced the hearts of Southern men as well as Northern men. When at a later day South Carolina attempted to carry out that doctrine, Andrew Jackson, another Southern man, answered in a masterly proclamation, taking even stronger grounds than Mr. Webster. Edward Livingston, his Secretary of State, and a native of Louisiana, very probably wrote that proclamation. If that was not Southern doctrine, then George Washington, John Marshall, Andrew Jackson and Edward Livingston were not Southern men. As for himself, though born in New Hampshire, and a resident of New York for over forty years, he believed in the whole country.

Mr. GREELEY'S visit was the subject of much comment in the press, and many cordial tributes were paid him by his co-workers in journalism. The New Orleans *Price Current* observed: "There is one topic upon which Mr. GREELEY is entitled to the unreserved approval of all who live by land and labor. He has been one of the most consistent advocates of agricultural improvement." The

New Orleans *Picayune* declared itself glad "that so eminent a representative man as HORACE GREELEY" had come among the people of the South, while the New Orleans *Times* said: "His success and prominence as a journalist entitle him to high consideration from the members of the press here and elsewhere, while his sincerity and conscientious devotion to duty should secure for him the respect, if not the confidence, of the public generally."

These sentiments were in accord with those of the citizens of New Orleans, who all evinced an earnest desire to have Mr. GREELEY'S visit rendered as interesting and agreeable as possible.

After an agreeable journey from New Orleans Mr. GREELEY arrived in Galveston, and was received by the Mayor, the Hon. Elias Smith, and other gentlemen, who accompanied him to the Exchange Hotel, where a suite of rooms had been prepared for his reception. He was visited by a large number of distinguished citizens, and attended a dinner given in his honor in the evening, at which, in response to a complimentary toast, he expressed the wish that the whole American people would turn their attention to the restoration of peace, order, and prosperity. Again in the evening, in another address, in which, speaking of the material interests of the State, he showed the reason why the staple products of Texas were worth less to the producers than were those of any other State to its producers. He explained that hitherto the Gulf had been the end of commerce, but that, with an Isthmus ship-canal, Texas would be in the middle and not at the end of the commercial chain. He referred to the liberality of Texas, in subsidizing the Texas Pacific, from which he expected so much, and predicted a glowing future for Texas. In ten years her population will be quadrupled, and her material wealth more than quadrupled; her ports filled with the shipping of all nations, and her prosperity unparalleled in the history of States. He was told of one steam-plow being in Texas, and believed that in ten years there would be a thousand.

At the reception Major Cave, as chairman of a committee, formally welcomed him on the part of the Agricultural, Mechanical, and Blood-Stock Association of Texas, observing: "This committee

will therefore only express the hope that you, whose life has been devoted to the advancement and elevation of American labor, American agriculture, and American manufactures, will see in the expanse of fertile plain and valley, wide forests and extent of mountain, here unproductive, so broad a field for the development of these interests that you will believe our people are justified in their efforts to make Texas the Empire State of the South; and that you will return to your home convinced that the future glory of our common country will at least not be dimmed by the progress in Texas."

After a brief stay in Galveston Mr. GREELEY proceeded to Houston, where he met with a very enthusiastic reception from thousands assembled at the State Fair. On the 23d—the second day of the Fair—he delivered his promised address, entitled "Suggestions to Farmers." This admirable essay was listened to with profound attention, and was warmly appreciated. Nearly every agricultural paper in the Union reprinted it, so that its homely truths and wise counsel must have been read by millions of our people. On the 22d Mr. GREELEY, accepting the invitation of the Hon. A. Groesbeck, went, accompanied by many eminent citizens, in a special train to Hearne—one hundred and twenty miles from Houston—and thus saw a fair portion of the grand, measureless plains of Texas.

The Legislature passed a joint resolution authorizing the Governor of Texas to invite Mr. GREELEY to Austin—the State Capital—but he was unable to accept it, and on the 29th of May returned to Galveston, where he was greeted with a popular reception to which he responded, and in the course of his speech said:—

"I feel we are at the commencement of a new era. Since I have been in Texas I have repeatedly heard complaints that the people of the North habitually misrepresented the feeling and acts of the Southern people—at least, that portion of them that does not sympathize with those who at present control the Government; that they were generally and systematically belied; and that the Northern people think the Texans a band of outlaws and desperadoes. Such is not my understanding of Northern opinion. In the early history of the State, doubtless, a number of men were attracted

lither who could be very well spared at home, and were not particularly welcome here or elsewhere. Soon after the close of the war complaints were made and believed that the colored people sometimes suffered from their late masters' violence; but we have heard nothing of this for two or three years. I believe, at this day, not so much violence occurs in Texas as in New York city; certainly there is not nearly so much said about it. With but equal population in Texas as in New York, there are more desperadoes in that city than in Texas, and it is harder work to manage them. The North does not think Texas the land of the Bowie knife and pistol. The proof that Texas is in good repute is shown by the steady increase in population. From other States there is a great desire to emigrate. In this, perhaps, Texas is a single exception, without it may be Oregon. Texas alone is rapidly gaining ground. Other States may increase, because losses are replaced by larger gains, but Texas does not lose any, one of the reasons for which is that the Northern press are just to Texas, and I intend to be just to her. All the letters I shall write from here, and all I shall write about her after I leave, will show that such will be my representations, for I can testify that property and life are safe, and are protected in Texas.

“While the Southern people complain that the North does not understand and misrepresents them, it may also be said they in turn do not understand the Northern people. This is all wrong and unfortunate both ways. They should, if possible, be allied. I hope and believe they will.”

He now bade farewell to the Lone Star State and returned to New York by way of New Orleans, Vicksburg, and Memphis.

During his journey he wrote several letters for the *Tribune* which were replete with valuable information, and evinced the comprehensive sagacity of a statesman with the ardent pride of an American citizen proud of the greatness of his country and anxious to see enduring fraternity exist among all her people.

Soon after his return to New York Mr. GREELEY was welcomed at the Lincoln Club-Rooms, in Union Square, by a large number of friends who were assembled under the auspices of the Union

Republican General Committee, and who severally congratulated him upon his safe return from his journey to the far South-West, and through the Lower Mississippi Valley. The rooms were profusely decorated with flags and flowers, and tables well provided with refreshments were set. A large oil-painting of Mr. GREELEY occupied a conspicuous place in the main room, and in the others were various photographs and lithographs of him. A plaster bust of Mr. GREELEY, cast some twenty years ago, also attracted much attention. On the balcony outside was placed a large bust of Lincoln, wreathed in bunting. In the street, in front of the Club-Rooms, a platform was erected for speaking, and around it were assembled, by 8 o'clock, many thousand people. Mr. Enoch L. Fancher having made a brief address, in which he said, "On behalf of the Committee—your personal and political friends—you are tendered this compliment, which you see, in this shape—a spontaneous gathering of the people of this city; and we welcome you to our circle—the society you have so long adorned—and to the fervent friendship of our hearts."

Mr. GREELEY responded in one of his ablest political speeches, and dealt with the current questions of the hour. He spoke mainly of the South and the national interests involved, and in the course of his remarks regarding the views he had expressed in the South he said:—

"Visiting the little city of Columbus, Texas—the only place I did visit on the western side of the Colorado river—I was, about this time of night, while sitting in my hotel, waited upon by a German deputation, who asked me to come over to their club-room and talk to them a little while, they being all loyal Union men. Well, I went over. They had a hastily-assembled crowd, and I spoke for half an hour, perhaps, in vindication and explanation of the late great struggles for unity in this country and for unity in Germany; for the defense and protection of these two great nations in their rights of territory and of nationality. I argued, as well as I could, that, though some men honestly believe that our struggle and the triumph therein of the National cause will tend to despotism on this continent, and that some so hold with regard to the German triumph

in *their* great struggle, I, on the contrary, believe that the ultimate tendency and result of these two great consummations will be the promotion and advancement of liberal ideas and institutions alike in the Old World and the New.

“Well, gentlemen, as I was leaving Texas, a pressing invitation was given me by the Republicans of Galveston to make a speech to them on the last night I spent in their State; and I acceded to their request. I tried before them to vindicate the North against the charges made against her in the South, and to prove that the North did not make war on the South (as too many Southern people still believe she did). I tried to show them that the war was commenced in the South, *by* the South—nay, in Texas itself—by capturing, through treachery, the United States Army, and turning its arms and munitions against the flag and against the integrity of our country; and that, all the way through, we stood virtually on the defensive, against what seemed to me a most indefensible and wanton aggression. I said what I could to vindicate the North from the reproach of malignity—of wishing to oppress or plunder or cripple the South; and tried to make my Southern countrymen believe that we were all Americans, and all together interested in and striving for the prosperity and the growth of our whole widely-extended country. Such was my theme at Galveston.”

Perhaps the most effective part of his address was that wherein he described the “thieving carpet-baggers” in the South. After paying a just tribute to the many noble men and women of Northern birth in the South he said:—

“Well, gentlemen, the thieving carpet-baggers are a mournful fact; they do exist there, and I have seen them. They are fellows who crawled down South in the track of our armies, generally at a very safe distance in the rear; some of them on sutlers’ wagons; some bearing cotton permits; some of them looking sharply to see what might turn up; and they remain there. They at once ingratiated themselves with the Blacks, simple, credulous, ignorant men, very glad to welcome and to follow any Whites who professed to be the champions of their rights. Some of them got elected Senators,

others Representatives, some Sheriffs, some Judges, and so on. And there they stand, right in the public eye, stealing and plundering, many of them with both arms around negroes, and their hands in their rear pockets, seeing if they cannot pick a paltry dollar out of them; and the public looks at them, does not regard the honest Northern men, but calls every 'carpet-bagger' a thief, which is not the truth by a good deal. But these fellows—many of them long-faced, and with eyes rolled up—are greatly concerned for the education of the Blacks, and for the salvation of their souls. [Great laughter.] 'Let us pray,' they say; but they spell pray with an 'e,' and, thus spelled, they obey the apostolic injunction to "pray without ceasing."

"Fellow-citizens, the time has been, and still is, when it was perilous to be known as a Republican or an Abolitionist in the South; but it never called the blush of shame to any man's cheek to be so called, until these thieving carpet-baggers went there—never! [Applause.] They got into the Legislatures; they went to issuing State-bonds; they pretended to use them in aid of railroads and other improvements. But the improvements were not made, and the bonds stuck in the issuers' pockets. That is the pity of it.

"'Well,' some say, 'you have just such thieves at the North.' Yes, we have—too many of them! [Applause.] But the South was already impoverished—was bankrupt—without money, without thrift; almost without food; and these fellows went there robbing and swindling when there was very little to steal, and taking the last ten-cent shin-plaster off of dead men's eyes. They were recognized by the late aristocracy not merely as thieves but as enemies. Says Byron's Greek minstrel—

" 'A tyrant—but our masters then  
Were still at least our countrymen.

"Thus we regard the men who annually rob us at Albany, at Trenton, and at Harrisburg. They do not carry their plunder out of the State when they get any. These fellows do! The South was not merely beaten in the late contest; she was profoundly astonished by the result. Her people have not fairly got over their

amazement at their defeat; and what they see of us are these thieves, who represent the North to their jaundiced vision, and, representing it, they disgrace it. They are the greatest obstacle to the triumph and permanent ascendancy of Republican principles at the South, and as such I denounce them."

The Southern tour which has been described was the theme of general discussion in the press and in political circles. Mr. GREELEY had been widely spoken of for President, and the spontaneous, hearty reception he had received in the South, solely from his merits as a statesman and patriot, confirmed the impression that he would be the most appropriate candidate round whom the whole people could rally in favor of Union, Amnesty, and Honesty. His presence in the South, the cordial reception he received, and the favorable reports he gave, made a gratifying impression in the North and directed attention to the great resources of the South, and the willingness of her people to welcome intending settlers to own and cultivate her fertile soil. In a long life devoted to the advancement of his fellow-men, with its attendant incidents, this journey forms one of the wisest and most beneficent of the many good deeds of HORACE GREELEY.



## CHAPTER XII.

HENRY CLAY AND MARGARET FULLER.

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NO man can write, at length, about HORACE GREELEY, without speaking of Henry Clay and Margaret Fuller. They were to him more than simple friends, more than countrymen.

Circumstances of organization and life ; affinity of character and similarity of thought on great social and political questions, kindled in Mr. GREELEY'S mind a most exalted admiration for those two distinguished persons. No other great man and great woman has moved upon this earth that Mr. GREELEY so much believed in and admired. To his thinking Henry Clay was the greatest and purest statesman that ever lived—a man over whose death people and nations might weep, as the mother weeps over the death of her darling child. To his thinking Margaret Fuller was the grandest embodiment of intellectual womanhood that ever walked upon the earth.

Organized as Mr. GREELEY is, with a large endowment of filial love, and with a high sense of honor to temper and elevate his character, he is in the truest sense a "Hero Worshiper. "Hero worship," says Carlyle, "is transcendent admiration of a great man. Hero worship, heartfelt, prostrate admiration. Submission, burning boundless, for the noblest God-like form of man."

Such is Mr. GREELEY'S admiration for Henry Clay and Margaret Fuller, and well may the man or woman of rising life envy him, for his prior claim to special heroic devotion, for two such lofty personages among the world's people.

Mr. GREELEY has written many things about each of those distinguished personages which the reader will peruse with great satisfaction.

HENRY CLAY.

The strong friendship existing between Mr. Clay and Mr. GREELEY, may be inferred from the following remarks of the latter, giving the last interview that occurred between them. Mr. GREELEY went to Washington, at the opening of the second session of the XXXII Congress, which had not convened long before the death of Mr. Clay. While in Washington, Mr. GREELEY writes in one of the closing pages of Mr. Sargeant's Life of Clay, that—

“Learning from others how ill and feeble he, Mr. Clay, was, I had not intended to call upon him, and remained two days under the same roof without asking permission to do so. Meantime, however, he was casually informed of my being in Washington, and sent me a request to call at his room. I did so, and enjoyed a half hour's free and friendly conversation with him, the saddest and the last! His state was even worse than I feared; he was already amaiciated, a prey to a severe and distressing cough, and complained of spells of difficult breathing. I think no physician could have judged him likely to live two months longer. Yet his mind was unclouded and brilliant as ever, his aspirations for his country's welfare as ardent; and, though all personal ambition had long been banished, his interests in the events and impulses of the day was nowise diminished. He listened attentively to all I had to say of the repulsive aspects and revolting features of the Fugitive Slave Law.”

In the *Tribune* of April 11, 1770, Mr. GREELEY published the following article about Henry Clay.

The *Tribune* this day enters upon its XXXth year, and to-morrow is the ninety-third anniversary of the birth of Henry Clay, the “Great Commoner,” whose genius, eloquence, patriotism and Statesmanship, form one of the grandest illustrations of American institutions and irradiate one of the brightest pages in our national history. A poor, obscure lad, with but the faintest rudiments of a common-school education, left an orphan in early

youth, finding employment first in a store, then in a lawyer's office, he made himself an eminent advocate mainly by the force of his rare natural gifts, with but slender opportunities for study. Early conspicuous in the political struggles of his adopted State, he was chosen to the Legislature while still a youth, and to the United States Senate when barely of the prescribed age. He filled successively almost every exalted station under our government, the Presidency excepted. Often a candidate for the House of Representatives, his election was never but once seriously contested. Long as was his service in the body, he was for most of the time its speaker; and all men agree that he was never surpassed, if equaled, as the presiding officer of that body. Repeatedly returned to the Senate, he was, almost from the outset, recognized as the foremost member of that body. As a negotiator of the treaty of Ghent, which closed our last war with Great Britain, he towered above his able and honored colleagues and obtained better terms of pacification than his government had any right to expect. For but four years Secretary of State (under John Q. Adams), his dispatches are still oftener quoted as authority than those of any other director of our Foreign Affairs, though Jefferson and Madison were among his predecessors, while Webster, Marcy and Seward, have succeeded him. Thrice a candidate for the Presidency, his success was twice precluded by a division of those who were naturally his supporters; while the final efforts of his friends was defeated by the old game of running a third candidate, who deprived him of just the votes needed to elect him, and by gigantic frauds at the ballot-boxes.

Henry Clay ceased from his labors nearly twenty years ago; but his influence is still potent and beneficent. He was for forty years our leading champion of protection to Home Industry, and his words of wisdom remain to guide the councils and animate the efforts of his countrymen. Thousands who listened to his thrilling accents, his fervid appeals, remain to attest and to disseminate the truths which he so effectively commended to the understandings and the hearts of his countrymen.

George D. Prentice left New England about 1830 to edit the leading national Republican journal in Kentucky, and wrote, soon afterward, a leading article entitled, "He is Not Fallen!" in answer to one in which Mr. Clay had been characterized as "the Fallen Statesman." When this article reached Mr. Prentice's former editorial associate, John Greenleaf Whittier, he was moved by it to write as follows:

## "HE IS NOT FALLEN."

Not Fallen? No! as well the tall  
 And pillared Alleghany fall—  
 As well Ohio's giant tide  
 Roll backward on its mighty track,  
 As he, Columbia's hope and pride,  
 The slandered and the sorely tried,  
 In his triumphant course turn back.

He is not fallen! Seek to bind  
 The chainless and unbidden wind;  
 Oppose the torrent's headlong course,  
 And turn aside the whirlwind's force;  
 But deem not that the mighty mind  
 Will cower before the blast of hate,  
 Or quail at dark and causeless ill;  
 For, though all else be desolate,  
 It stoops not from its high estate;  
 A Marius 'mid the ruins still.

He is not fallen! Every breeze  
 That wanders o'er Columbia's bosom,  
 From wild Penobscot's forest trees,  
 From ocean shore, from inland seas,  
 Or where the rich Magnolia's blossom  
 Floats, snow-like, on the sultry wind,  
 Is blooming onward to his ear,  
 A homage to his lofty mind—  
 A meed the falling never find—  
 A praise which Patriots only hear.

Star of the West! A million eyes  
 Are turning gladly unto him;  
 The shrine of old idolatries  
 Before his kindling light grows dim!  
 And men awake as from a dream,  
 Or meteors dazzling to betray;  
 And bow before his purer beam,  
 The earnest of a better day.

All Hail! the hour is hastening on  
 When vainly tried by slander's flame,

Columbia shall behold her son  
 Unharmed, without a laurel gone,  
 As from the flames of Babylon  
 The angel guarded triad came!  
 The slanderer shall be silent then,  
 His spell shall leave the minds of men,  
 And higher glory wait upon  
 The Western Patriot's future fame.

When not long afterward, Mr. Clay retired from the Senate,  
 Mr. Whittier wrote as follows :

HENRY CLAY, ON HIS RETIRING FROM THE UNITED STATES  
 SENATE.

Wail for the glorious Pleiad fled—  
 Wail for the ne'er returning star  
 Whose mighty music ever led  
 The spheres in their high home afar!  
 Bring burial weeds? and sable plume?  
 What—lift the funeral song of wo  
 Such as should o'er the loved one's tomb  
 In sorrow's tenderest accents flow?  
 Ah! Freedom's kindling minstrel, no!  
 Strike! strike with a triumphant hand  
 Thy harp, and at its swelling roll  
 Speak, through the borders of our land,  
 The might—the beauty of that soul  
 Whose genius is our guardian light  
 Through sunny ray or darkling night—  
 A worshipped Pharos in the sea,  
 Lifting on high its fearless form  
 To guide the vessel of the Free  
 Safe through the fury of the storm.

Pride of the West! whose clarion tone  
 Thrilled grandly through her forest lone,  
 And waked to bounding life the shore  
 Where darkness only sat before—  
 How millions bent before thy shrine,  
 Holding there a light divine—  
 Caught on the golden chain of love,  
 From its majestic source above.

STAR OF OUR HOPE! when Battles call  
 Have wove the soldier's glory pall—  
 When blazing o'er the troubled seas,  
 Death came tumultuously on the breeze,  
 And men beheld Columbia's frame,  
 Scorched by the lurid levin-flame—  
 Thou! thou didst pour the patriot strain,\*  
 And thrilled with it each bleeding vein—  
 Until the star-lit banners streamed  
     Like tempest-fires around the foe,  
 Whose crimson cross no longer gleamed  
 In triumph where it erst had beamed—  
     But sunk beneath our gallant blow.

SUN OF THE FREE! where Summer smiles  
 Eternal o'er the clustered isles—  
 Where GREECE unsheathed her olden blade  
 For glory in the haunted shade—  
 Where CHIMBORAZO stands sublime  
 A land-mark by the sea of Time †—  
 Thy name shall, as a blessing given  
     For Man, oh! never to depart,  
 Peal from our gladdened Earth to Heaven—  
     The warm, wild music of the heart.

PRIDE OF THE JUST! what though dark Hate  
 Her phrenzied storm around thee rolls—  
 Has it not ever been the fate  
     Of all this Earth's truth-speaking souls?  
 Lightnings may play upon the rock  
     Whose star-kissed forehead woos the gale,  
 While they escape the thunder-shock  
     Who dwell within the lonely vale—  
 Living unnoted!—not so thou,  
 Chief of the fearless soul and brow!  
 Yet let the lightning and the storm  
 Beat on thy long-devoted form!  
 The silvery day-beam bursts! and lo!  
 Around thee curls the Promise-Bow.

\* Alluding to his efforts as Republican leader in Congress during the late war.

† Who can forget Henry Clay's burning eloquence in advocacy of Grecian and South American Independence?

Look! on yon hight Columbia stands—  
 Immortal laurels in her hands!  
 And hark, her voice—"RISE! FREEMEN! RISE!  
 Unloose the chain from ev'ry breast;

See! see the splendor in yon skies  
 Flashed from the bosom of the WEST!"  
 Roused at the sound, lo! millions leap  
 Like giants from inglorious sleep!  
 What cries are here? What sounds prevail?  
 Whose name is thundering on the gale?—  
 (Far in the mountains of the North—  
 Far in the sunny South away—  
 A winged luster beaming forth—)  
 The deathless name of HENRY CLAY!

Mr. GREELEY, again writing of Mr. Clay in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," says:

I have admired and trusted many statesmen; I profoundly loved Henry Clay. Though a slaveholder, he was a champion of Gradual Emancipation when Kentucky formed her first State Constitution, in his early manhood; and he was openly the same when she came to revise it, half a century later. He was a conservative in the true sense of that much-abused term: satisfied to hold by the present, until he could see clearly how to exchange it for the better; but his was no obstinate bigoted conservatism, but such as became an intelligent and patriotic American.

From his first entrance into Congress, he had been a zealous and effective champion of Internal Improvements, the protection of Home Industry, a sound and uniform National Currency—those leading features of a comprehensive, beneficent National policy which commanded the fullest assent of my judgment, and the best exertions of my voice and pen. I loved him for his generous nature, his gallant bearing, his thrilling eloquence, and his life-long devotion to what I deemed our country's unity, prosperity and just renown.

Hence, from the day of his nomination in May to that of his defeat in November, I gave every hour, every effort, every thought, to his election. My wife and then surviving child (our third,) spent the Summer at a farm-house in a rural township of Massachusetts, while I gave heart and soul to the canvass. I traveled and spoke much; I wrote, I think, an average of three columns of the *Tribune* each secular day, and I gave the residue of the hours

I could save from sleep, to watching the canvass, and doing whatever I could to render our side of it more effective.

Very often, I crept to my lodging near the office, at 2 to 3 A. M., with my head so heated by fourteen to sixteen hours of incessant reading and writing, that I could only win sleep by means of copious affusions from a shower-bath; and these, while they probably saved me from a dangerous fever, brought out such myriads of boils, that—though I did not heed them till after the battle was fought out and lost—I was covered by them for the six months ensuing, often fifty or sixty at once, so that I could contrive no position in which to rest, but passed night after night in an easy chair.

And these unwelcome visitors returned to plague me, though less severely, throughout the following Winter.

I have suffered from their kindred since, but never as I did from their young luxuriance in that Winter of '44-45.

Looking back through almost a quarter of a century on that Clay canvass of 1844, I say deliberately that it should not have been lost—that it *need* not have been.

True, there was much good work done in it, but not half so much as there should have been.

I, for example, was in the very prime of life—thirty-three years old—and knew how to write for a newspaper; and I printed in that canvass one of the most effective daily political journals ever yet issued. It was sold for two cents; and it had 15,000 daily subscribers when the canvass closed.

It should have had 100,000 from the first day onward, and my Clay *Tribune*—a campaign weekly, issued six months for fifty cents—should have had not less than a quarter of a million. And those two issues, wisely and carefully distributed, could not have failed to turn the long-doubtful scale in favor of Mr. Clay's election.

Of course, I mean that other effective, devoted journals should also have been systematically disseminated, until every voter who could and would read a Whig journal, had been supplied with one, even though he had paid nothing for it.

A quarter of a million campaign *Tribunes* would have cost at most \$125,000; and there were single houses largely engaged in mining or manufacturing, who were damaged more than that amount by Mr. Clay's defeat, and the consequent repeal of the Tariff of '42.

There should have been \$1,000,000 raised by open subscription during the week in which Mr. Clay was nominated, and every dime of it judiciously, providently expended in furnishing information



touching the canvass to the voters of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

To put a good efficient journal into the hands of every voter who will read it, is the true mode of prosecuting a political canvass; meetings and speeches are well enough, but this is indispensable. Mr. Clay might have been elected, if his prominent, earnest supporters had made the requisite exertions and sacrifices; and I cannot but bitterly feel that great and lasting public calamities would thereby have been averted.

Mr. Clay, born in poverty and obscurity, had not even a common-school education, and had only a few months' clerkship in a store, with a somewhat longer training in a lawyer's office, as preparation for his great career. Tall in person, though plain in features, graceful in manner, and at once dignified and affable in bearing.

I think his fervid patriotism and thrilling eloquence, combined with decided natural abilities and a wide and varied experience to render him the American more fitted to win and enjoy popularity than any other who has lived. That popularity he steadily achieved and extended through the earlier half of his long public life; but he who now confronted by a political combination well-nigh invincible, based on the potent personal strength of General Jackson, and this overcame him.

Five times presented as a candidate for President, he was always beaten—twice, in conventions of his political associates, thrice in the choice of electors by the people.

The careless reader of our history in future centuries, will scarcely realize the force of his personal magnetism, nor conceive how millions of hearts glowed with sanguine hopes of his election to the Presidency, and bitterly lamented his and their discomfiture.

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[From the NEW YORK TRIBUNE, Wednesday, June 30, 1852.]

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## DEATH OF HENRY CLAY.

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[By Telegraph.]

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Henry Clay expired at seventeen minutes past 11 o'clock this morning.

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### HENRY CLAY.

“My hearers!” said the eloquent Massilon, commencing the funeral services for Louis XIV., “God alone is great!” All inequalities of human powers and achievements, in presence of the Divine Majesty, are but the difference of grains of dust from each other.

For a long and eventful half century, Henry Clay has borne a part in guiding the destinies of our country; for the last forty years, that part has been an important one. While yet a youth, he became a counsellor of the people, by addressing his fellow citizens from place to place in favor of providing in their State Constitution, then about to be formed, for the gradual extinction of human slavery throughout their State—a suggestion which was overruled by short-sighted egotism, but which, had it prevailed, would have rendered Kentucky 'ere this as wealthy, populous and powerful as Ohio now is. Fifty years later, the revision of that Constitution afforded him an opportunity for reiterating his convictions on this vital theme, which slaveholding selfishness again overruled. While this decision is deeply to be regretted, the cause which enlists and retains such an advocate, can never be justly deemed hopeless. Kentucky will heed more profoundly the voice of her most illustrious Statesman, now that it is hushed forever in death.

The next great topic which enlisted Mr. Clay's youthful energies, was the foolishly arbitrary Alien and Sedition laws, whereby the great party founded by Washington was wrecked by the inheritors of his power, without his wisdom. Guided by his strong in-

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stinct of sympathy for Freedom, and hatred of Despotism, Mr. Clay enlisted in the support of Jefferson, and contributed by his popular eloquence to the zeal and almost unanimity, wherewith the West supported his election and administration. The war of 1812 also found in Mr. Clay one of its earliest, heartiest and most efficient champions.

Having served with distinction in the Legislature of Kentucky, Mr. Clay was chosen in 1806, to the U. S. Senate, to fill a short vacancy, and was soon after re-elected for a longer vacancy. Retiring from that body he was chosen to the House, whereof he was immediately made speaker—a compliment never paid to any other new member. Thence, until 1825, when he accepted the first place in the Cabinet of Mr. Adams, Mr. Clay, with scarcely an interruption, was the master-spirit of the House, in which he wielded an influence entirely without parallel; whether as presiding officer, as a debater, or as a practical legislator, that House has known no other member who could be fairly pronounced the equal of Henry Clay.

His conduct of the State Department was able, dignified and efficient; and several of his State papers drawn up in that capacity, are models for just sentiment and concise energy of expression. His instructions to our ministers to the proposed Congress at Panama, of American nations, and his plea for the right of the United States to navigate freely the St. Lawrence, may serve as examples.

Retiring to private life, at the close of Mr. Adams' term, he was thence called to the U. S. Senate, in 1841-2, remaining a member of that body, except during, to the day of his death. That he exercised therein an influence rarely conceded to any legislator, and still more rarely to a minority member, will not be disputed.

Mr. Clay was a great and good man, but not that faultless minister whom the world ne'er saw. He was impulsive, high-tempered, and impatient of contradiction. His mental aptitudes inclined him rather to deal with facts than with principles; and fitted him rather to solve a present difficulty than to evolve and establish an eternal truth. Hence, the great rarely been surpassed in cogency and fertility of illustration, in fitness to the occasion and force of argument, will be rarely consulted by future generations. They have great, but not latent nor perennial merit—their importance mainly ceases with the occasion which called them into being.

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But having admitted this, and that he had some of the faults and failings of frail human nature, there remain to be considered, only his merits ; to be remembered, only his virtues. For this man had a large, warm, gallant human heart—a true, lofty, generous, manly soul. By nature frank, brave and cordial, he drew kindred souls to his, by the power of an electric sympathy, and kindled noble impulses in hearts of common mold. In his presence, the sordid and the stolid were warmed into at least temporary nobleness of aspiration. Only a rare and lofty spirit could have endured for half a century the contaminations of that metropolis of slimy, intrigue and soulless ambition, and yet preserved its frankness and truthfulness to the end.

None but a genial and sunny nature could have borne up unsoured against twenty-five years of preposterous yet ignominious obloquy, and seen the bloodhounds of Faction baying furiously on his track, with a deluded, ferocious majority often yelping in their train. Yet we appeal to friend and foe in support of our observation, that no statesman of our age had less of the bearing of a defeated and disappointed aspirant, than Henry Clay in his later years.

Mr. Clay was an aspirant, but a noble one. For the first quarter of the present century, the idol of those who are led by a name like sheep by the tinkle of a bell, and for the second quarter (though he had changed no iota,) the object of dread and detestation, he would have gladly received that which he had nobly deserved, the stamp of popular approbation involved in an election to the Presidency.

Yet if he had been offered that election at any time on the terms eagerly accepted by others—if, for instance, he had been assured that he might be chosen, if he would only consent to play such a dirty game of hide-and-seek as that by which Cass, Douglas, Houston & Co. killed the River and Harbor bill of last session, while evading the responsibility of voting directly against it—we are sure the proposer would have sneaked away from the Great Com-moner's presence a much smaller man than he entered it.

Among the best remembered incidents of our childhood, is the reading of the noble speech at the bar of Congress and the country, the outrageous usurpation of power by Andrew Jackson, in the unauthorized invasion and conquest of Florida, then the undisputed colony of a nation with which we were at peace. That speech, by a civilian in exposure and reprehension of the tyrannies and crimes of a victorious and idolized military chieftain, was worthy of the noblest age of any Republic, ancient or modern. We

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have often and decidedly dissented from Mr. Clay's views in later years, but we have never ceased to love and honor him for his fearless patriotism in exposing and resisting that great danger of Republics, a blind admiration of military achievement, and a disposition to varnish over the crimes of conquerors. When such exposures fall upon the public ear unheeded, then is the Commonwealth ready to become the prey of some mad Alexander, all-grasping Cæsar or villain Bonaparte.

That Mr. Clay changed his politics or party associations in 1824-5, is among the most successful falsehoods of the last generations. Five candidates for the Presidency were in the field—all belonging to the Democratic party of that time—three of them members of the existing Democratic Administration—Mr. Adams, Secretary of War, Mr. Calhoun, Secretary of the Navy. Of the other two, Mr. Clay was Speaker of the House, Gen. Jackson was a U. S. Senator. Before the popular vote was cast, Mr. Calhoun retired from the canvass, and threw his strength into the scale of Gen. Jackson, whose friends thenceforth suggested him for Vice-President, yet no one ever charged these two with having formed a corrupt evolution. Mr. Crawford was prostrated by a lingering illness, whereof he died a year or so afterwards. Mr. Clay received not quite votes enough to carry him into the House, and was virtually constrained to support Mr. Adams; as La Fayette testifies, he had told him in confidence months before, what he would do, if compelled to choose between him and Jackson; and this has been persistently represented by his enemies as a desertion of democracy. Hereupon he has been stigmatized as a Federalist, and hundreds of thousands who would otherwise have supported, have therefore united in hunting him down through the last twenty-five years.

Happily, Mr. Clay's opinions were long before on record, and cannot be obliterated of systematic protection to Home Industry, and the vigorous prosecution of Internal Improvement. Mr. Clay had been a zealous, able, efficient champion throughout the years when he was recognized as the pillar and pride of democracy. Of a National Bank he had formerly been an opponent; but his opinion on this subject was changed by the experience of the war of 1812, and he supported the charter of the Second Bank in 1816, side by side with Madison, A. J. Dallas, Crawford, Calhoun and two-thirds of the Democracy of that day. If this change made him a Federalist, so it did these also; and Democracy became annihilated, or passed over to the Federalists, most of whom opposed the bill.

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But it is needless to expose farther so palpable a futility. Henry Clay in the national councils, was from first to last instinctively an advocate of all those measures whereby a nation is strengthened by inward growth, rather than external accretion. He sought national greatness and glory through the facilitation and cheapening of internal intercourse, the creation of new branches of industry, the improvement of national resources, rather than through the devastation of foreign territories and the dismemberment of neighboring countries. Of that wise and benignant system of policy, justly known as "the American System," he was one of the founders, and has been foremost among its untiring and efficient champions. And though faction and calumny prevented his election to the Presidency, they could not deprive his genius and patriotism of their essential enduring reward. Wherever our seamen shall ride out a tempest in safety, protected by the piers and breakwaters of our Atlantic, or inland harbors—wherever internal trade shall find a highway opened for it over mountains or through morasses, by the engineer's science, and the laborer's sturdy arm—wherever industry shall see its pursuits diversified, and its processes perfected through the naturalization among us of new arts, or the diffusion of manufacturing efficiency—there shall henceforth arise in the hearts of grateful freemen, enduring monuments to the genius, the patriotism, the statesmanship, the beneficence of our beloved Henry Clay.

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MR. CLAY WAS BORN APRIL 12, 1777. HE DIED JUNE 29, 1852,  
AGED 75 YEARS, 2 MONTHS AND 17 DAYS.

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## MARGARET FULLER.

Some years ago, Mr. GREELEY wrote the following interesting account of Margaret Fuller, which, without doubt will be read with great interest by every lover of literature :

My first acquaintance with Margaret Fuller was made through the pages of the *Dial*. The lofty range and rare ability of that work, and its un-American richness of culture and ripeness of thought, naturally filled the fit audience, though few, with a high estimate of those who were known as its conductors and principal writers. Yet I do not now remember that any article, which strongly impressed me, was recognized as from the pen of its female editor, prior to the appearance of "the Great Law-suit, afterward matured into the volume more distinctively, yet not quite accurately, entitled "Woman in the Nineteenth Century." I think this can hardly have failed to make a deep impression on the mind of every thoughtful reader, as the production of an original, vigorous and earnest mind. "Summer on the Lakes," which appeared some time after that essay, though before its expansion into a book, struck me as less ambitious in its aim, but more graceful and delicate in its execution; and as one of the clearest and most graphic delineations ever given of the great lakes, of the prairies, and of the receding barbarism, and the rapidly-advancing, but rude, repulsive semi-civilization, which were contending with the most unequal forces for the possession of those rich lands. I still consider "Summer on the Lakes" unequalled, especially in its pictures of the prairies and of the sunnier aspects of pioneer life.

Yet, it was the suggestion of Mrs. Greeley, who had spent some weeks of successive seasons in or near Boston, and who had there made the personal acquaintance of Miss Fuller, and formed a very high estimate of, and warm attachment for her, that induced me, in the Autumn of 1844, to offer her terms, which were accepted, for her assistance in the literary department of the *Tribune*.

A home in my family was included in the stipulation. I was myself barely acquainted with her when she thus came to reside with us, and I did not fully appreciate her nobler qualities for some months afterward. Though we were members of the same household, we scarcely met save at breakfast; and my time and thoughts were absorbed in duties and cares, which left me little leisure or inclination for the amenities of social intercourse.

Fortune seemed to delight in placing us two in relations of friendly antagonism, or rather, to develop all possible contrasts in our ideas and social habits. She was naturally inclined to luxury, and a good appearance before the world. My pride, if I had any, delighted in bare walls and rugged fare. She was addicted to strong tea and coffee, both of which I rejected and condemned, even in the most homeopathic dilutions; while, my general health being sound and hers sadly impaired, I could not fail to find in her dietetic habits the causes of her almost habitual illness; and once, while we were still barely acquainted, when she came to the breakfast table with a very severe headache, I was tempted to attribute it to her strong potations of the Chinese leaf the night before. She told me quite frankly that she declined being lectured on the food or beverage she saw fit to take, which was but reasonable in one who had arrived at her maturity of intellect and fixedness of habits. So the subject was thenceforth tacitly avoided between us; but, though words were suppressed, looks and involuntary gestures could not so well be; and an utter divergency of views on this and kindred themes created a perceptible distance between us.

Her earlier contributions to the *Tribune* were not her best, and I did not at first prize her aid so highly as I afterward learned to do. She wrote always freshly, vigorously, but not always clearly; for her full and intimate acquaintance with continental literature, especially German, seemed to have marred her felicity and readiness of expression in her mother tongue. While I never met another woman who conversed more freely or lucidly, the attempt to commit her thoughts to paper seemed to induce a singular embarrassment and hesitation. She could write only when in the vein, and this needed often to be waited for through several days, while the occasion sometimes required an immediate utterance. The new book must be reviewed before other journals had thoroughly dissected and discussed it, else the ablest critic would command no general attention, and perhaps be, by the greater number, unread. That the writer should wait the flow of inspiration, or at least the recurrence of elasticity of spirits and relative health of body, will not seem unreasonable to the general reader; but to the inveterate hack-horse of the daily press, accustomed to write at any time, on any subject, and with a rapidity limited only by the physical ability to form the requisite pen-strokes, the notion of waiting for a brighter day, or a happier frame of mind, appears fantastic and absurd. He would as soon think of waiting for a change in the moon. Hence, while I realized that her contributions evinced rare intellectual wealth and force, I did not value



them as I should have done had they been written more fluently and promptly. They often seemed to make their appearance "a day after the fair."

One other point of tacit antagonism between us may as well be noted. Margaret was always a most earnest, devoted champion of the Emancipation of Women from their past and present condition of inferiority, to an independence of men. She demanded for them the fullest recognition of social and political equality with the rougher sex; the freest access to all stations, professions, employments, which are open to any. To this demand I heartily acceded. It seemed to me, however, that her clear perceptions of abstract right were often overborne in practice, by the influence of education and habit; that while she demanded absolute equality for Woman, she exacted a deference and courtesy from men and women, as women, which was entirely inconsistent with that requirement. In my view, the equalizing theory can be enforced only by ignoring the habitual discrimination of men and women as forming separate classes, and regarding all alike as simple persons—as human beings. So long as a lady shall deem herself in need of some gentleman's arm to conduct her properly out of a dining or ball-room—so long as she shall consider it dangerous or unbecoming to walk half a mile alone by night, I cannot see how the "Woman's Rights" theory is ever to be anything more than a logically defensible abstraction. In this view Margaret did not at all concur, and the diversity was the incitement to much perfectly good natured but nevertheless sharpish sparring between us.

Whenever she said or did anything implying the usual demand of woman on the courtesy and protection of manhood, I was apt, before complying, to look her in the face and exclaim with marked emphasis, quoting from her "Woman in the Nineteenth Century:" "Let them be sea-captains if they will!" Of course, this was given and received as raillery, but it did not tend to ripen our intimacy or quicken my esteem into admiration.

Though no unkind word ever passed between us, nor any approach to one, yet we two dwelt for months under the same roof, as scarcely more than acquaintance, meeting once a day at a common board, and having certain business relations with each other. Personally, I regarded her as my wife's cherished friend, than as my own, possessing many lofty qualities and some prominent weaknesses, and a good deal spoiled by the unmeasured flattery of her little circle of inordinate admirers. For myself, burning no incense on any human shrine, I half consciously resolved to "keep my eye-beam clear," and escape the fascination which she seemed

to exert over the eminent and cultivated persons, mainly women, who came to our out-of-the-way dwelling to visit her, and who seemed generally to regard her with a strangely oriental adoration.

But as time wore on, and I became inevitably better and better acquainted with her, I found myself drawn, almost irresistibly into the general current. I found that her faults and weaknesses were all superficial and obvious to the most casual, if undazzled, observer. They rather dwindled than expanded upon a fuller knowledge, or rather, took on new and brighter aspects in the light of her radiant and lofty soul. I learned to know her as a most fearless and unselfish champion of truth and human good at all hazards, ready to be their standard bearer through danger and obloquy, and if need be, their martyr. I think few have more keenly appreciated the material goods of life—rank, riches, power, luxury, enjoyment; but I know none who would have more cheerfully surrendered them all, if the well-being of our race could thereby have been promoted.

I have never met another in whom the inspiring hope of immortality was so strengthened into profoundest conviction. She did not believe in our future and unending existence—she knew it, and lived ever in the broad glare of its morning twilight. With a limited income and liberal wants, she was yet generous beyond the bounds of reason. Had the gold of California been all her own, she would have disbursed nine-tenths of it in eager and well-directed efforts to stay, or at least diminish, the flood of human misery. And it is but fair to state that the liberality she evinced was fully paralleled by the liberality she experienced at the hands of others. Had she needed thousands, and made her wants known, she had friends who would have cheerfully supplied her. I think few persons, in their pecuniary dealings, have experienced and evinced more of the better qualities of human nature than Margaret Fuller. She seemed to inspire those who approached her with that generosity which was a part of her nature. Of her writings I do not propose to speak critically. I think most of her contributions to the *Tribune*, while she remained with us, was characterized by a directness, terseness, and practicality, which are wanting in some of her earlier productions. Good judges have confirmed my own opinion, that while her essays in the *Dial* are more elaborate and ambitious, her reviews in the *Tribune* are far better adapted to win the favor and sway the judgment of the great majority of readers. But, one characteristic of her writings, I feel bound to commend their absolute

truthfulness. She never asked how this would sound, nor whether that would do, nor what would be the effect of saying anything; but simply, "Is it the truth? Is it such as the public should know?" And if her judgment answered, "Yes," she uttered it; no matter what turmoil it might excite, nor what odium it might draw down on her own head. Perfect conscientiousness was an unfailing characteristic of her literary efforts. Even the severest of her critics—that on Longfellow's Poems—for which an impulse in personal pique has been alleged, I happen with certainty to know had no such origin. When I first handed her the book to review, she excused herself, assigning the wide divergence of her views of poetry from those of the author and his school, as her reason. She thus induced me to attempt the task of reviewing it myself. But day after day sped by, and I could find no hour that was not absolutely required for the performance of some duty that would not be put off, nor turned over to another. At length I carried the book back to her in utter despair of ever finding an hour in which even to look through it; and, at my renewed and earnest request, she reluctantly undertook its discussion. The statement of these facts is but an act of justice to her memory.

Profoundly religious—though her creed was, at once very broad and very short—with a genuine love for inferious in social position, whom she was habitually studying, by her counsel and teachings, to elevate and improve, she won the confidence and affection of those who attracted her, by unbounded sympathy and trust. She probably knew the cherished secrets of more hearts than any one else, because she freely imparted her own. With a full share both of intellectual and of family pride, she pre-eminently recognized and responded to the essential brotherhood of all human kind, and needed but to know that a fellow-being required her counsel or assistance to render her not merely willing but eager to impart it. Loving ease, luxury, and the world's good opinion, she stood ready to renounce them all, at the call of pity or of duty. I think no one, not radically averse to the whole system of domestic servitude, would have treated servants, of whatever class, with such uniform and thoughtful consideration—a regard which wholly merged their factitious condition in their antecedent and permanent humanity. I think few servants ever lived weeks with her, who were not dignified and lastingly benefited by her influence and her counsels. They might be at first repelled by what seemed her too stately manner and exacting disposition, but they soon learned to esteem and love her. I have known few women, and scarcely another maiden, who had the heart and the courage to

Speak with such frank compassion in mixed circles of the most degraded and outcast portion of the sex. The contemplation of their treatment, especially by the guilty authors of their ruin, moved her to a calm and mournful indignation, which she did not attempt to suppress nor control. Others were willing to pity and deplore; Margaret was more inclined to vindicate and to redeem. She did not hesitate to avow that on meeting some of these abused, unhappy sisters, she had been surprised to find them scarcely fallen morally below the ordinary standard of womanhood—realizing and loathing their debasement; anxious to escape it, and only repelled by the sad consciousness that for them sympathy and society remained only so long as they should persist in the ways of pollution. Those who have read her “Woman,” may remember some daring comparisons therein suggested between these Pariak’s of society, and large classes of their respectable sisters; and that was no fitful expression—no sudden outbreak—but impelled by her most deliberate convictions. I think, if she had been born to large fortune, a house of refuge for all female outcasts, desiring to return to the ways of virtue, would have been one of her most cherished and first realized conceptions. Her love of children was one of her most prominent characteristics. The pleasure she enjoyed in their society was fully counterpoised by that she imparted. To them she was never lofty, nor reserved, nor mystical; for no one had ever a more perfect faculty for entering into their sports, their feelings, their enjoyments. She could narrate almost any story in language level to their capacities, and in a manner calculated to bring out their hearty and often boisterously expressed delight. She possessed marvelous powers of observation and imitation or mimicry; and, had she been attracted to the stage, would have been the first actress America has produced, whether in tragedy or comedy. Her facility of mimicing was not needed to commend her to the hearts of children, but it had its effect in increasing the fascinations of her genial nature and her heartfelt joy in their society. To amuse and instruct them was an achievement for which she would readily forego any personal object; and her intuitive perception of the toys, games, stories, rhymes, &c., best adapted to arrest and enchain their attention, was unsurpassed. Between her and my only child, then living, who was eight months old when she came to us, and something over two years when she sailed for Europe, tendrils of affection gradually intertwined themselves, which I trust Death has not severed, but rather multiplied and strengthened. She became his

teacher, playmate, and monitor; and he requitted her with a prodigality of love and admiration.

I shall not soon forget their meeting in my office, after some weeks separation, just before she left us forever. His mother had brought him in from the country, and left him asleep on my sofa, while she was absent making purchases; and he had rolled off and hurt himself in the fall, waking with the shock in a frenzy of anger, just before Margaret, hearing of his arrival, rushed into the office to find him. I was vainly attempting to soothe him as she entered; but he was running from one end to the other of the office, crying passionately, and refusing to be pacified. She hastened to him, in perfect confidence that her endearments would calm the current of his feelings—that the sound of her well-remembered voice would banish all thoughts of his pain—and that another moment would see him restored to gentleness; but, half-wakened, he did not heed her, and probably did not even realize who it was that caught him repeatedly in her arms, and tenderly insisted that he should restrain himself. At last she desisted in despair; and, with the bitter tears streaming down her face, observed: "Pickie, many friends have treated me unkindly, but no one had ever the power to cut me to the heart as you have!" Being thus let alone, he soon came to himself, and their mutual delight in the meeting was rather heightened by the momentary estrangement. They had one more meeting—the last on earth! Aunt Margaret was to embark for Europe on a certain day, and, "Pickie" was brought into the city to bid her farewell. They met this time also at my office, and together we thence repaired to the ferry-boat, on which she was returning to her residence in Brooklyn to complete her preparations for the voyage. There they took a tender and affecting leave of each other. But soon his mother called at the office, on her way to the departing ship, and we were easily persuaded to accompany her thither, and say farewell once more to the manifest satisfaction of both Margaret and the youngest of her devoted friends. Thus they parted never to meet again in time. She sent him messages and presents repeatedly from Europe; and he, when somewhat older, dictated a letter in return, which was joyfully received and acknowledged. When the mother of our great-souled friend spent some days with us nearly two years afterward, "Pickie" talked to her often and lovingly of "Aunt Margaret," proposing that they two should, "take a boat and go over and see her," for to his infantile conception the low coast of Long Island, visible just across the East River, was that Europe to which she had sailed, and where she was unaccounta-

bly detained so long. Alas, a far longer and more adventurous journey was required to reunite those loving souls. The 12th of July, 1849, saw him stricken down from health to death, by the relentless cholera; and my letter announcing that calamity, drew from her a burst of passionate sorrow, such as hardly any bereavement but the loss of a very near relative could have impelled. Another year had just ended, when a calamity, equally sudden, bereft a wide circle of her likewise, with her husband and infant son. Little did I fear, when I bade her a confident good-bye, on the deck of her outward-bound ship, that the sea would close over her earthly remains ere we should meet again; far less that the light of my eyes and the cynosure of my hopes, who then bade her a tenderer and sadder farewell, would precede her on the dim pathway to that "Father's house" whence is no returning! Ah, well! God is above all, and gracious alike in what He conceals and what He discloses—benignant and bounteous, as well when He reclaims as when He bestows. In a few years, at farthest, our loved and lost ones will welcome us to their home.

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[From the NEW YORK TRIBUNE, July 23, 1850.]

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## DEATH OF MARGARET FULLER.

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A great soul has passed from this mortal stage of being, in the death of Sarah Margaret Fuller; by marriage Marchioness of Ossoli, who, with her husband and child, Mr. Henry Sumner of Boston, and others, was drowned in wreck of the brig "Elizabeth" from Leghorn for this port, on the south shore of Long Island, near Fire Island, on Friday afternoon last. No passenger survives to tell the story of that night of horrors, whose fury appalled many of our snugly sheltered citizens reposing securely in their beds. We can adequately realize what it must have been to voyagers approaching our coast from the old world, on vessels helplessly exposed to the rage of that wild south-western gale, and seeing in the long and anxiously expected land of their youth and their love, only an aggravation of their perils, a death-blow to their hopes, an assurance of their temporal!

Margaret Fuller was the daughter of Hon. Timothy Fuller, a lawyer of Boston, but nearly all his life a resident of Cambridge, and a representative of the Middlesex District in Congress, from 1817 to 1825. Mr. Fuller upon his retirement from Congress, purchased a farm at some distance from Boston, and abandoned law for agriculture, soon after which he died, his widow and six children still survive.

Margaret, if we mistake not, was the first born, and from a very early age evinced the possession of very remarkable intellectual powers. Her father regarded her with a proud admiration, and was from childhood her chief instructor, guide, companion and friend. He committed the too common error of stimulating her intellect to an assiduity and persistency which severely taxed and ultimately injured her physical powers. At eight years of age, he was accustomed to require of her the composition of a number of Latin verses per day, while her studies in philosophy, history, general science and current literature, were in after years extensive and profound. After her father's death, she applied herself to

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teaching as a vocation ; first in Boston, then in Providence, and afterward in Boston again, where her "Conversations" were for several seasons attended by classes of women, some of them married, and including many from the best families of the "American Athens."

In the autumn of 1844, she accepted an invitation to take part in the conduct of the *Tribune*, with especial reference to the department of reviews and criticism on current literature, art, music, etc. ; a position which he filled for nearly two years—how eminently our readers well know. Her reviews of Longfellow's Poems, Wesley's Memoirs, Poe's Poems, Bailey's Festus, Douglas's Life, etc., must yet be remembered by many. She had previously found fit audience, though few, for a series of remarkable papers on "The Great Musicians." Lord Herbert of Cherbury, *Woman*, etc., etc., in the *Dial*, a quarterly of remarkable breadth and vigor, of which she was first co-editor with Ralph Waldo Emerson, but which was afterward edited by him only, though she continued a contributor to its pages. In 1843, she accompanied some friends on a tour via Niagara, Detroit and Mackinaw to Chicago, and across the prairies of Illinois, and her resulting volume, entitled "Summer on the Lakes," is one of the best works in its department ever issued from the American Press. It was too good to be widely and instantly popular. Her "Woman in the the nineteenth Century," an extension of her essay in the *Dial*, was published by us early in 1845, and a moderate edition sold. The next year, a selection from her "Papers on Literature and Art" was issued by Wiley and Putnam in two fair volumes of their "Library of American Books." We believe the original edition was nearly or quite exhausted, but a second has not been called for, while books no wise comparable to it for strength or worth have run through half a dozen editions.

These "Papers" embody some of her best contributions to the *Dial*, the *Tribune*, and perhaps one or two which had not appeared in either.

In the summer of 1845, Miss Fuller accompanied the family of a devoted friend to Europe ; visiting England, Scotland, France, and passing through Italy to Rome, where they spent the ensuing winter. She accompanied her friend next Spring to the "North of Italy," and there stopped, spending most of the summer at Florence ; and returning at the approach of winter to Rome, where she was soon after married to Giovanni Marquis d'Ossoli, who had made her acquaintance during her first winter in the Eternal City. They have since resided in the Roman States, until the last summer after the surrender of Rome to the French army of assassins

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of liberty, when they deemed it expedient to migrate to Florence; both having taken an active part in the Republican movement, which resulted so disastrously—nay, of which the ultimate result is yet to be witnessed. Thence in June they departed, and set sail at Leghorn for this port, in the Philadelphia brig "Elizabeth," which was doomed to encounter a succession of disasters. They had not been many days at sea when the captain was prostrated by a disease which ultimately exhibited itself as confluent small-pox, of the most malignant type, and terminated his life soon after they touched at Gibraltar, after a sickness of intense agony and loathsome horror. The vessel was detained some days in quarantine, by reason of this affection, but finally set sail again on the 8th ult., just in season to bring her on our coast on the fearful night between Thursday and Friday last, when darkness, rain and terrific gale from the south-west, the most dangerous quarter, (possible) conspired to hurl her into the very jaws of destruction. It is said, but we know not how truly, that the mate, in command since the captain's death, mistook the Fire Island light for that on the Highland of Neverswick, and so fatally miscalculated his course. But it is hardly probable that any one could have worked off that coast under such a gale, blowing him directly toward the roaring breakers she struck. During the night, and before the next evening, the Elizabeth was a mass of drifting sticks and planks, while her passengers and part of her crew were buried in the boiling surges.

Alas! that our gifted friend, and those nearest to and most loved by her, should have been among them.

We trust a new, compact and cheap edition or selection of Margaret Fuller's writings will soon be given to the public, prefaced by a memoir. It were a shame to us if one so radiantly lofty in intellect, so devoted to human liberty and well-being, so ready to dare and to endure for the up-raising of her sex and her race, should perish from among us, and leave no memento less imperfect and casual than those we now have. We trust the more immediate relatives of our departed friend will lose no time in selecting the fittest person to prepare a memoir, with a selection from her writings, for the press. We believe if such a volume were issued, as large and capacious as could well be afforded for a dollar, it would be very widely and profitably read; and then if a sufficient encouragement were proffered for a more comprehensive edition of her writings, we should gladly welcome this also.

America has produced no woman who in mental endowments and acquirements has surpassed Margaret Fuller; and it will be a

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public misfortune if her thoughts are not promptly and acceptably embodied. If they are kept back a year or so, in the usual pretext of collating letters, consulting intimate friends, etc., the public will lose seriously by the delay.

But the best idea of our friend's intellect and character cannot be obtained from her writings alone. Conversing so profoundly and admirably, that she was characterized as "the best talker since De Stael." She wrote laboriously, slowly, and not always lucidly and happily. Her great thoughts were seldom irradiated by her written languages—interfered with and marred her felicity in the use of her native tongue.

But, however caused, the contrast between the freedom and eloquence of her familiar discourse, and the painful slowness and occasional awkwardness of her composition, was very striking. Passages of rare beauty, as well as signal elevation of sentiment, may be gleaned from her works; but as a whole, they must commend themselves mainly by their vigor of thought and by habitual fearlessness, rather than freedom of utterance.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### A PERSONAL WORD.

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WHILE attending school in a little village in Illinois, in the Fall of 1851, I occasionally visited an aunt on Saturday and Sunday, who lived five miles distant. During one of my visits, I met at her house, a stranger who had just come into the neighborhood—I think he was from Connecticut, and was understood to be a “Yankee.” In conversation with him about reading books and papers, he spoke of the New York *Tribune* and of HORACE GREELEY. This was my first information about the *Tribune*, and the first time I had heard of GREELEY. The account which the “Yankee” gave of both, was to me very interesting; although Mr. GREELEY’S oddities and peculiarities were spoken of at the time. I was intensely interested in good books, and sought for them wherever I could obtain them. To acquire knowledge from books was the strongest desire of my life, and to hear of any man or newspaper, whose main efforts were devoted earnestly to the diffusion of knowledge, was sufficient to enlist my young sympathies in their favor, and a desire to know more of them.

Henceforth, I inquired of every person who I thought was likely to know, if they could tell me anything about HORACE GREELEY and the New York *Tribune*; every account I could get was encouraging to my anxious soul.

In 1852, I applied to several business men where I was attending school, to know if they would subscribe for a copy of the weekly *Tribune*. Finding a general willingness to do so, I at once made up a small club, and sent for the paper. In due time it came. This, to me, was a pleasant hour; I felt that I had in-

roduced into the village the greatest paper in the country, and had almost got acquainted with HORACE GREELEY.

I literally devoured my copy from week to week. I read everything in it, and soon found that it contained a vein of thought, which was responsive to my soul's desire and aspirations. Its discussions on politics and moral progress were in advance of the barren and mentally weak thoughts of the then distant West; knowing no higher authority, and instinctively inclined to take to the most advanced thought in politics and religion, as well as in other fields of inquiry, I at once accepted the *Tribune* as my teacher, and have so held it to this day. In 1852 I ventured to write HORACE GREELEY a letter, fearing, however, that owing to his distinction and my obscurity, he would throw my letter aside without consideration. But to my great satisfaction it was not long before I received an answer from him, dated New York, April 8, 1852. The receipt of that letter still more gratified me. For, owing to my adversities and obscurity in life I felt myself to be the humblest individual in the world; yet, honored with a letter from HORACE GREELEY. I felt it to be an honor of which no one else in the village could boast. I really felt encouraged in life on the receipt of the letter, and so highly prized it and cared for it, that it is mine to-day. And herein is suggested a word of admonition, which should go forth to all men of distinction. It is this: they should not be too indifferent to those below them. Now and then a young man, whose soul is swelling with energies, and aspiring to know more, longs for a sight and acquaintance with great men, and desires some recognition from those especially, whom he most admires. To such individuals, a bare friendly recognition, in the way of receiving a letter from a man or woman of distinction and honor, encourages the aspiring young man, and makes him more ambitious, and urges him on to new endeavors. A great good can often be done unawares by a distinguished man, by simply kindly answering an unknown correspondent, though he may live ever so far away, and his letter be ever

so poorly written. Let great men and women bear this in mind, and remember that those beneath, in the lower and younger walks of life are usually anxious enquirers after knowledge.

Since 1853, I have written often to HORACE GREELEY, in reference to politics, lectures, and various other questions, which I desired to make inquiry about, and have, without fail, received prompt and appropriate answers. During the greater part of '58 and '59, I resided at Falls City, Nebraska, a small inland town in Richardson County, of that Territory, where corner lots and public squares were plenty, and but little value attached to either. Every means was used by the citizens to work the town into notoriety, and induce people to come to it to settle. It was suggested one day, that I should write to HORACE GREELEY, and make a statement of the town, its free-State politics and surrounding country, and ask him to use the facts, and write and publish in the *Tribune*, a good editorial, in favor of Falls City, and the Nemaha County of Nebraska, and for which he was to receive one or more corner lots. I wrote as required, and soon after received the following answer to my letter :

NEW YORK, May 6, '58.

FRIEND REAVIS :—I thank you for your letter just received, but I can't do what you require. I have been an editor near twenty-four years, and I never yet owned a Western town-lot. I am growing old and weary, and can't well abide the reputation of writing articles for town-lots. But *you* may write a good, intelligent letter, setting forth the advantages of the Nemaha region of Nebraska, and briefly throwing light on the following points :

1st. Its location. 2. Distance from St. Louis, cost of travel, in team and money. 3. Timber. 4. Soil. 5. Population of village. 6. Water power. 7. Climate. 8. Productions. 9. Minerals, coal iron, etc. 10. Inducements to emigrants.

Be as brief and clear on each head, as the truth will allow—disparage no other section, make no invidious comparisons, but let your country speak for itself. Speak of the town now rising;

but do nothing that will look like favoritism or puffing. That sort of thing always defeats itself.

With truly good wishes to old friends, I remain yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

L. U. REAVIS, Esq.,  
FALLS CITY,  
N. T.

Some years ago, I was told by a gentleman, whose name I cannot now call to mind, that Mr. GREELEY had written a very beautiful article about a farm of his in Ohio. I wrote to him for a copy of the article, and received the following letter, in reply:

NEW YORK, June 24, 1857.

DEAR SIR:—I have no homestead in Ohio, and never owned a foot of land in that nor in any western State, but Michigan; where I once took forty acres on a bad debt, and sold it for \$300, making a still worse debt.

I have a "homestead" of 63 acres in Westchester county, 36 miles north of this city, and shall be glad to show it to you, if you should ever have a Saturday to spend with me there. I am only there on that day.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

L. U. REAVIS, Esq.

In December, 1864, I visited New York and Washington, while in New York, I called at the *Tribune* office, and for the first time, saw Mr. GREELEY. I met him in the building, as he was returning from the general editorial room, where he had been to see one of the editors. I presented my card to him, and, on reading the name, he at once remembered me, on account of having often written to him. In the brief conversation I had with him, he insisted that I ought to abandon my weekly paper, and go at once to farming. But, although I had been brought up on a farm, and was familiar with the routine of farm work, I did not feel that I could carry out the plans and aspirations of my life, by passing into oblivion, in the woods, or upon a prairie. It was Friday afternoon; and

Mr. GREELEY called for his religious and reformatory papers, and left for his farm ; and I for Washington.

On my return home to Illinois, I wrote and published an article in the *Central Illinoian*, my own paper, entitled "Personal observations on men;" being observations on HORACE GREELEY, Abraham Lincoln and N. P. Banks, all of whom I had met during my first trip east.

The following are the remarks I then wrote about HORACE GREELEY :

During a ramble of the past few days, our eyes have glanced over the physiog, and our ears heard the speech of some of our American men, whom the public know, and of whom we have this to say—

The public reads the reputation and history of men, as it does that of nations. The superficial and materialistic becomes the accredited knowledge of the masses, while the real man is but little known or understood. It is the man, his religious, social and executive nature, that the people ought to understand.

These elements of character, rightly understood, tell us of the internal man, and his uses in this world.

HORACE GREELEY is well known to the American people as a political and reformatory actor in the drama of human society. His physical combination being of the nervous sanguine, he has made himself by his energy and talent. The student in human nature, will, at a glance, perceive him to be a problem and a prodigy. He will at once enquire why and how has such a man made his way so wonderful in this world. The mass can get no deductive answer to such a question ; hence, to them he still remains a prodigy, wonderful in combination, and without attractions in associations ; and yet the great mass of the people, as in the case of all great men, stand in the "dress circle" and perform the part of the critic and the fault-finder, while Mr. GREELEY, like a skillful commedian or dramatist, out-wits them all by his successful acts, and makes the occasions of life worth reading.

That Mr. GREELEY has made a success in life, the most ignorant would not deny ; that he is a man of letters, a bold and clear

exponent of principles, the most wise and renowned must acknowledge.

In looking closely and deeply into his organization, we perceive him to be of this structure: In physical organization he combines the nervous and sanguine, which, in its proportional combination and his size of structure gives, in a high degree, mentality, energy and industry; added to these are two combinations of mind: the first, which grows out of firmness and its associations, and develops self-hood or individuality, in a remarkable degree, which makes him personal and self-willed. Next is his large benevolence, set upon the top of a high intellectual endowment.

These are the essentials that constitute HORACE GREELEY, and make him what he is. The perfect man is made up of three essential combinations—a trinity, a full development of the posterior, the anterior and coronal regions of the brain. MR. GREELEY has these combinations, well developed. His coronal endowment is somewhat deficient; therefore, his religion comes through his benevolence, and is confined more to works than to faith. He has but little intuition, but little inspiration; hence, his intellect through all his life has been devoted to the organization of a kind of social and political economy. Within the range of such a style of thinking has MR. GREELEY become noted, and it is in a field of practical industry and economy, that MR. GREELEY must be visited and studied. No temple visions nor Jacob's ladders have ever led him away to the skies, but like Franklin, he has ever held the string while the kite went above. Intuition in all men everywhere, carries the same golden keys to unlock doors that lead to a higher life, but a large endowment of benevolence, unassociated with a full development of the coronal region, is ever seeking for new reform. Such is true in the history of all great men.

It is the materialistic combination that has led MR. GREELEY into the various isms wherein he has sought to ameliorate the condition of man.

His individuality has been strongly marked in all his acts, and through the influence of his large benevolence, all his labors have been boldly and earnestly directed to the better-



ing of the condition of his race. His labors have not been in vain. No man in America has wielded the influence, within the last ten years, that HORACE GREELEY has, through the medium of the New York *Tribune*. In fact he is the Hercules that has moved the Republic, and broken the shackles from the bondsman.

He left the high courts of society, and plead the cause of women. He has pleaded for temperance, pleaded for freedom, pleaded for the poor, and pleaded for humanity everywhere, and proclaimed outside of the law, that "righteousness exalteth a nation and sin is a reproach to any people." In his prayer of twenty millions, he moved the President to a confession of salvation for the nation.

We conceive HORACE GREELEY to be the highest and most efficient type of man that this age is capable of producing, one who fills the scope of practical usefulness to the highest extent possible for this age. Other men may possess more genius and more intuition; other men may make more comet flights than he, but none will fill the scope of greatness and usefulness better than does he fill it.

In after ages, in future years when the executive and materialistic nature of nations shall have filled their measure of growth, and culminated in a union of church and State, then will come upon our earth taller columns of humanity who will unite in the highest degree the coronal region with the posterior and anterior portions of the brain, and develop in one character the divine and human. Until that age shall come, the style of man, such as Mr. GREELEY, must be regarded as the highest type of usefulness. Mr. GREELEY must be received as a practical and efficient man, one worthy of study, and one who has made the world better for his having lived.

Since then, I have met him from time to time, in New York, in Washington, and in the West; and, though greatly to my own satisfaction, he is common-place and indifferent to stiff rules of society, I look upon him as one of the great men of my country, and of the world—still more, that he is as good

as he is great. In fact, no man, whose head measures twenty-three and one-half inches in circumference, and has a good organic quality, and a good mental temperament, can fail to be a great man, if he will only use the opportunities afforded him.

In 1867, when the Woman Suffrage movement was attracting some attention throughout the country, I thought of writing a pamphlet upon the subject. To give the discussion a more varied character, I addressed letters to several distinguished men and women upon the subject. I received several answers, but did not publish the contemplated pamphlet. I received the following letter from HORACE GREELEY, which has not before met the public eye.

OFFICE OF THE TRIBUNE, }  
NEW YORK, March 4, 1867. }

MY DEAR SIR:—You ask me for reasons for or against female voting. I can give neither, because I hold it a question for women only. Whenever a majority of our women shall indicate their deliberate choice to be enfranchised, I shall feel bound by my adhesion to the great fundamental principle, that “governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed,” to urge and vote for their enfranchisement.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

L. U. REAVIS, Esq.

I have many other letters from Mr. GREELEY, which, though not important to the public eye, I highly prize, and shall retain in sacred keeping the remainder of my life. I am a believer in “hero worship.” I bow with sublime reverence to the great man and the great woman; but more particularly is he my hero, who is great and good, and is my friend. Such is HORACE GREELEY. And when I consider him in all his bearings, the faithful and aspiring child of God, the earnest and heroic worker for the good of his race, I feel, humble as I am, like extending to him the right hand of fellowship, and adding to his brow another laurel of immortal honor.

When I see him still bravely battling for the right, as when he first began, my faith is that God has led him on in his grand

career, and that so true have been his ways of life, so lofty his purposes and efforts, that when he has fought the battle through the remainder of his days, the divine command will be sent down from the upper world, saying, "well doue, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

GREELEY, "with all thy faults, I love thee still." I bow humbly and reverentially to thee, and extend the right hand of fraternity and humanity to thee, as wiser brother, friend and benefactor. May the remainder of thy earthly life be joyous, hopeful and serene, and thy purpose fulfilled, to

" So live that when the mighty caravan,  
Which halts but one night time in the vale of death,  
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,  
Thou shalt mount onward to the eternal hills,  
Thy foot unwearied and thy strength renewed,  
Like the strong eagle's for the upward flight."

- Then toil on, thou illustrious sage; there shall come for thee a happier time—a bright spring morning in the higher life, heralding the eternal day. There you will meet again on the shining shores of immortality, the loved and lost of other days. There transported, one from the land and one from the sea, will you meet again Henry Clay and Margaret Fuller, tall angels of light, who now live in everlasting triumph above the storms of ocean and the ills of earth. There, too, you will meet Pickie, and other kindred of your *dead* in that land, where

" Eternal summer gllds them now,"

there

" Forgetting what it was to die,"

Honored chieftain! great soul of humanity! wilt thou "seek a new new life in becoming a part of the mighty whole" of the countless millions of the world's people, gone up from every land to inhabit heaven.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE LESSON OF HORACE GREELEY'S LIFE.



It is often said, and truthfully too, that every human being exerts some influence upon those with whom he associates, and in the community to which he belongs—that the influence of every man and woman, however humble or great, must be for good or evil, and must have some moulding and directing influence both upon the individuals with whom they associate, and on the society of which they are a part. That this is true there is no question. It is the operation of the law of social affinity, of the law of association, in the mental and moral economy of God.

That HORACE GREELEY, through all his life, has exerted a powerful influence upon the character and destiny of individuals and communities around him, is evident to all who know anything of his habits of life and his individuality. Not only has he exercised a moulding and directing influence over thousands of individuals, as well as over communities and States, by the deeds and teachings of a long life, but more especially will he leave behind him a great example, a well earned distinction, a life of industry and integrity, and a record full of effort and honor, all of which combine the most important lesson of individual success, and individual worth, which our country and people has produced, and which are destined to exert a moulding and directing influence over the lives and characters of millions of the young and aspiring of our race, as they succeed each other upon the theatre of life, through coming centuries of effort and toil.

The boy of the log cabin, the orphan in the cellar and the garret, the poverty-stricken youth, weather-beaten and without a

home, the aspiring child in obscurity; the young man seeking a home, and willing to earn bread by the sweat of his brow, the craftsman and the artisan, the teacher and the editor, the farmer and the foundryman, the politician and the statesman, the legislator and the reformer, all these, and still others, will, in after times, in the obscurity of life, in the effort for success, in moulding character, in directing legislation, in reorganizing society, and in aspiring to the higher life, will read with fresh inspiration, the life struggles and success, the deeds and teachings of HORACE GREELEY, "a man without a model," and without a peer.

His whole life has been a life of success, from the humblest station of boyhood, to the highest achievement of manhood. Not only has he moved forward constantly, on the upward grade of life, and in conformity to the simplest and plainest laws of nature, unfolded and ripened as the flower and the fruit, in harmony and perfection, but he has always been the supreme master of himself—controlling and subordinating to his *will* and *wisdom*, all the passions and all the appetites of his physical and mental nature; thus rendering himself an example and model for boys to imitate, and men to admire.

His whole life has been a life of contention and impression. He has contended against every form of prevalent error practiced, by the individual, the State and the nation. And he has contended for the adoption and supremacy of every interest necessary for the well-being and elevation of the individual, as well as of the national life and character.

That the reader may not be wanting for evidence to prove the earnestness and ability of Mr. GREELEY to advise and encourage the young men of the country in the most practical avocations of life, and to direct and stimulate the general interests of society for the good of all; a few fragments from his own pen and his own lips, are herewith presented. They are sufficient to form a lesson of rich and rare value, and excite a curiosity and an interest in the reader to inquire more into the teachings and labors of a man who has proved himself to be the friend and helper of all.

Though the foregoing thoughts and advice form but an imperfect index to the great and varied labors of Mr. GREELEY'S life, they embrace a sufficient number of the different occupations and interests of civilized society, to be of more than ordinary importance, and will be read everywhere with satisfaction and profit. Those who have a desire for the welfare of individuals, and for the general good of society, will not differ in opinion about the marked and pointed character of Mr. GREELEY'S thoughts, and the great importance of these lessons; for though they may seem somewhat fugitive, they are some of his best and freshest thoughts.

#### THE TRUE BUSINESS MAN.

If I were asked to define a business man, I should say he was one who knew how to set other people's fingers at work—possibly their heads, also—to his own profit and theirs.

This may be in trade, it may be in manufactures, it may be in the mechanical arts, or in agriculture; but wherever the man, who, stepping into a new and partially employed community, knows how to set new wheels running, axes plying, and reapers and mowers in motion, and so of all the various machinery of production, transformation and distribution, or any part of it—he who knows how to do this with advantage to the community, (as he can scarcely fail to do it,) and with reasonable profit also to himself, that man is a business man, though he may not know how to read, even; though he may have no money when he commences; though he has simply the capacity—which some possess and more men aspire to—to make himself a sort of driving-wheel to all that machinery. If he has this, he is a true business man, although he may never have received anything more than the rudest common-school education.

Young men, I would have you believe that success in life is within the reach of every one who will truly and nobly seek it—that there is scope for all—that the universe is not bankrupt—that there is abundance of work for those who are wise enough to look for it where it is—and that, with a sound morality and a careful adaptation of means to ends, there is in this land of ours larger opportunities, more just and well grounded hopes, than in any other land whereon the sun ever shone.

GALESBURG, ILL., Feb. 8, 1857.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 20th ult., only reached me at this

place, yesterday. I am lecturing in the West, and shall not return to New York, for some days yet.

My own course, almost uniformly, has been to stick to anything I could find to do, and never leave a place, so long as any work remained to be done there. I think you will find that the wise course.

It may seem, that larger wages may be earned elsewhere, but expenses are usually proportionate to earnings, and removal exposes one to the loss of all the position or reputation he may have gained.

Character is the basis of progress and prosperity; and character is more easily established or developed in the country, than in the city.

Men seldom bound to position; they must grow.

After a few years, you will be wanted to conduct a journal in your own region. Look carefully into the inducements, and be not too hasty in accepting—for your time will come.

Be *careful of debt*; he who owes nothing, and has a chance to earn his daily bread, is happier than he is aware of. Make friends, and gain knowledge; a few years will render them useful to you.

With hearty good wishes, I remain,

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

#### TO ASPIRING YOUNG MEN.

“I want to go into business,” is the aspiration of our young men; “Can’t you find me a place in the city?” their constant inquiry.

“Friend,” we answer to many, “the best business you can go into, you will find on your father’s farm, or in his workshop. If you have no family or friends to aid you, and no prospect opened to you there, turn your face to the Great West, and there build up a home and fortune. But dream not of getting suddenly rich by speculation, rapidly by trade, or anyhow by a profession; all these avenues are choked by eager, struggling aspirants, and ten must be trodden down in the press, where one can vault upon his neighbor’s shoulders, to honor or wealth.

Above all, be neither afraid nor ashamed of honesty, industry; and if you catch yourself fancying anything more *respectable* than this, be ashamed of it to the last day of your life. Or, if you find yourself shaking more cordially the hand of your cousin, the Congressman than of your uncle, the blacksmith, *as such*, write your-

self down an enemy to the principles of our institutions, and a traitor to the dignity of humanity.”

#### THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING.

How owes? Have you earned it by good service? If you have, whether on the anvil or in the pulpit, as a tailor or a teacher, you have acquired a just right to a livelihood. But if you have eaten as much as you have earned, or—worse still—have done little or no good, the world owes you nothing. You may be worth millions, and able to enjoy every imaginary luxury without care or effort; but if you have done nothing to increase the sum-of human comforts, instead of the world owing you anything, as fools have babbled, you are morally bankrupt, and a beggar.

#### TO FARMERS.

“I can't afford to cultivate my land so nicely; I am not able.”

Then, sir, sell all you are unable to use properly, and obtain means to cultivate thoroughly what you retain. If you have a hundred acres, sell fifty; keep twenty acres of arable, and thirty of rocky woodland, and bring *this* to perfection.

#### A HOME OF YOUR OWN.

We wish it were possible to inbue every man, but especially every young man, with the desire of having a *home* of his own—a home to be adhered to through life. Next to the home itself, an earnest, overruling *desire* for one, would be a great blessing.

A man who owns the roof that shelters him, and the soil from which he draws his subsistence—and few acres are requisite for *that*—need not envy any Nabob's great fortune.

#### TO YOUNG MECHANICS.

“It is the first step that costs.” The main obstacle to saving, is the lack of the habit. He, who at twenty-two, has saved a hundred dollars, earned by honest, useful effort, during the first year of his self-control, will be very unlikely, ever to be destitute thereafter. On the other hand, he who has saved nothing at the end of his first year of independence, will be pretty certain to carry a poor man's head on his shoulders, while he lives.

Our young mechanics are not thrifty, because of the evil habits they have formed during their minority. \* \* \*

Bv-and-bye he marries, and retrenches some of his worst expen-



ses, but too late—the increased demands of a growing family absorb every cent he can earn; and at fifty or sixty years of age, you will see him emerging, seedy and sickly, from the groggery, whither he has repaired for his bitters or his eleven o'clock lunch, enfeebled in body, and discouraged in spirit, out of humor with everybody, and cursing the banks, or the landlords, the capitalists, or the speculators, as plunderers and enslavers of the poor.

#### COMING TO THE CITY.

The young man fit to come to a city, does not begin by importing some relative or friend to find or make a place for him. Having first qualified himself, so far as he may, for usefulness here, he comes understanding that he must begin at the foot of the class, and work his way up.

Having found a place to stop, he makes himself acquainted with those places, where work in his line may be found, sees the advertisements of "Wants," in the leading journals, at an early hour each morning, notes those which hold out some prospects for him, and accepts the first place offered him, which he can take honorably, and fill acceptably.

He who commences in this way, is quite likely to get on.

#### A LABOR-EXCHANGE.

What I would suggest, would be the union and organization of all workers, for their mutual improvement and benefit, leading to the erection of a spacious edifice, at some central point in our city, to form a laborer's Exchange, just as commerce now has its Exchange, very properly. Let the new Exchange be erected, and owned as a joint-stock property, paying a fair dividend to those whose money erected it; let it contain the best spacious hall for general meetings to be found in our city, with smaller lecture-rooms, for the meetings of particular sections or callings—all to be leased or rented at fair prices, to all who may choose to hire them, when not needed for the primary purpose of discussing and advancing the interests of labor.

Let us have here books opened, wherein any one wanting work may inscribe his name, residence, capacities and terms, while any one wishing to hire, may do likewise, as well as meet personally, those seeking employment.

#### PAY AS YOU GO.

"Mr. President," said John Randolph once, *apropos* to nothing,

in one of his rambling Congressional harangues, "I have found the philosopher's stone! It consists of four short English words—'Pay as you go.'"

#### TO THE LOVERS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Avoid the pernicious error, that you must have a profession—must be a clergyman, lawyer, doctor, or something of the sort—in order to be influential, useful, respected; or, to state the case in its best aspect, that you may lead an intellectual life.

Nothing of the kind is necessary—very far from it. If your tendencies are intellectual—if you love knowledge, wisdom, virtue, for themselves, you will grow in them; whether you earn your bread by a profession, a trade, or by tilling the ground. Nay, it may be doubted, whether the farmer or mechanic, who devotes his leisure hours to intellectual pursuits, from a pure love of them, has not some advantages therein, over the professional man.

He comes to his book at evening, with his head clear, and his mental appetite sharpened by the manual labors, taxing lightly the spirit or brain; while the lawyer, who has been running over dry books for precedents, the doctor, who has been racking his wits for a remedy adapted to some new modification of disease, or the divine, who, immured in his closet, has been busy, preparing his next sermon, may well approach the evening volume, with faculties jaded and pallid.

#### TO YOUNG ORATORS.

A young Whig inquires, "how are young men who *can* speak to be distinguished from the many who only *think* they can, and brought into the field?"

We answer—Step out into any neighborhood where you are acquainted, and if there is no Clay Club there now, aid in getting one up. You will there, naturally be called on to speak at its opening, and be sure you have a thorough acquaintance with the *facts* material to the great issue, and the documents under your elbow, to sustain them.

After that, if you speak to the purpose, you will be called on quite as often as you will choose to speak. But *choose* small gatherings, until you know that you are master of the questions in issue.

#### A WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

We have not much faith in monument-building; yet it strikes

us that a monument to Washington, so planned, as to minister at every point, to purposes of great public utility, would be a good thing. Let it contain apartments consecrated to art and knowledge—let its summit be an observatory, telegraph station, etc., and the common and forcible objection to monuments, will be obviated.

#### THE COLORED PEOPLE.

What the colored people need, is not so much power as self-elevation—not so much better manners, and greater consideration from the whites, as greater respect for, and confidence in themselves, based on substantial grounds. So long as they remain pretty generally boot-blacks, tavern-waiters, clothes-scourers, etc., from seeming choice, the right to vote, will be of precious little account to them.

But let them as a class, step aside from those who insult and degrade them, like a small band of them in Ohio, buy a tract of land which shall be all their own, and go to work upon it, clearing, building, farming, manufacturing, etc., and they will no longer care much, that those who are of baser spirit, though with whiter skins, refuse to consider them men, and admit them to the common privileges of manhood.

We see no plan of elevating them half so certain or so feasible as this.

#### TO YOUNG LAWYERS AND DOCTORS.

*Qualify yourselves at college, to enlighten the farmers and mechanics, among whom you settle, in the scientific principles and facts which underlie their several vocations.*

The great truths of geology, chemistry, etc., etc., ought to be well known to you, when your education is completed, and these, if you have the ability to impart and elucidate them, will make you honorably known to the inhabitants of any county wherein you may pitch your tent, and will thus insure you a subsistence from the start, and ultimately professional employment and competence.

Qualify yourself to lecture accurately and fluently, on the more practical and important principles of natural science, and you will soon find opportunities, auditors, customers, friends.

Show the farmer how to fertilize his fields more cheaply and effectively than he has hitherto done—teach the builder the principles and more expedient methods of heating and ventilation—tell

the mason how to correct, by understanding and obeying nature's laws, the defect which makes a chimney smoke at the wrong end—and you need never stand idle, nor long await remunerating employment.

TO AN INQUIRING SLAVEHOLDER.

It seems to us, that a conscientious man, convinced of the *wrong* of slaveholding, should *begin* the work of redressing that wrong at once.

And if we were in our correspondent's place, and the laws of that State forbade emancipation on her soil, and the teaching of slaves, we should remove with them at once, to some convenient locality where no such tyrannical statutes existed.

Then (or on our old plantation, if the laws did not forbid,) we should say to those slaves: "You are free, and may leave if you choose; but I advise you to stay with me, till I shall have taught you to use and enjoy your freedom. I will either myself teach you, two hours daily, or I will employ some competent person to do so; and I will share fairly with you, the proceeds of *my* land and *your* labor. At the year's end, I will settle fairly with you, and any one who chooses, may then take his portion, and leave; while I with those who remain, will endeavor to raise a better crop next year. I think you can all earn more, live better, and save more, by staying with me, than by going off; if you don't think so, go; or, if you stay now, go whenever you shall come to think so.

But while you stay here, I must be obeyed; and any one who don't obey me and behave himself, will have to leave."

Now, we feel confident that a slave-holder who should adopt this course and firmly pursue it, would soon have the finest plantation and the best crops in his county—keeping all his good blacks and getting rid of the bad ones, and with all his laborers working under the stimulus of personal interest, and impelled by pride to make as good a show as possible in the settlement at the end of the year.

We believe the great majority of any planter's slaves might thus be quietly educated into fitness for freedom and self-direction, as well as into a competent knowledge of letters and the elemental arts, while the planter would find himself, at ten years' end, not only wiser, but actually richer, than if he had continued to hold his laborers in hopeless slavery.

Rely on it, friend! it can never be dangerous nor impolitic to do right; and what Washington, John Randolph, and many other

eminent Southrons, saw fit to do on their death-beds, you may safely and wisely do while you live.

#### TO COUNTRY EDITORS.

We fear there are some country editors who do not clearly perceive and improve the advantages of their position. If they would only make their papers the vigilant gleaners of all local intelligence, the fosterers of local interests, local institutes for promoting knowledge, etc., etc.; above all, if they would stop publishing so many frivolous stories, and other mere transcripts from the city magazines and journals, filling their columns instead with accounts of the latest and most valuable discoveries and improvements in agriculture, the arts, and all branches of practical science, they would have an abundance of subscribers, and could not be destroyed, even though city editors were so unprincipled as to give their papers away and pay the postage. Only make your papers what they should be, and the people of your vicinity cannot afford to do without them.

Do these remarks offend any? They surely ought not, for they are dictated by a sincere desire to benefit. We learned what little we know of our business, mainly in "sticking type," etc., for various country papers, and ought to know something about them. We have an earnest desire that they should deserve a generous support and receive it, for we know how essential a good country press is.

#### ADVERTISING AND CASH.

Extensive advertising of itself is morally certain to work a revolution in trade, by driving thousands of the easy-going out of it, and concentrating business in the hands of the few who know how to obtain and keep it. Unite with this the substitution of cash for credit, and one-fifth of those now engaged in trade, will amply suffice to do the whole—and will soon have it to do. The revolution is already begun.

#### IN PEACE, PREPARE FOR WAR.

It is not true that *our* best security for peace, is keeping up an army at a cost of \$15,000,000 a year to the people. All that we need are iron, lead, men, good schools and good roads.

There is more of military capability for defense in one *railroad* than in all the fortifications from Boston to Charleston. No; we

want the legislation that will make the country independent and prosperous; we want the money-changers driven from the temple; in each State, if you will, a school for the diffusion of the science of *civil* engineering and military science, to convert our people in case of need, into disciplined soldiers.

It does, indeed, behoove us in peace to prepare for war; but this is all the preparation we want.

#### TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

The merchant's virtue should be not merely negative and obstructive—it should be actively beneficent. He should use opportunities afforded by his vocation, to foster agricultural and mechanical improvement, to advance the cause of education, and diffuse the principles, not only of virtue, but of refinement and correct taste.

He should be continually on the watch for whatever seems calculated to instruct, ennoble, refine dignity, and benefit the community in which he lives. He should be an early and generous patron of useful inventions and discoveries, so far as his position and means will permit. He should be a regular purchaser of new and rare books, such as the majority will not buy, yet ought to read, with a view to the widest dissemination of the truths they unfold. If located in the country, he should never visit the city to replenish his stock, without endeavoring to bring back something that will afford valuable suggestions to his customers and neighbors.

If these are in good part farmers, and no store in the vicinity is devoted especially to this department, he should be careful to keep a supply of the best plows, and other implements of farming, as well as the choicest seeds, cuttings, etc., and those fertilizing substances, best adapted to the soil of his township, or most advantageously transported thither; and those he should be very willing to sell at cost, especially to the poor or the penurious, in order to encourage their general acceptance and use. Though he makes no profit directly on the sales of these, he is indirectly but substantially benefited by whatsoever shall increase the annual production of his township, and thus the ability of his customers to purchase and consume his goods.

The merchant whose customers and neighbors are enabled to turn off three, five, seven or nine hundred dollars worth of produce per annum, from farms which formerly yielded but one or two hundred dollars' worth, beyond the direct consumption of their occupants, is in the true and safe road to competence and wealth, if he knows how to manage his business.

Every wild wood or waste morass rendered arable and fruitful, every field made to grow fifty bushels of grain per acre, where but fifteen or twenty were formerly realized, is a new tributary to the stream of his trade, and so clearly conducive to his prosperity.

#### TENEMENT HOUSES.

The wretched, tumble-down rookeries, now largely inhabited by the poor of our city, are horribly wasteful in every way—wasteful of space, of property, of health, of life. Sweep away all these kennels on a block—say about Elizabeth or Stanton street, and build up in their stead a substantial structure, six to eight stories high, with basement and sub-cellar; the whole divided into rooms, suits of rooms for families and single persons, with baths, wash-houses, refectories, etc., in the basement, and public and private parlors, library, reading room, etc., on the second floors. Let the first floor for stores or shops, and a part of the second for offices, if required; put the whole building in charge of some responsible person disqualified for rugged labor, to be let at reasonable rates, payable monthly in advance—the highest story not more than fifty cents per bed-room.

Such an edifice (economizing the space now required for cooking, washing, yard-room, etc.,) might afford accommodations to families, at one hundred to two hundred dollars, according to size and location; while two seamstresses might have an attic in common, for one dollar each per month. As each family could hire a parlor or bed-room (retained for this purpose,) whenever it had company, no one need hire regularly, any more room than it absolutely needed, while a large square in the center of the block should be embellished with trees and shrubbery, gravel walks, grass plat and fountain.

One such edifice filled with tenants, and paying ten per cent. to its owners, with a liberal margin for repairs, would very soon be imitated and improved upon, until our whole laboring population would be far better lodged than they now are, at half the expense, while room would be made on our island for thrice the population it can stow away under the present architectural anarchy. Pestilence would be all but rendered impossible by this building reform.

The foregoing selections are only a few paragraphs from the varied and copious writings of Mr. GREELEY, designed to show the tendency and influences of his teachings upon the

public affairs of his own time, and upon the conduct of those who value his opinions. That his practice and his preaching correspond, the reader is aware. He *knows* whereof he affirms, and his message is *exactly suited to our case*; hence, its power.

IN WHAT SENSE HE CONSIDERS HIMSELF A POLITICIAN.

If the designation is a discreditable one, I trust I have done nothing toward making it so. If to consider not only what is desirable, but what is possible as well—if to consider in what order desirable ends can be attained, and attempt them in that order—if to seek to do one good so as not to undo another—if either or all of these constitute one a politician, I do not shrink from the appellation.

HORACE GREELEY'S TOAST, SENT TO A "KNOW-NOTHING"  
BANQUET—THE COMRADES OF WASHINGTON.

Let us remember that, while the "foreigners," Montgomery and Pulaski, died gloriously, fighting for our freedom, while Lafayette, Hamilton and Steuben, proved nobly faithful to the end, the traitor Arnold, and the false ingrate Burr, were sons of the soil—facts which only prove that virtue is bounded by no geographical limits, and treachery, peculiar neither to the native, nor the immigrant.

HIS REPLY TO A BEGGING LETTER—TO THE EDITOR OF  
THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

MY DEAR SIR:—The young gentlemen of the Philologian Literary Society, of the Masonic College, request me to tender their sincere regards to you, and ask if you will be so kind as to denote to them a copy of the *Weekly Tribune*. The society consists of fifty students, who are anxious to form, for their sole benefit, a reading-room in their hall.

While we all abhor your principles, we respect you as a talented and honorable foe; and your paper would be cheerfully welcomed in our hall, not for the principles which it advocates, but for the ability with which they are promulgated.

Be assured, sir, that we will all feel under many obligations, if you will make us such a present.

With gratitude and respect,

S. C. H.  
Corresponding Secretary.



## REPLY.

LEXINGTON, Mo., January 30, 1855.

MR. SECRETARY:—Among those “principles” which you say you abhor, this one is prominent, namely: “That God having wisely and benignly ordered his universe, that *something can never be acquired for nothing*”—that “so much” is the eternal and immutable law—men should conform his conduct to his beneficent law. The robber, the swindler, the beggar, the slaveholder, all vainly suppose that there is some other way of acquiring and enjoying the products of other men’s labor, than by paying for it; but God says no, and he will be obeyed. Steal, cheat, beg or enslave, as you may, you can at best, but postpone payment—it will last be exacted with fearful usury.

In short, as there is no other proper way, so there is no other way so cheap, when we desire ought that is produced by the labor of others, as to fork over the needful—lay it right down on the nail.

You will see, therefore, that those detested principles, which you are at liberty, henceforth to abhor more than ever, forbid my complying with your delicately worded request.

“EDITOR TRIBUNE.”

HIS REPLY TO ANOTHER—A. B. TO HORACE GREELEY.

DEAR SIR:—In your extensive correspondence, you have undoubtedly secured several autographs of the late distinguished American poet, Edgar A. Poe. If so, will you please favor me with one, and oblige

Yours, respectfully,

“A. B.”

HORACE GREELEY TO A. B.

DEAR SIR:—I happen to have in my possession, but *one* autograph of the late distinguished American poet, Edgar A. Poe. It consists of an I. O. U., with my name on the back of it. It cost me just \$50, and you can have it for half price.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

Almost every interest in human society has received a helping hand from HORACE GREELEY; his impress is upon them all. He is the friend of all, and has aided all. The young man and the

young woman, in low or high life ; the father and the mother, the artisan and the citizen, the plowman and the sailor, the teacher and the preacher, the statesman and the reformer, all find in him a friend and helper. His impress is upon every branch of industry, whether upon the land or sea.

Then does not the life of such a man, form an enduring lesson of good, destined to be of infinite value to the rising generations ? Is not such a man a good man ? Surely he must be.

I have never known a man who disliked or hated HORACE GREELEY, that did not have some of the lower instincts of human nature, dominant in his organization—a man who was a kind of hater of his race, one not willing to live up to the principles of the golden rule, and do his fellow men justice, in the race of life. On the other hand, I have never known a man who admired and loved HORACE GREELEY, who did not have some of the generous sentiments of human nature uppermost in his life-practice, and who had a sense of justice for his fellowmen ; and I count this to be true of all men who are for or against HORACE GREELEY.

Said one of Mr: GREELEY'S greatest friends, while speaking of him for President :

“ Well, Republicans, there is a man who began with the Republican party ; a man of the people ; born poor, but honest and industrious ; a man that came to New York with all his clothes tied up in a handkerchief on a stick, without perhaps fifty cents in his pocket ; who acquired an independent subsistence ; a man who from that day to this, has sympathized with the laboring man ; who honors industry ; wherever there is an act of charity to be done, there you find him present, aiding and assisting the distressed ; who despises popularity ; who catches the inebriate by the hand, and lifts him to a higher level, to save the wife, children and family from ruin, whatever demagogues may say against him ; who goes to agricultural meetings, and joins his knowledge and reading with skill and experience ; who goes to the workshop where the sturdy mechanic is engaged in his various industries, and takes him by the hand and gives him a word of encouragement, that he may be elevated to a higher level ; a man who loves the constitution ; a man who makes no war upon wealth, knowing that wealth is accumulated labor ; who with great opportunities for wealth,

dares to be poor; who with an immense yearly revenue, gives it away to friends and objects of charity, because he has within him a nobility greater than the surroundings of wealth can ever give him. You know who this man is. It is HORACE GREELEY, of New York. [Loud applause.]

Don't he know more about the political history of this country than any man in it; about parties and about men; about dates, measures and laws; a perfect almanac himself, and the best maker of an almanac—which is a very good book, as Franklin thought. [Laughter.] Indeed, he is the modern Franklin, and very justly so. Through his intelligence, his huge intellect, he has overcome the baser passions, for his own good and the good of humanity. Why don't you take him? [Applause.]

When the terrible riot broke out in New York, in '1863, those hell engendered fiends determined to mob and destroy the *Tribune* office. Bent on their hellish purpose, they made their way to the apparently doomed building. In the meantime, Mr. James Parton, having learned the purpose of the rioters, hurried in the advance to notify Mr. GREELEY of their coming, and to get him out of the way of the rioters, to where his life would be secure. On reaching the *Tribune* office, he at once informed Mr. GREELEY of the intention of the rioters, and of their immediate approach, and the necessity of fleeing at once for safety. Mr. GREELEY was slow to believe that there was any danger, and when one of his associates said to him, in the morning, of the day the riot took place, "we must arm the office; this is not a riot, it is a revolution," Mr. GREELEY replied, "no, do not bring a musket into the building; let them strike the first blow; all my life, I have worked for the working men; if they would now burn my office and hang me, why let them do it."

But this was the response of the humanitarian and philosopher, to the mob. But where is the other man that would thus answer from the simplicity of his nature? No mob could appreciate such an answer, and be turned away by the grandeur and majesty of such a guileless expression. It is akin to that other all compassionate utterance of a great over-soul, who, when about to forfeit his life, for endeavoring to rescue his people from ignorance and

bondage, rose to the majesty of his divine nature, and said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Men with such souls, with such non-resistance and simplicity, and yet with such great natures, outlive all the ignorance and prejudice of the vulgar and the base; outlive the mob and the murderer; outlive error; outlive ambition, and the good and the great of the world's people, enroll their names in the shining galaxy of the men and women of true fame, who have passed from mortal sight into everlasting history and heaven, to take their places

"With patriarchs and prophets, and the blest.  
Gone up from every land to people heaven."

The boy, who from the depths of his soul, seeks for knowledge in the practical fields of learning, and delights in the earnest endeavors and heroic deeds of his fellows, will be reverentially attracted to HORACE GREELEY. He will study the life and industrious career of this great and good man, and though far from his presence, far from his home or far from his tomb, will bless his memory, and feel encouraged to go forth in the battle of life, to equal deeds and equal honors. No matter how poor the boy may be, no matter if he be refused the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, he can turn to the life of HORACE GREELEY, and there find the record of a boy who was once his equal in poverty and in obscurity; the boy will read of the privations of the young GREELEY and the life-struggles through which he passed. He will reflect over his condition and glory over the opportunity afforded him. The whole life of HORACE GREELEY unrolls before him; he sees it to be one constant success, in spite of opposing ignorance, in spite of rivalry and adversity. The boy beholds spread out before him a glorious example of a true life, crowned with success, crowned with honor and fame, and he resolved to go and live likewise, to go forth to the conflict of life, strengthened and determined to make the most he can of the opportunities afforded, and thus encouraged and thus strengthened in his own true boyhood, he masters all obstacles, lives righteously, and accomplishes the end he resolved to achieve, and adds another name of true honor

and fame to the noble band of self-made men, who have done right because it was right. Such will be the enduring lesson of HORACE GREELEY'S life, his individuality, his industry and integrity, his triumph over all obstacles, and his complete success in life, that millions of the young and aspiring of our race, all over the land, will be aided, strengthened and encouraged to go forth with renewed vigor, to greater efforts and nobler deeds in the warfare of life, seeking equal honor, equal fame, and blessing the name and the memory of their great friend and lofty example, of true worth. His lesson of life is a free gift to all; no class or special interest can exclusively appropriate him. His whole deeds and his varied teachings, are a shining shield for all, whether high or low, rich or poor.

Then let the lesson of his life and deeds go forth to the human race, and let each learn that the lesson is founded on the divine conviction that every human being *must do right because it is right*.

Young men of America! these pages—the record of the thoughts and deeds of a great and true man—are presented to you by one of your countrymen, who, all along, from early orphanage, has been schooled in the bitter trials of life; whose poverty debarred all opportunities, and left human nature alone, to battle for existence in the frontier of the Great West. I pray you, accept these pages from one who has studied and admired HORACE GREELEY, from the time he first learned that such a man lived. Remember, that though his career has been distinguished, and his record is now great, that he began life a poor boy, without opportunities, and by his own efforts, and constantly being himself, he conquered all obstacles, conquered poverty, conquered trials and disappointments, patiently and persistently endured sunshine and storm, and moved forward in a majestic career of life, until he now stands in the front rank of the great men of his country, honored and loved by all, a true and lofty example of a successful man, whose deeds of life afford an enduring lesson for the generations of the coming centuries.

Young men of America! accept the life example of HORACE

GREELEY ; study it, and be encouraged by his efforts. He is your elder brother, your friend and benefactor. He traveled alone the rugged path of life. He has triumphed over all the vicissitudes which poverty, envy, jealousy and hate, placed in his lonely way. He has carved his own name high up on the enduring temple of fame, and there to shine in everlasting honor through the rolling centuries of the future.

Young men of America ! he has pointed the way of life for you. He has made a record of his trials, and how to surmount them. The record is before you ; study it well : for

“ Lives of great men all remind us,  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us,  
 Footprints on the sands of time.  
 Footprints, that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.”

Above and beyond, the lesson which the example and deeds of HORACE GREELEY'S life is destined to exert on individuals, by encouraging and directing them aright in their own life-careers, he has exerted a moulding influence upon the body politic, and impressed his thoughts and teachings upon society at large, with a vigor, earnestness and originality, that neither creeds, dogmas, ambition or rapacity can destroy or prevent from contributing to the general good of the people and the country, as long as the generous and honest sentiments of the human soul have a recognized value in directing the affairs of society and State. Reader ! go where you will, over the land. Go, if you please, to the capital of your country ; go to every department of administration, and you will find HORACE GREELEY looking earnestly and unselfishly, to direct the President and his Cabinet officers, or the Congress of your country, in the honest and wise performance of their duties. Go to the courts, and you will find him urging the judges to do justice, and enforce the law. Go to the high seas, and you will find him striving to better the condition of commerce, to make it more profitable and less perilous, to those in its employ. Go

to the manufacturer and the merchant, and there you will find him alike devoted in aiding to render each of those great branches of human industry more profitable and reciprocal with each other. Go to the church, and you will find him pleading with the ministers, to deal less in forms and ceremonies, and more in principles and deeds of humanity. Go to society, and you will find him there, laboring for a better organization, denouncing hypocrisy and pretension, and urging more reality, more genuine rules and regulations, for the association and happiness of individuals. Go to the garret and the cellar, to the orphan and the poor, you will find him there, pleading for protection and plenty for the sons and daughters of misfortune and beggary, and asking the law-maker, the wise, the rich, to see to it that none shall go wanting, in nakedness and in hunger. Go to the schools and colleges, and you will find him there, pleading for education for all; pleading for a more practical training and discipline of the sons and daughters of the land. Go to the inhabitant of the log cabin, on the frontier, or in the wilderness of the Great West, and you will find him there, the friend and benefactor of the farmer and mechanic, the herdsman and tradesman, teaching all, with like earnestness and devotion, to right, as he does the wealthy and the great in the cities of civilization. For he is the same devoted and earnest friend to all, whether—

“ On the hilltops  
And in pastures.”

Go to the father and mother, and you will find him there, pleading for a more practical training and education of the sons and daughters of the land. Go to the criminal, the victim of the gutter and the gallows, and you will find him there, pleading for mercy, pleading for justice for those erring men and women, who have been sinned against more than having sinned.

In short, go to every field of honest toil, go to every form and avenue of misfortune and crime, and you will find that HORACE GREELEY has been there, earnestly and unselfishly striving to reform, to help and to advance the interests of the individual, the

community, society, church, the State and the nation. Upon all these he has impressed, with lasting honor, his thoughts and deeds, from one ocean to another, and from one zone to another, thus making the lesson of his life as broad as the continent, and as universal of the climates.

And now, in consigning the record of his life and labors to history, let it go forth to the world, and be inscribed on fame's immortal temple, that millions of human beings have been made wiser and better by the wisdom and teachings of **HORACE GREELEY**.



## GEORGE D. PRENTICE TO HORACE GREELEY

- "I send thee, Greeley, words of cheer,  
 Thou bravest, truest, best of men;  
 For I have marked thy strong career,  
 As traced by thy own sturdy pen.  
 I've seen thy struggles with the foes  
 That dared thee to the desperate fight,  
 And loved to watch thy goodly blows,  
 Dealt for the cause thou deem'st the right.
- "Thou'st dared to stand against the wrong  
 When many faltered by thy side;  
 In thy own strength hast dared be strong,  
 Nor on another's arm relied.  
 Thy own bold thoughts thou'st dared to think,  
 Thy own great purposes avowed;  
 And none have ever seen thee shrink  
 From the fierce surges of the crowd.
- "Thou, all unaided and alone,  
 Didst take thy way in life's young years,  
 With no kind hand clasped in thy own,  
 No gentle voice to soothe thy tears.  
 But thy high heart no power could tame,  
 And thou hast never ceased to feel  
 Within thy veins a sacred flame  
 That turned thy iron nerves to steel.
- I know that thou art not exempt  
 From all the weaknesses of earth;  
 For passion comes to rouse and tempt  
 The truest souls of mortal birth.  
 But thou hast well fulfilled thy trust,  
 In spite of love and hope and fear;  
 And e'en the tempest's thunder-gust  
 But clears thy spirit's atmosphere.
- "Thou still art in thy manhood's prime,  
 Still foremost 'mid thy fellow-men,  
 Though in each year of all thy time  
 Thou hast compressed threescore and ten.  
 Oh, may each blessed sympathy,  
 Breathed on thee with a tear and sigh,  
 A sweet flower in thy pathway be,  
 A bright star in thy clear blue sky.'



# APPENDIX.

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## THE NOMINATION OF HORACE GREELEY FOR PRESIDENT BY THE LIBERAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, HELD AT CINCINNATI, MAY THE 1ST, 2D, AND 3D, 1872.

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SINCE writing this volume, a new national political movement has been inaugurated throughout the country, for the purpose of reforming wanton abuses in the official management of the government, of canceling all traces of strife between the North and the South growing out of the late civil war, and restoring the once revolted States to their natural and equal constitutional rights in the Union, and to elevate the national life and character.

Such were the objects sought to be accomplished by the men who project that great political reform in American politics.

That Mr. GREELEY should be a prime actor in such a national movement for reform was very natural. In fact it would seem that his action in this new political movement, as subsequent events indicate, was destined to prove the culminating political act of his long and laborious life, by a complete consummation of all those grand ends for which he has so long and so unselfishly toiled. His whole life has been one constant contention in the revolution of American ideas. Nothing has been too radical or strange for him to examine and support, if approved by his judgment, and nothing too conservative or time-honored for him to reject, in defiance of his conscientious convictions.

His support of the Liberal movement, in utter defiance of the power of party discipline and the opposition of a strongly-intrenched, stolid, and stupid administration, was in full keeping with every act of his past life. Yet having at his command an instrument of power—the *Tribune*—scarcely less, in its influence to control and direct the political opinions and acts of men throughout the nation, than the myriad office-holders of the intrenched President—he at once became the leader and the dictator of the Liberal movement, and moulded it into a political REVOLUTION instead of a party bolt.

His great efforts, since the close of the civil war, to restore a distracted country and harmonize an angry people, coupled with the overshadowing influence which he gave to the Liberal movement, very naturally made him the favorite leader of that movement, as was subsequently demonstrated by the wise action of the Cincinnati Convention.

While it is true that many other good men of the first order of intellect and character had given the Liberal movement their hearty support, and many of which had friends at the Convention pressing their claims for the nomination of President, none had so deep a hold on the hearts of the people as Mr. GREELEY. Everywhere the masses looked upon him as a boon to the nation. No man, not even Henry Clay and Abraham Lincoln, was ever so universally loved and admired by the people as Mr. GREELEY at the time of his nomination.

While other eminent men were strongly and persistently presented to the Cincinnati Convention for the nomination by friends of eminence and wide influence everywhere, the evidence was beyond question, that a large majority of those who really meant reform and desired victory regarded Mr. GREELEY as the people's man, and without doubt the most popular as well as the strongest man in the Republic. He was known of all to be a national man in the highest sense of the word. His paper, for well-nigh a generation, had been read in almost every part of the Republic, and always advocating the entire honest interests of the whole people. He had already visited in person and lectured from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from the Lakes to the Gulf. He knew the people, their wants and their interests; the people knew him, knew that he was their friend and benefactor. Hence their universal desire to select him for their great captain, whose tall plume should wave in righteousness and in glory over the all-conquering hosts of American freemen.

Knowing full well the popularity of Mr. GREELEY and the wishes of the people, the delegates to the Cincinnati Convention wisely nominated him amid great applause for the Presidency of the Republic, and, with the following platform of principles adopted by the Convention, and letter of acceptance, he is now before the country, the candidate of the Liberal Republican party for the Presidency of the United States. And well may the "Citizens of America," well may the independent representatives of the people at Cincinnati, be proud of the work they did in placing him at the head of the ticket for civil liberty and human rights. No previous nomination by any party or revolution of parties was ever hailed with so much popular response as the nomination of HORACE GREELEY. Not only were the people and the political affairs of the government ripe for the achievement, but the unlimited showers of congratulatory letters and dispatches from every quarter of the broad continent sent to Mr. GREELEY, and the more powerful expression of the independent press of the country, evince his nomination to be the most popular ever made by the American people.

ADDRESS AND PLATFORM OF PRINCIPLES ADOPTED BY THE LIBERAL  
REPUBLICANS IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED AT CINCINNATI,  
MAY 3, 1872.

THE ADDRESS.

The Administration now in power has rendered itself guilty of wanton disregard of the laws of the land, and usurped powers not granted by the Constitution. It has acted as if the laws had binding force only for those who are governed, and not for those who govern. It has thus struck a blow at the fundamental principles of constitutional government and the liberty of the citizen. The President of the United States has openly used the powers and opportunities of his high office for the promotion of personal ends. He has kept notoriously corrupt and unworthy men in places of power and responsibility to the detriment of the public interest. He has used the public service of the Government as a machinery of partisan and personal influence, and interfered with tyrannical arrogance in the political affairs of States and municipalities. He has rewarded with influential and lucrative offices men who had acquired his favor by valuable presents; thus stimulating demoralization of our political life by his conspicuous example. He has shown himself deplorably unequal to the tasks imposed upon him by the necessities of the country, and culpably careless of the responsibilities of his high office. The partisans of the Administration, assuming to be the Republican party and controlling its organization, have attempted to justify such wrongs and palliate such abuses, to the end of maintaining partisan ascendancy. They have stood in the way of necessary investigations and indispensable reforms, pretending that no serious fault could be found with the present administration of public

affairs; thus seeking to blind the eyes of the people. They have kept alive the passions and resentments of the late civil war, to use them for their own advantage.

They have resorted to arbitrary measures in direct conflict with the organic law instead of appealing to the better instincts and latent patriotism of the Southern people by restoring to them those rights, the enjoyment of which is indispensable for a successful administration of their local affairs, and would tend to move a patriotic and hopeful national feeling. They have degraded themselves and the name of their party, once justly entitled to the confidence of the nation, by a base sycophancy to the dispenser of executive power and patronage unworthy of Republican freemen; they have sought to stifle the voice of just criticism, to stifle the moral sense of the people, and to subjugate public opinion by tyrannical party discipline. They are striving to maintain themselves in authority for selfish ends by an unscrupulous use of the power which rightfully belongs to the people, and should be employed only in the service of the country. Believing that an organization thus led and controlled can no longer be of service to the best interests of the Republic, we have resolved to make an independent appeal to the sober judgment, conscience, and patriotism of the American people.

### THE PLATFORM.

We, the Liberal Republicans of the United States, in National Convention assembled at Cincinnati, proclaim the following principles as essential to just government:

*First.* We recognize the equality of all men before the law, and hold that it is the duty of Government in its dealings with the people to mete out equal and exact justice to all, of whatever nativity, race, color, or persuasion, religious or political.

*Second.* We pledge ourselves to maintain the union of these States, emancipation and enfranchisement, and to oppose any reopening of the questions settled by the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution.

*Third.* We demand the immediate and absolute removal of all disabilities imposed on account of the Rebellion, which was finally subdued seven years ago, believing that universal amnesty will result in complete pacification in all sections of the country.

*Fourth.* Local self-government, with impartial suffrage, will guard the rights of all citizens more securely than any centralized power. The public welfare requires the supremacy of the civil over the military authority, and freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus. We demand for the individual the largest liberty consistent with public order; for the State, self-government, and for the nation a return to the methods of peace and the constitutional limitations of power.

*Fifth.* The Civil Service of the Government has become a mere instrument of partisan tyranny and personal ambition and an object of selfish greed. It is a scandal and reproach upon free institutions and breeds a demoralization dangerous to the perpetuity of republican government. We therefore regard such thorough reforms of the Civil Service as one of the most pressing necessities of the hour; that honesty, capacity, and fidelity constitute the only valid claim to public employment; that the offices of the Government cease to be a matter of arbitrary favoritism and patronage, and that public station become again a post of honor. To this end it is imperatively required that no President shall be a candidate for re-election.

*Sixth.* We demand a system of Federal taxation which shall not unnecessarily interfere with the industry of the people, and which shall provide the means necessary to pay the expenses of the Government economically administered, the pensions, the interest on the public debt, and a moderate reduction

annually of the principal thereof; and, recognizing that there are in our midst honest but irreconcilable differences of opinion with regard to the respective systems of Protection and Free Trade, we remit the discussion of the subject to the people in their Congress Districts, and to the decision of Congress thereon, wholly free of Executive interference or dictation.

*Seventh.* The public credit must be sacredly maintained, and we denounce repudiation in every form and guise.

*Eighth.* A speedy return to specie payment is demanded alike by the highest considerations of commercial morality and honest government.

*Ninth.* We remember with gratitude the heroism and sacrifices of the soldiers and sailors of the Republic, and no act of ours shall ever detract from their justly-earned fame or the full reward of their patriotism.

*Tenth.* We are opposed to all further grants of lands to railroads or other corporations. The public domain should be held sacred to actual settlers.

*Eleventh.* We hold that it is the duty of the Government, in its intercourse with foreign nations, to cultivate the friendship of peace, by treating with all on fair and equal terms, regarding it alike dishonorable either to demand what is not right, or to submit to what is wrong.

*Twelfth.* For the promotion and success of these vital principles and the support of the candidates nominated by this Convention we invite and cordially welcome the co-operation of all patriotic citizens, without regard to previous affiliations.

## MR. GREELEY'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

### THE OFFICIAL NOTIFICATION.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, May 3, 1872.

DEAR SIR: The National Convention of the Liberal Republicans of the United States have instructed the undersigned, President, Vice-President, and Secretaries of the Convention, to inform you that you have been nominated as the candidate of the Liberal Republicans for the Presidency of the United States. We also submit to you the Address and Resolutions unanimously adopted by the Convention.

Be pleased to signify to us your acceptance of the platform and the nomination, and believe us, very truly yours,

C. SCHURZ, President.

GEO. W. JULIAN, Vice-President.

WM. E. MCLEAN,  
JOHN G. DAVIDSON, } Secretaries.  
J. H. RHODES,

To the Honorable HORACE GREELEY, New York.

### THE NOMINEE'S RESPONSE.

NEW YORK, May 20, 1872.

GENTLEMEN: I have chosen not to acknowledge your letter of the 3d inst. until I could learn how the work of your Convention was received in all parts of our great country, and judge whether that work was approved and ratified by the mass of our fellow-citizens. Their response has from day to day reached me through telegrams, letters, and the comments of journalists independent of official patronage and indifferent to the smiles or frowns of power. The number and character of these unconstrained, unpurchased, unsolicited utterances satisfy me that the movement which found expression at Cincinnati has received the stamp of public approval, and been hailed by a majority of our countrymen as the harbinger of a better day for the Republic.

I do not misinterpret this approval as especially complimentary to myself, nor even to the chivalrous and justly-esteemed gentleman with whose name

I thank your Convention for associating mine. I receive and welcome it as a spontaneous and deserved tribute to that admirable Platform of principles, wherein your Convention so tersely, so lucidly, so forcibly set forth the convictions which impelled and the purposes which guided its course—a Platform which, casting behind it the wreck and rubbish of worn-out contentions and by-gone feuds, embodies in fit and few words the needs and aspirations of To-Day. Though thousands stand ready to condemn your every act, hardly a syllable of criticism or cavil has been aimed at your Platform, of which the substance may be fairly epitomized as follows :

I. All the political rights and franchises which have been acquired through our late bloody convulsion must and shall be guaranteed, maintained, enjoyed, respected, evermore.

II. All the political rights and franchises which have been lost through that convulsion should and must be promptly restored and re-established, so that there shall be henceforth no proscribed class and no disfranchised caste within the limits of our Union, whose long-estranged people shall reunite and fraternize upon the broad basis of Universal Amnesty with Impartial Suffrage.

III. That, subject to our solemn constitutional obligation to maintain the equal rights of all citizens, our policy should aim at local self-government and not at centralization; that the civil authority should be supreme over the military; that the writ of habeas corpus should be jealously upheld as the safeguard of personal freedom; that the individual citizen should enjoy the largest liberty consistent with public order; and that there shall be no Federal subversion of the internal polity of the several States and municipalities, but that each shall be left free to enforce the rights and promote the well-being of its inhabitants by such means as the judgment of its own people shall prescribe.

IV. There shall be a real and not merely a simulated Reform in the Civil Service of the Republic; to which end it is indispensable that the chief dispenser of its vast official patronage shall be shielded from the main temptation to use his power selfishly by a rule inexorably forbidding and precluding his re-election.

V. That the raising of Revenue, whether by Tariff or otherwise, shall be recognized and treated as the People's immediate business, to be shaped and directed by them through their Representatives in Congress, whose action thereon the President must neither overrule by his veto, attempt to dictate, nor presume to punish, by bestowing office only on those who agree with him or withdrawing it from those who do not.

VI. That the Public Lands must be sacredly reserved for occupation and acquisition by cultivators, and not recklessly squandered on the projectors of Railroads for which our people have no present need, and the premature construction of which is annually plunging us into deeper and deeper abysses of foreign indebtedness.

VII. That the public faith must at all hazards be maintained, and the National credit preserved.

VIII. That the patriotic devotedness and inestimable services of our fellow-citizens who, as soldiers or sailors, upheld the flag and maintained the unity of the Republic, shall ever be gratefully remembered and honorably required.

IX. That the achievement of these grand purposes of universal beneficence is expected and sought at the hands of all who approve them, irrespective of past affiliations.

These propositions, so ably and forcibly presented in the Platform of your Convention, have already fixed the attention and commanded the assent of a large majority of our countrymen, who joyfully adopt them, as I do, as the bases of a true beneficent National Reconstruction—of a New Departure from jealousies, strifes, and hates, which have no longer adequate motive or even plausible pretext, into an atmosphere of Peace, Fraternity, and Mutual Good

Will. In vain do the drill-sergeants of decaying organizations flourish menacingly their truncheons and angrily insist that the files shall be closed and straightened; in vain do the whippers-in of parties once vital, because rooted in the vital needs of the hour, protest against straying and bolting, denounce men nowise their inferiors as traitors and renegades, and threaten them with infamy and ruin. I am confident that the American People have already made your cause their own, fully resolved that their brave hearts and strong arms shall bear it on to triumph. In this faith, and with the distinct understanding that, if elected, I shall be the President not of a party, but of the whole people, I accept your nomination, in the confident trust that the masses of our countrymen, North and South, are eager to clasp hands across the bloody chasm which has too long divided them, forgetting that they have been enemies in the joyful consciousness that they are, and must henceforth remain, brethren. Yours, gratefully,

HORACE GREELEY.

To Hon. Carl Shurz, President, Hon. George W. Julian, Vice-President, and Messrs. William E. McLean, John G. Davidson, J. H. Rhodes, Secretaries of the National Convention of the Liberal Republicans of the United States.

Mr. GREELEY's letter of acceptance bears upon every sentence the marks of greatness. It has all the vigor, deep, broad, terse, and stirring expression of his earnest, generous, and unfettered soul. It is the words of a statesman, the words of a patriot, the words of a benefactor, and is a just recognition of the abiding faith which the people have in him. And well may the citizens of America hail him, in the fullness of his prime, as a genuine man and benefactor, another Trajan destined to rule in national prosperity, and in the confidence of the people.

---

### THE BAILING OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

It is deemed advisable, in justification to Mr. GREELEY and the liberality of his political sentiments, to present to the public, in a substantial way, a correct vindication of his sincerity, against the aspersions of malignant foes, who have charged him with wrong motives for placing his name on the bail-bond of Jefferson Davis.

Mr. GREELEY has more than once said to the public that he was prompted to the act by a feeling of forgiveness, and designed it to show and prove the spirit of the North toward the South, rather than any personal favor to Mr. Davis, or a hope of winning reputation for himself. Strange as the act seemed to his political friends, he did it in spite of their persistent remonstrances, and with a full knowledge of imperiling his chances for a place in the United States Senate.

The act was wholly his own. He took all the responsibility, and with calm, considerate judgment, and a courageous purpose to do good, he showed a forgiving spirit toward the South, though temporarily invoking avalanches of enmity from political friends in the North. The following letters from Mr. Davis's counsel fully vindicate Mr. GREELEY from any affectation and dissimulation, which his enemies have falsely charged him with.

STATEMENT OF CHARLES O'CONOR.

*From The New York World.*

NEW YORK, May 14, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR: From his capture until the hour within which he was bailed, Mr. Jefferson Davis was in military custody. He was then confined as a prison-



er of war for about two years. From the very commencement of this term his counsel directed their efforts to procuring his delivery into civil custody, to the end that he might have his trial at once or obtain liberation upon bail until the Government should think fit to bring on the trial. The counsel for Mr. Davis, having first solicited and obtained the consent of Mr. GREELEY, Mr. Gerrit Smith, and Commodore Vanderbilt, offered to give bail in any sum that might be required, and to procure those three gentlemen to unite in the bail-bond. This offer was never formally accepted; but, under the belief that it was satisfactory, the counsel of Mr. Davis obtained a writ of habeas corpus, and brought Mr. Davis before the court at Richmond. Mr. Evarts attended by appointment, and, on the part of the Government, he acquiesced in bailing Mr. Davis in \$100,000. Conceiving himself bound so to do, the counsel of Mr. Davis requested the attendance of the gentlemen in question. Commodore Vanderbilt's attorney acted for him; the other two gentlemen appeared and signed the bond in person. They had every reason to understand and believe that their attendance was absolutely necessary to the release of Mr. Davis. The counsel of Mr. Davis supposed it to be so, and he has now no reason to think otherwise. I am not aware of any officiousness on the part of Mr. GREELEY in this business, and never supposed that he did anything beyond what he considered essential to the liberation of Mr. Davis. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

CH. O'CONNOR.

STATEMENT OF JUDGE SHEA.

NEW YORK, May 17, 1872.

DEAR SIR: The manner in which Mr. GREELEY became connected as surety on the bond given in the case of the United States of America *vs.* Jefferson Davis is simply this:

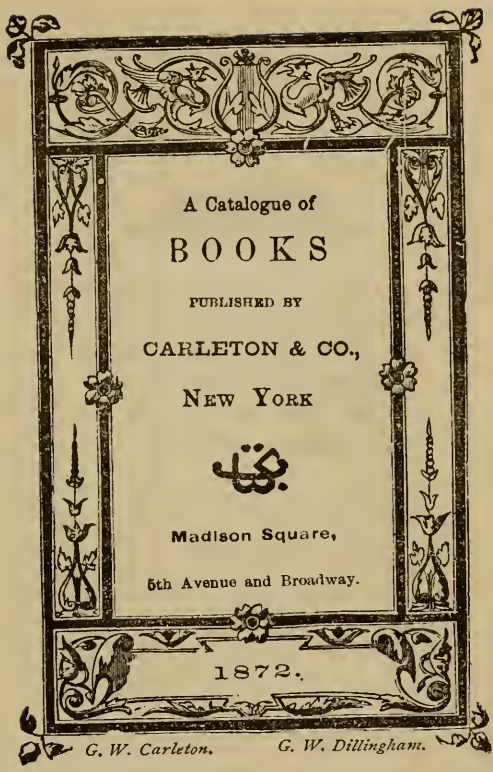
Despairing of causing Mr. Davis to be manumitted from military imprisonment by direct means, or having him assured of a speedy trial before a civil tribunal, his liberation was a subject for frequent consideration between Mr. GREELEY and myself chiefly; but I had similar conferences with other gentlemen of like disposition, including Gov. John A. Andrew of Massachusetts, now deceased. When it was at last thought prudent by the counsel of Mr. Davis to apply for the writ of habeas corpus in his behalf, the personality of the proposed bail was obviously of controlling importance in the view then apprehended of the circumstances likely to influence its success, an opinion the propriety of which has since disclosed itself. I asked Mr. GREELEY as early as the Spring of 1866 to suggest the names of some Northern gentlemen, conspicuous as Unionists, who would be inclined to regard such a request favorably, and whose public character would vouch that the proceeding on their part was kindly meant and directed by a spirit of good-will and magnanimity; and I urged upon him that I had reason to believe that his own name might become desirable to effect that object.

He mentioned the names of two eminent Unionists, and after reflection said to me, "If you should find that my name is necessary, you may use it." I accepted it as a trust; as such it was used when it became absolutely necessary. Mr. GREELEY's name was afterwards found to be essential to insure the probability of securing the liberation of Mr. Davis; and then the leading counsel for the defense telegraphed to Mr. GREELEY. It was in compliance with that solicitation and in fulfillment of his conditional promise that he came ultimately to Richmond and subscribed the bail-bond in open court; bringing upon himself, but not entirely unforeseen, a flood of ungenerous abuse, to which certainly no friend, and I am sure none of the counsel, would have recklessly or unnecessarily exposed him. A place on that bail-bond was not sought by HORACE GREELEY; but he was willing to allow the burden to be put on his shoulders, if it were necessary, to accomplish what he and many esteemed a private and national benefaction.

Yours, faithfully,

GEO. SHEA.





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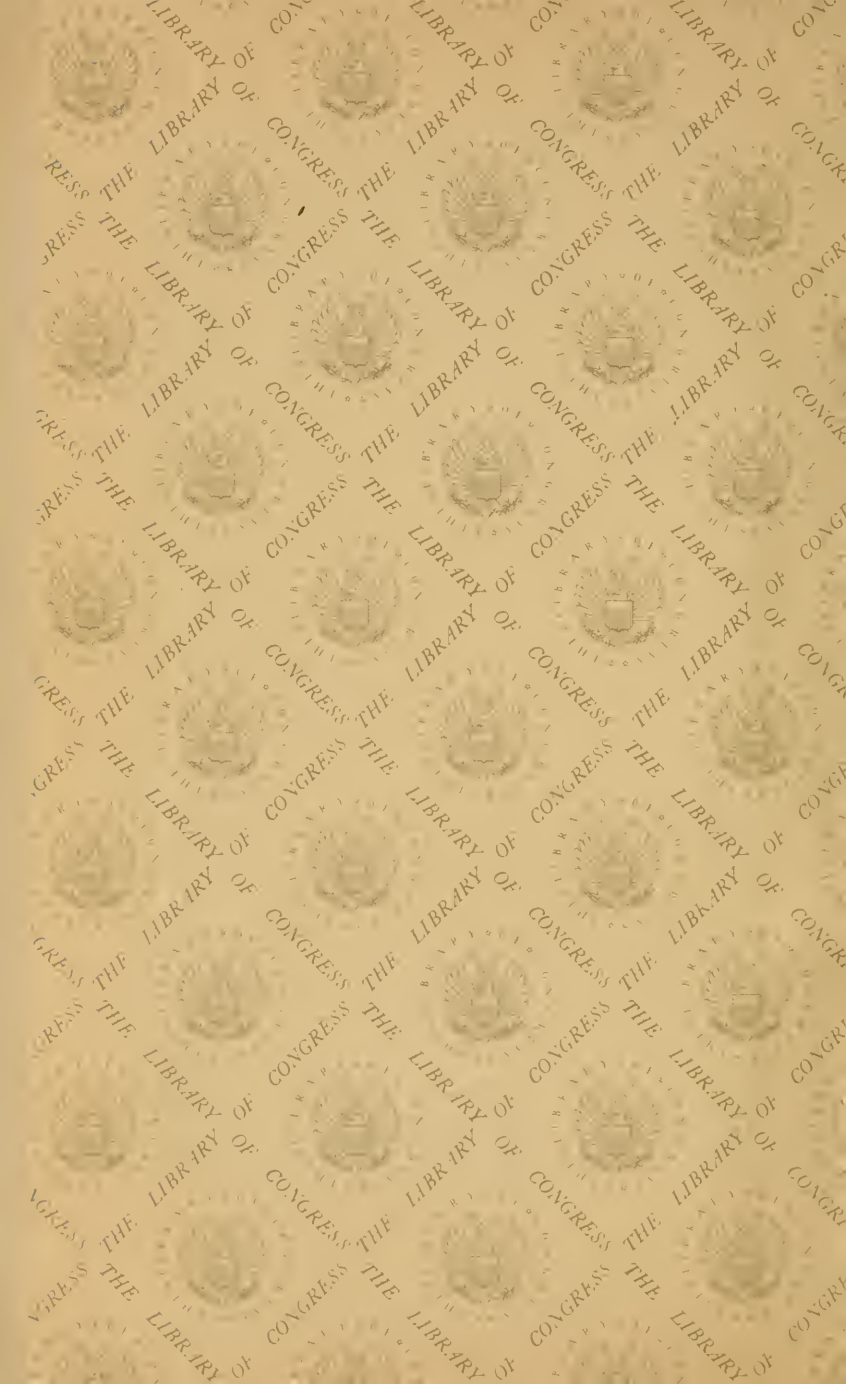
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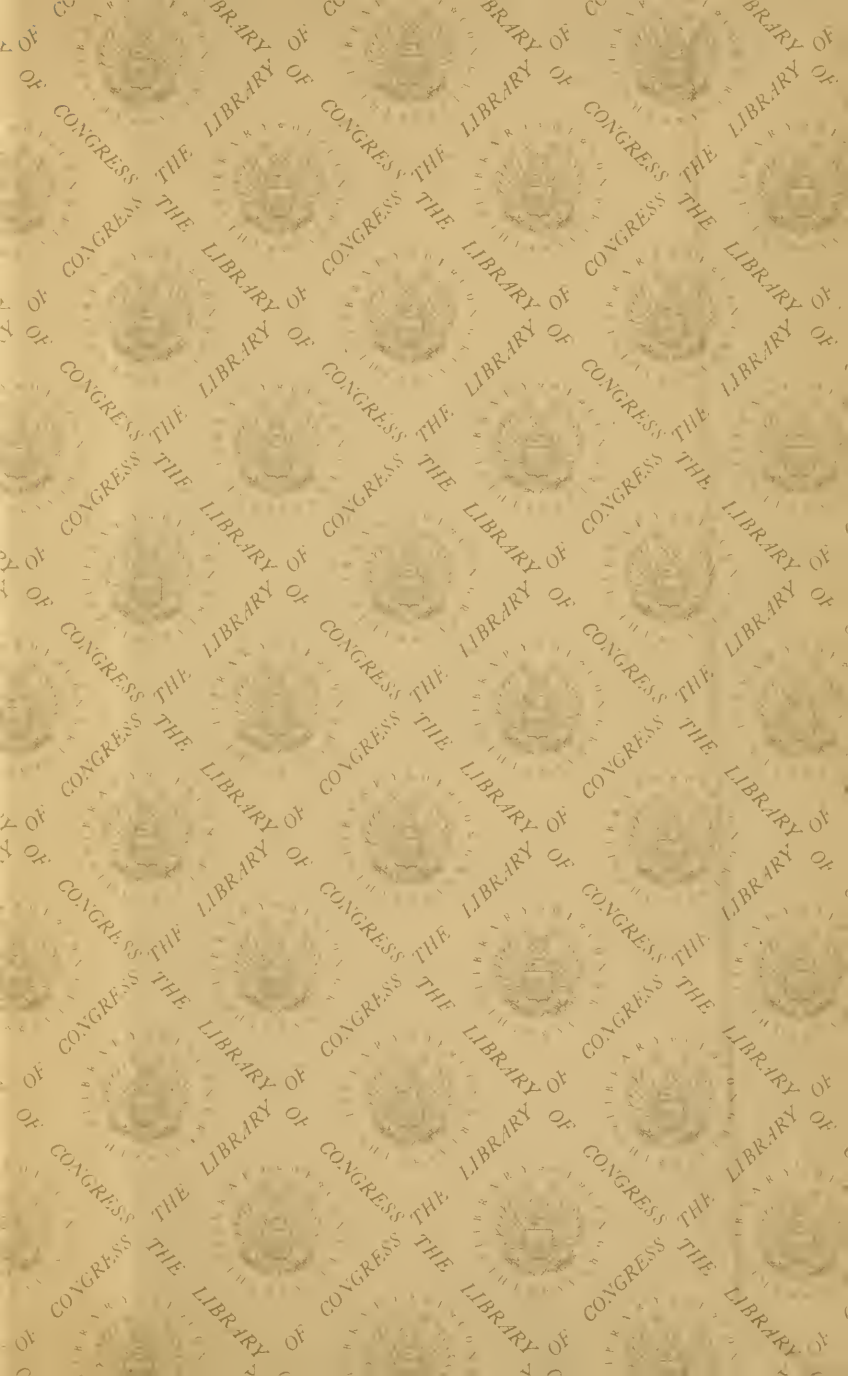
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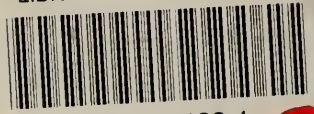
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